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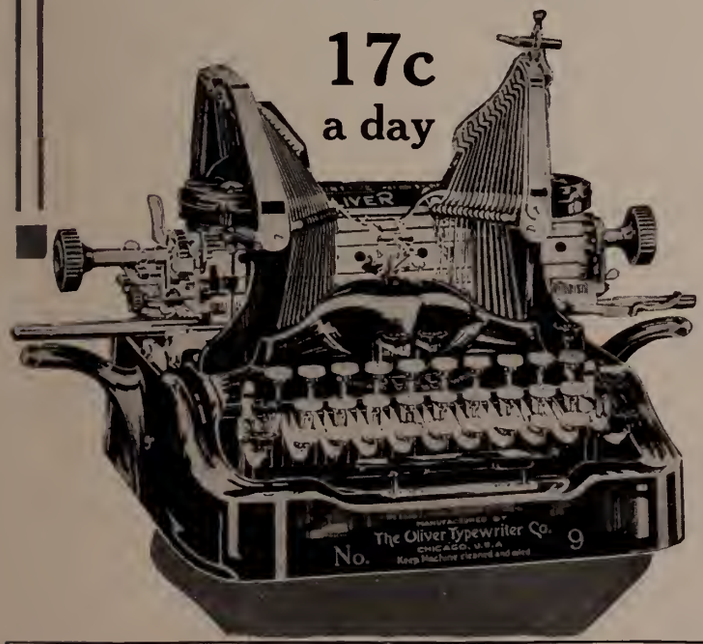

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February Motion Picture Magazine

which will be on sale at all newsstands on and after January 1st. This number will be a memorable one for other reasons, too. It will contain a wonderful story by Robert J. Shores, written from one of the great classics of literature, a book that everybody loves, that most people have read several times, and that all will enjoy reading in the form of an illustrated short story. It is so well written that lovers of Cervantes will marvel, and it is illustrated with drawings by the great Doré and by photographs in which appear a number of favorite photoplayers, including the inimitable Fay Tincher, and also the king of comic opera stars, De Wolf Hopper, who plays the part of the grotesque knight-errant. This story, as you have already surmised, is

Don Quixote

And then there is a story by Hector Ames, entitled **"The Girl with Nine Lives,"** with illustrations which indicate that eight of those nine lives have already been lost—or nearly so.

And not less important than these three features is a wonderful new contest that begins in the February MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and when you read about it you will admit that it is the cleverest idea that has yet been presented to the Motion Picture public.

With this number the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE begins its sixth year, and it starts with a number that will be very hard to equal thereafter. It was the first in the field, and it has grown while others have come and gone and still others are struggling along the rough road. We lead, others follow; we pointed the way, and now dozens are aiming at the star to which we hitched our wagon.

Still again, we have added eight pages to the magazine, and it will now be

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MOTION PICTURE Classic

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THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC can be purchased at any newsstand on and after the fifteenth of each month.

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COVER DESIGN

Thelma Salter, in "The Night Before Christmas," from a painting by A. D. Turner, one of America's greatest painters, and who was formerly president of the American Society in Paris. Next month our cover will be painted by Edward Moran, another of the world's great artists.

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STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:
Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.

Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, Associate Editors. Dorothy Donnell, Gladys Hall,

Guy L. Harrington, Sales Manager.
Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

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Note to Contributors:—We cannot be responsible for the return of unavailable manuscripts, drawings, etc., because losses and breakage are sometimes unavoidable thru the mails; hence contributors are advised to retain copies of their work. We are not in the market for short stories. We use only material that deals with Motion Pictures. We can use special articles that are or can be illustrated, and drawings and verses, for which we pay on the third of the month following acceptance. We do not pay for verses written in praise of players, nor for letters to the editor. We return unaccepted contributions only when return postage accompanies the contribution.

THE SHADOW-CHILD'S DOLL

By GEORGE WILDEY

Christmas eve! and the snow, drifting silently down,
Glistened diamond-like in the lights of the town;
The great clock in the tower had thundered midnight,
Keeping watch upon old Father Time in his flight.

All the stores had been closed and the shoppers had fled;
Every child in the city was dreaming in bed,
Save one dear little shadow-girl, charming and sweet,
In a picture theater down on the main street.

They had tucked her away in her reel for the night,
And the place was quite dark, for they'd switched off the light;
And, oh! would you believe it, not ever a soul
Of the many who loved the dear child in her rôle

Had once thought of the stocking which always before
Santa Claus had discovered and left brimming o'er
With his Christmas surprises of dollies and toys,
Which he loves to present to his girlies and boys.

So the dear little shadow-child's heart was sore wrung
And o'erflowed with a tear for the stocking unhung;
But her sweet, childish faith was unshaken and strong
In her kind Christmas saint she had worshiped so long,

And she called to him softly in reverent prayer,
Never doubting her message would reach him somewhere—
And she asked that he please come and bring her a doll,
Be it ever so humble, or hairless, or small;
She would be quite content with just nothing but this—
And her *Amen* was wafted abroad with a kiss.

Santa Claus must have heard her, for sure as you're born,
When the dear little shadow-child woke the next morn
And peeped forth from her reel, the first thing to be seen
Was a great, lovely dollie hung up on the screen!

Gallery of Popular Photo Players

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(Equitable)

The COQUETTE'S AWAKENING

Vol. I No. 5

by Dorothy Donnell

"BUT I dont love you," said the girl, trying, not very successfully, to put regret into the lilting triumph of her tone. "I dont love you *at all*, you see."

"I dont believe it," Ralph Warner cried: "you're just playing with me now, dear—aren't you? Why, you *must* love me. I wouldn't have spoken unless I'd been sure. But every look and every tone of yours the last week have told me I needn't wait any longer. Dear, I'm thirty, and I've waited thirty years for this minute. Dont play the coquette with me now, sweetheart."

Under the gold veil of her lashes she looked up at him, noting the tenderness of the whole big frame—the little muscles quivering under the dark skin; the wonder in the honest, gray eyes—and her heart quickened. It was a delicious moment—this one when the great man-creature floundered, caught at last in the silken meshes of her snare. She desired to prolong it, to savor the sensation of her power to the uttermost.

"But are you sure?" she breathed, oh! so softly, and swept a tiny glance upward. "What makes you think you love me?"

She heard the catch of his breath, felt the shake of his arm along the coat-sleeve that brushed her shoulder. Connoisseur in the art of love, she knew that she had never made a more worthy capture than this.

"How do I know I love you?" he repeated almost roughly. "How do I know I'm alive? How do I know when I'm hungry or thirsty? I'm not much of a talker, little golden girl; but there's one thing I'd like you to know. I've seen a good many women in my life—and passed by them because I wasn't looking for the Inn of Flirtation but for a place called Home. And when I saw you three weeks ago, I knew I'd found it. I had just that same contented, joyful feeling you get when you turn in at the home gate after a long, lonesome journey. And *that's* how I know I love you, you little bit of a thing!"

The deep quiver in the man's voice vibrated somewhere far within the girl's shallow little soul. She did not like the feeling it gave her and resentfully laid her discomfort to his charge. So a butterfly, seeing the net closing about its golden wings, flutters away from capture with the instinct to be free.

"How interesting!" she drawled, and deliberately showed her tiny, white teeth in a little yawn, "but I think I'd rather be an inn than a home. It's so much gayer and brighter, you see. I'm afraid it would bore me to be a home."

Shocked, he started back from her levity as one who hears ragtime strains when he enters what he believes to be a church.

"Then you have been playing with me all along?" he said slowly.

"Dont be cross," she cooed. "Truly, I did want you to fall in love with me, and I wanted to fall in love with you, too. But marriage"—she shivered delicately—"oh, marriage is like being shut up in a lonesome room all your life with only one person to see you—ugh! What's the use of being beautiful for just one person? No, no, Ralph, marriage lasts too long."

"You flirt!" he snarled between clenched teeth; "you contemptible little flirt!"

She gave him a challenging glance out of very blue eyes, and suddenly he had control of himself.

"Listen to me," he said quietly. Hat in hand, he stood before her, and the bones of his face stood out starkly under the taut-drawn skin. "I've told you I loved you, and I meant it. I meant it so much that I cant live without you. If I dont hear from you by ten o'clock tonight that you'll marry me, I shall shoot myself. It's eight-thirty now, and I'm going to my rooms and wait for the telephone to ring."

"You are positively melodramatic," shrugged the Flirt, and sent out a tiny peal of laughter like golden bells—the bells of the tea-house, not the temple. "If you're planning to do it with a picture of me in your hand, do take the last one. The other is positively *horrid*, and people would say you hadn't any sense dying for a girl who looked like that——"

But she was speaking to an empty room, for Ralph had gone. The Flirt gave another chime of laughter and ran to the piano, where for some moments she banged out a medley of gay tunes; then, with a catch of the breath, she whirled away from the keys.

"Br-r-r! but it's cold in here!" she shivered. "Believe I'll go to bed. There wont be any one else in tonight."

She strolled across the room, into

the hall, and paused before the tall grandfather's clock. The hands pointed to five minutes past nine. In spite of herself, the Flirt turned a little pale.

"The silly boy!" she murmured. "I suppose he'll be around tomorrow, as tiresome as ever. They all say they will kill themselves, but they never do." She spread out a pink, dimpling hand. "They all want to put a ring, like a 'Keep Off the Grass' sign, on you," she smiled; "but you're still free, and they get over it and go away and marry their childhood friends. Still—they didn't any of them have his chin——"

She flung herself into a deep chair and closed her eyes. "I'll just sit here till it's ten o'clock," she thought, "and then I'll call up Ralph and laugh at him——"

"But it cant be ten *yet*," she gasped, sitting up suddenly, with the crash of the strokes in her ears. "Why, I only just sat down here! Oh! it *is*, it *is*! What shall I do?"

She drifted to feet that seemed to carry her along without her volition, out of the house into the dimness of a curious world. No lights from houses or motors twinkled in the misty half-dusk; no noises reached her across the lavender twilight. She seemed to move thru a soft haze that widened at length into a field, rolling toward the pale horizon's farthest stars. In the center of the field a dim figure rose to meet her—austere, white-bearded, wise with all the years.

"Oh, Father Time!" moaned the Flirt. "It is ten o'clock—hark! You can hear the city clocks striking now! And it must not be ten—*it must not!* Put up your scythe and turn back the hands an hour, Father Time!"

The stern face turned upon her an awful look. "And why, my child, should I stop the world's spinning for you?" he asked. "A thousand souls are to be born this hour. Would you keep them awaiting your whim? A hundred suffering bodies are to find peace when yonder clocks have ceased their pealing. Would you deny them the awful boon of death? Say why I should check the machinery of God for such as you."

The Flirt cringed and held out two white hands frail as moon-flowers.

"He said—he would die at—ten," she shuddered. "He said if I would not—love him—he would—die. Oh, Father Time! he is too fine and good and worthy a man to die——"

"And do you love this youth, my child?" asked the old man, solemnly. "Is it your love would save him?"

"I do not know," the Flirt stammered. "I love to be loved. I love to have men speak of love to me and to feel their hearts quivering in my hands. I love to know I am beautiful and to read my beauty reflected in men's eyes. But I think that I do not want to love any one myself, Father Time."

She covered her face from the frown on his reverent brow. Then she felt her wrist seized in a firm hold.

"Come with me, child," said Father Time. "In the Garden of Love souls grow sometimes. Perhaps we shall find one for you there."

They passed thru a portal all hung about with crimson passion-vine and roses red as blood and musky-breathed, and stood in a fair garden-close. Before the eyes of the Flirt reared a black cave and two strange, savage figures struggling by the body of a woman stretched along the

"PUT UP YOUR SCYTHE AND TURN BACK THE HANDS AN HOUR, FATHER TIME!" MOANED THE FLIRT

ground. The figures were naked, save for a girdle of skins, and the fight was one to the death.

"The woman betrayed the love of both," said Father Time, sorrowingly, "so she died, and one or both of them will die, for love is not to be betrayed nor sold cheaply. Even the eavemen knew the might and majesty of the great principle of the world."

On they went and came to where a great throne rose, hung with barbaric gold and purple. A woman, with a face like a flame, lay on a divan at the top of the long flight of stairs, while slave-women and lyrists attended her. As they watched, a lean figure of a man sprang from the shadows and up the stairs, and the woman gave a glad cry. They kist, and the fire of the kiss was brighter than the torch's flame.

"For Cleopatra, the flower of the Nile. Antony lost an army and a kingdom," grieved the voice in the Flirt's ear; "yet because she knew not the value of love and had trifled with it often, the end for her was death and the scorn of the world, and for her the small, green asp upon her ivory breast."

On and on they went, where Troy's towers flamed sullenly on the sky and a thousand thousand brave men paid the penalty of Helen's unfaith; by the moonlit balcony where Romeo wooed his Juliet among the nightingales; by castle and cot and camp wherein love held sovereign sway.

At the end the Flirt covered her face with shamed hands.

"Show me no more," she begged. "I think I cannot bear any more now."

"IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE, SOULS GROW SOMETIMES. PERHAPS WE SHALL FIND ONE FOR YOU THERE," SAID FATHER TIME

"Love," said the voice of Father Time in her ears, sternly, "brings happiness and brings sorrow. The love of a good man and a good woman is the strongest force in the world. Beware how you tamper with the winds of God, least you unleash a whirlwind that destroy you utterly. And now, my child, do you think that you love the youth who loves you?"

The Flirt laid a hand on her heart. "If love is a pain," she cried pitifully, "if love is a shame and a loneliness and a great want, I love him, Father Time."

"That is well, my daughter," said the old man, quietly. "See to it you are staunch and worthy and true to that love all your days. For you will

not always be as you are now. Behold!''

A crystal pool lay before them, pellucid in the white moonbeams. The Flirt bent over it and gave a gasping cry, for she saw not a young, beautiful face and figure rounded with life's budding, but a withered countenance and bowed, graceless limbs. Her hands went to her hair, her cheeks, her breast, in horror, but they were as they had been to her eyes.

''What is it—what does it mean?'' she gasped. ''That cannot be I, that withered crone!''

''Not now, but in thirty years from now,'' said the slow, emotionless voice, ''or perhaps forty years; but it will surely come. Old age is a disease no doctor can heal—no rose but withers some day. Yet to Love's eyes, if you have lived worthy of him, the scars of age are beautiful—almost invisible.''

''Oh, Ralph! Ralph! Had I only listened to you in time!''

''Hark!'' said Father Time, and his voice grew deep like the overtones of a great bell. ''Count the strokes—eight—nine—ten——''

The Flirt opened her eyes and groped to her feet, listening incredulously. The great grandfather's clock was booming ten! Her hand hovered drunkenly above the electric-light switch. Her face, she knew—the radiant, rose-shaped face—could never look the same to her now: the vile yellow in the pupils of Cleopatra's eyes; the sensual, drooping mouth of Helen of Troy——

The light flashed across her mirror. She stared with dilated eyes, and the face of the woman she saw was gloriously beautiful. The door at the end of the hall opened slowly, and Ralph stood before her, tall and grave.

''I came back for my answer, dear,'' he said, and held out his arms. ''Haven't you anything more to say to me, little girl?''

She crept into the shelter of them, her shamed head on his shoulder.

''Love is so big and I am so little,'' she whispered. ''I was frightened before you came, but now''—she burrowed closer—''now I, too, have come—home!''

''LOVE IS SO BIG AND I AM SO LITTLE,'' SHE WHISPERED

STARS OF THE MOVIES

By ESTELLA McMANUS

Stars of the movies, a-glittering clear,
Shed o'er the city your lustre of cheer;
Gather us in from the rush and the glare;
Take us where Nature lies tempting and fair.

Take us where snows everlasting shall be;
Show us the wealth of the tropical sea;
Spread out before us the desert and plain,
Mountains, and valleys that broad rivers drain.

Mingled thruout, as the height of your art,
Picture the worth of the great human heart—
Its longing for love and its struggle with strife,
Pantomimed all in the drama of life.

Ever, as on us your cheering beams fall,
Worshipers willing, we answer the call,
Mindful of nought but the pleasure we know,
Wrapt in the warmth of your radiant glow.

BONDWOMEN

DR. HUGH ELLIS listened outside his wife's door. It was odd that she should have rushed up to her own room the moment her guests were gone, when she knew that he was expecting her to return to the drawing-room. Dr. Ellis rapped lightly. "Norma," he softly called. Norma did not reply, but her husband caught a distinct sound of sobbing within. He waited no longer, but, turning the knob, entered the bedroom, his handsome and intelligent face plainly betraying his concern. Dr. Ellis loved his wife more than anything else in the world—he cherished her. At the sound of her sobs the protective instinct of the male was awakened and roused within him to such a pitch that his voice shook as he sprang into the room, calling out, "Norma, what is it, girl? What is the matter?"

Norma lay stretched face downward upon the counterpane of her bed. Her shoulders heaved and shook in a passion of grief and vexation. At the sound of his voice she sobbed only the harder, like a hurt child questioned as to its woe. Seating himself on the bed and throwing a protecting arm across her shoulders, Dr. Ellis forced her face toward him and, looking into the tear-dimmed eyes, once more demanded to know the cause of her grief. For a moment she clung to him and her sobs slowly ceased. Placing her hands on either side of his face, she looked long and steadily at her husband.

"Hugh," she said at last, "you do love me, dont you?"

"Love you? Of course I love you—love you more and better than all the world beside. Has any one questioned it?"

An explanation of her peculiar behavior suddenly suggested itself. Doctors were always the victims of a certain amount of slander. He recalled now that he had not been present when his wife's visitors first arrived that afternoon. His tone grew stern.

"What have those women been saying to you?"

"Nothing," said Norma, "nothing, at least, about you. But I was wondering, if you loved me, how you could continue to humiliate me."

"*I* humiliate you?" There was outraged innocence in his voice now. It was one thing to stand ready to defend his wife against an outsider; it was another to be called upon to protect her against himself. "In what manner have I humiliated you, my dear?"

"By refusing to give me money," said Norma, accusingly.

"When have I refused to give you money? I am sure I have never refused to give you money when you asked for it."

"No," she admitted, "but you have refused to give it to me *until* I asked for it. Today when my friends called they were selling tickets to a benefit performance at the Domino Theater. I agreed to take one, but when I came to pay for it, I had no money. I had to give it back and plead an engagement. You heard me say it as you came in."

"Well, well," laughed the doctor, thrusting his hand in his pocket and bringing out his pocketbook, "is that all that is troubling you? Here is the money. Why didn't you ask me for it then?"

"You were busy at the time, and when you came in I couldn't bring myself to beg for money before them like a child—or a beggar!"

Her lips were trembling ominously again, but she took a firm hold on her emotions and continued. "Why dont you ever give me any money of my own? Every time I want anything I have to run to you and ask you for it. I have no more independence than little Roy. Surely you might give your wife more freedom than you give your child! Dont you trust me?"

Dr. Ellis stiffened.

"Certainly I trust you, my dear, but I dont believe in leaving business matters to women. Household accounts are just as much business as my office accounts. I am the one who makes the money, and I will be the one to dispense it. I have never refused you a reasonable request, and I am happy to say you have never made an unreasonable one, until you began asking for an independent bank account. That I must refuse you. I dont believe in it."

"But I'm not asking for an independent account—I'm simply asking for a joint account. Every check I make will show in the check-book. You will know exactly how the money is spent. I am in charge of the house; why shouldn't I pay the bills? I cannot get what I want from merchants when they know I do not pay the bills. I cannot get respectful service from the servants. The person who runs the household ought to be able to handle the household accounts."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered her husband. "If your servants are disrespectful, discharge them. If merchants do not please you, change your merchants. I dont object to that. I cant have the whole family dipping into the bank account. When I run it, I know where we stand. If every one takes a hand in it, I know nothing. Leave that to me."

He rose, with an air of finality which indicated that, so far as he was concerned, the discussion was at an end. Norma was not so easily to be put off.

"If you *cant* see the injustice of it.

and apparently you cant, at least you must realize how much time and how many petty annoyances I could save you by taking these details of housekeeping out of your hands. Think of the endless number of interruptions when you are at work—and all because I am not in a position to pay the smallest of our bills."

Dr. Ellis paused with his hand on the door-knob.

"My dear Norma," he said, in his most oracular manner, "these petty annoyances, as you term them, are much to be preferred to a continual annoyance, and that is what your insistence in this matter threatens to become. I must ask you to cease acting like a child."

And the door closed behind him, cutting off any possible retort.

When the doctor entered his office, he found awaiting him his friend, David Powers, a well-known chemist and a frequent visitor at the Ellis home.

When they had shaken hands, Powers took a newspaper clipping from his pocket, saying, "I had a double purpose in coming to see you this afternoon. For one thing, our copper stock is booming. Shares in the Chance Mine, as you will see by this clipping, have advanced about twenty points in the last couple of days."

The doctor took the clipping eagerly.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I have five thousand dollars worth of the stock and only have one payment of one thousand dollars to make before I own it outright. At this rate it will make us all rich."

"I hope so," responded Powers, "but in case it does not I have another hope of making a fortune. It is the 'Oublier'—the drug cure. I sent you a sample of it the other day—have you had time to examine it? I want to get your endorsement."

Dr. Ellis was a little embarrassed. He hesitated.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "I dont like to disappoint you, but the fact is, as I told you when you first mentioned it, I have no faith in these drug cures. I believe that nothing but will-power, and will-power alone, can overcome the drug habit. Moreover, I am opposed to endorsing anything which partakes of the nature of a patent medicine. 'Oublier,' however efficacious it may prove, is a proprietary remedy. To endorse it will endanger my standing in the profession. I cannot take the risk—even for as good a friend as yourself."

Powers' face fell. He had counted upon the endorsement of Dr. Ellis.

"But there is no risk about it," he protested. "I have tried it, and I know that it is good. I have gone about in the haunts of the drug-fiends, and I have induced them to take it, under the impression that it was some new form of 'dope.' In every case there has been improvement, and in one or two, where I have been able to keep in touch with the victims, it has positively worked a cure. Think what a boon this will be to the wretched creatures who are held fast in the clutches of the drug habit."

Ellis shook his head.

"I will say nothing against it, I promise you, but I cannot be quoted as endorsing it." As the doctor finished this speech there was a knock at the door.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, dear—Norma."

"Sorry, dear, but I cant see you now. I'm busy."

To his surprise the door opened and Norma entered, with the household account books under her arm. Feeling that something unusual was in the air, Powers rose at once and, before Ellis could voice his astonished indignation at Norma's unceremonious entrance, he turned to the doctor, extending his hand.

"Well, I must be running along," he said. "I'm sorry you dont see it my way, and I'm sure I'll be able to convince you. I'll wait, however, until you have had more time to think it over."

"I'm afraid you will have a long wait. Dont stay away until you think I am ready. Come and have dinner with us tonight."

When Powers had left, Dr. Ellis turned to his wife, with a coldly inquiring manner.

"How, may I ask, did you happen to come in when I said that I was busy?"

"Because I had something to say which could not wait," flared Norma. "After you came downstairs I thought everything over, and I came to the conclusion that we would have to do one thing or the other. Either you will give me the money to run the house, or you must run it yourself. I wont do half and half. We women who are never given any money of our own are more like slaves than wives—we are bondwomen, chattels—and if I am to be a chattel, I mean to have

the irresponsibility of a chattel. I wont be responsible for a business which I do not control. So you can take the books."

"But, my dear——" began the doctor, in a conciliatory manner.

"I mean it," interrupted Norma. "I will not continue to be the nominal housekeeper while you insist upon auditing the bills and making all of the checks. I shall so instruct the servants." And so saying, she walked out of the office without waiting for his reply.

Dr. Ellis had scarcely recovered from his surprise, when his younger brother, Ned, arrived and asked if he could see him alone for a moment. Dr. Ellis knew what that meant; Ned was after money. Ned, it seemed, was always after money. The boy had fallen into evil habits. Disconcerting reports of his conduct and his manner of life were reaching the elder brother every day. He was about to launch into a lecture upon the subject, when the maid knocked.

She had a bill from the butcher. "Will you look this over, please?"

"Why dont you take it to Mrs. Ellis?"

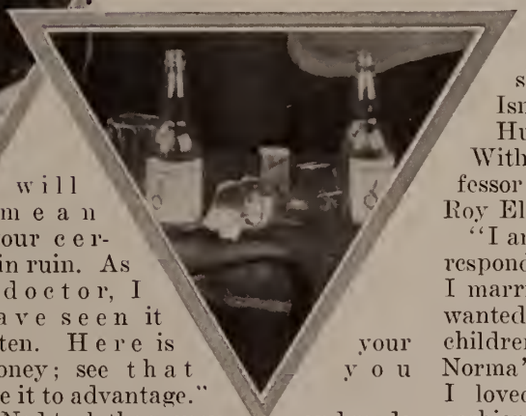
"I did, sir, but she told me that you were to take full charge of the house. There is some question about the amount of the bill. Will you see the boy?"

Dr. Ellis went out, leaving Ned alone in the office. Ned was no sooner left alone than he cautiously picked up a key from the desk and, passing into the operating-room adjoining, opened a cabinet and extracted some cocaine. A part of this he sniffed, after the fashion of cocaine users, and the rest he thrust into his pocket. Taking a bit of wax from his pocket he made an impression of the key—it would come in handy later on. Then he returned the key to the desk and sat down to wait for his brother.

"What did you want to see me about?" asked Dr. Ellis, as he again sat down at his desk. "I suppose you are after money again?"

Ned grinned in a half-impudent, half-sheepish manner, but remained silent.

"Well," said his brother, "I'll give it to you this time, but let me tell you that if I do not hear better reports of you, it will be the last time. They tell me that you are spending your time on the East Side; that you frequent low dance-halls and associate with the scum of the slums. They tell me that you have even begun experimenting with drugs. Let me tell you, my boy, that will mean your certain ruin. As a doctor, I have seen it often. Here is your money; see that you use it to advantage."



Ned took the money and made a hurried exit, glad to be off so lightly. He had known that some day his habits must become known to the doctor, and he had expected a worse lecture than he had received.

There was an unexpected guest for dinner at the Ellis home that evening. Professor Bowe, Norma's father, dropped in, and a place was laid for him at the table.

The dinner had scarcely begun before the maid again appeared with the corrected bill which the butcher had presented that afternoon. She again attempted to hand it to Norma, but Norma insisted that it be given to her husband. Professor Bowe showing some surprise, Dr. Ellis explained the argument he had had with Norma concerning their financial affairs.

"But you are wrong," said Norma's father. "I know, for I used to take care of the household matters myself. My wife had died and Norma was just a young girl. I suffered from constant interruptions in my work, and it was impossible for me to give the time and attention which I should have given to my philosophical writings. There were bills to pay, change to be made, and all that sort of thing, until I thought I should go mad. My work suffered.

"Finally my little girl—Norma, here—asked me to give her a bank account and let her look after the housekeeping. I did so, and from that day on I was bothered no more. As a consequence I began to succeed in my work, and I owe it to her efficiency. After all, why shouldn't a wife have a fair share of the money to expend? Isn't she a member of the firm of Husband, Wife and Company?"

With the word "company" the professor humorously indicated little Roy Ellis with a wave of his hand.

"I am the firm part of this family," responded the doctor, dryly. "When I married Norma, I did so because I wanted a wife and a mother for my children, and, of course"—he patted Norma's arm affectionately—"because I loved her. If I had wanted a cashier I should have hired one. I dont believe in the economic independence of women. It ruins them; it makes them extravagant; it makes them lazy; it unfits them for the duties of motherhood."

Professor Bowe thereupon discreetly dropped the argument.

Ned Ellis did not profit by his brother's warning. He made frequent use of the duplicate key which he had made for Dr. Ellis' medicine cabinet, surreptitiously replenishing his stock of cocaine, which he shared with his associates. The doctor con-

tinued to advance him money, for Dr. Ellis was not penurious, despite his refusal to grant Norma's request for a check-book.

Ned eventually encountered David Powers at the "Areadia," a dive patronized by drug-fiends and petty criminals, and Powers, for the first time, learnt of Ned's addiction to the habit. Powers had succeeded in curing Belle, one of the young women who frequented the place, and he offered some of his "Oublier" to Ned; but Ned would have none of it. Powers then determined to accomplish his end by strategy and induced Belle to substitute the cure for the drug, meeting Ned daily at the dive for that purpose.

One day, as Ned was stealing cocaine from his brother's medicine cabinet, he was surprised by Norma, and, altho she promised not to betray him to the doctor, she would probably have fared ill at his hands had it not been for the timely arrival of David Powers. Maddened by the drug which he had taken and filled with a murderous hate at Powers' interference, Ned smashed the front of an instrument cabinet, and seizing a scalpel, attacked the chemist. Dissipation had weakened him, and, tho he was the younger man, he was easily thrown out of the window. As the operating-room was on the ground floor, he sustained no injury beyond the hurt to his pride—but this was deep.

He was lying in wait for Powers to leave the house when he happened to see Dr. Ellis coming down the street. In a moment he conceived a scheme of revenge which could only be born in a brain crazed by drugs. Dr. Ellis mounted the steps as Powers passed down the street.

Ned grasped his brother by the arm.

"Do you see who is going down the street?" he asked.

"David Powers, isn't it? Was he here to see me?"

Ned laughed sardonically.

"To see you? No! Do you think he comes here to see you? You had better keep an eye on him—I——"

Dr. Ellis angrily flung off his brother's arm. "Get out," he said shortly, "and dont come back till you are sane." Nevertheless the seed of suspicion had been sown.

With devilish ingenuity Ned continued to foster, by innuendo and insinuation, the suspicion that there was something more than there should be between Norma and Powers. Once Dr. Ellis came upon Ned standing in the parlor, holding a picture of Powers and one of little Roy, and pretending to trace some resemblance in their features. This was too much. Infuriated at this insult to his wife, Dr. Ellis ordered his brother to leave the house, never to return.

When Ned employed jealousy to further his revenge, he little suspected that this same passion would prove his own undoing; yet such was the case. His daily meetings with Belle had not passed unnoticed in "Areadia," and one Snowdrop, who belied her name, with whom Ned had been friendly, took his defection deeply to heart. Coming up behind him one night in the dive, she deliberately poured a vial of vitriol directly in his face.

Ned screamed and writhed in agony. The girl was arrested, and Ned was rushed to his tenement room by an acquaintance, who hurriedly telephoned for Dr. Ellis to come at once.

Having hastily administered first aid, the doctor decided that an immediate operation was necessary. It was accordingly arranged, and Dr. Ellis

(*Continued on page* 69)

THE END OF THE ROAD

(American)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

IN the days when our parents were young; when Southerners were still called "rebels" and we were dubbed "tyrants" and worse; in the shameful days of reconstruction, when Northern politicians were sent South to pick a slick living from the dry bones of the vanquished, a certain Richard Quigg closed his law-office in Washington, and, by river-boat and wagon, made his tedious way to the mountains of eastern Kentucky.

To these the Kentucky mountaineers clung in their little, steep-hilled farms that neither grew nor diminished from father to son—a queer and unfathomable race; a strange blend of primitive manliness and meanness—hospitable, generous, proud, shiftless, dissolute, and glorying with a religious fanaticism in their sins of murder and feud.

It was into one of their shadowed valleys that Quigg had come, making himself a useful finger of the government in the dismal years after the war. He borrowed funds in Washington and loaned them at double rates to the land-poor settlers.

Quigg was always on the move; his long, bent-shouldered figure, with his dust-colored eyes and black string-tie, was a familiar sight on the valley roads.

At a certain place the walls of the valley receded, and the finest bit of land in the country spread out in seeming largeness. A little removed from the road was the whitewashed homestead, with pretentious Doric columns, set in a grove of magnolia trees. Quigg always pulled his horse down to a walk on passing Magnolia Hall. The quiet majesty of the place fascinated him. Then again, he felt a proprietary interest in it. He had bought a mortgage on the place and knew that it could not be paid off.

A wisp of a girl with maize-colored hair and corn-flower eyes, whose crimson lips drawled their words out deliciously, but whose laughing eyes spurred them on out of all semblance of indolence, was the principal tenant and owner of the hall. Colonel Wilson, her father, had been killed leading a charge of North Carolinians. His daughter's inheritance had been

the Hall, heavily mortgaged and shorn of slaves; her aunt, who had never grown past her flirtatious days; and her father's sword.

The first and last of these she treasured, and almost literally turned the slender weapon into plowshares. Old Doctor Sterling Duke, too, who could never quite kill his secret admiration for Aunt Flora, used to ride over from the Court House and tender his old-fashioned advice.

Then Richard Quigg had come to the valley, the mortgage had passed into his hands, and he began to take a keen interest in the place.

She distrusted the man as much as she admired his brief, practical suggestions. He rode a "racker," whose footfalls were as soft as an Indian's, and sometimes she would turn to find horse and rider at her elbow, the dust-colored eyes staring down moodily at her.

One day, a balmy spring morning, with the laurel abloom on the skirts of the mountains, Quigg called at the Hall just as Doctor Duke was bending over the ladies' hands in courtly adieux.

The lawyer's eyes were vaguer than ever, and his face held the dim pallor of a sick-room.

"Dont go, doctor," he said. "I know you are Miss Grace's advisor, and I have something to say of deep interest to her."

"What can he be up to now?" thought the girl, as the doctor led the way to a shady spot in the corridor.

"You all know," said Quigg, quite resolutely, "that I am, to all intents, the master of Magnolia Hall—the mortgage is due this fall, and Miss Grace will not impoverish herself by paying it off."

"Surely," said the doctor, "you have no intention of pressing the obligation at so near a time."

"Unfortunately," said Quigg, "I have. I will call the mortgage when due." He coughed painfully. "As Miss Wilson's advisor," he resumed, "you have it in your power to endorse a happy solution. I have long admired her. I want her to be my wife."

"So this has been your interest in Magnolia!" the girl cried. "Your solicitude for the crops, your receipt for cutworms, your pleasure in the fresh paint—it was all yours; and I'm to be thrown in as a sort of baker's dozen."

"Miss Grace! Miss Grace!" he said, sorrowfully, shifting his eyes beneath her sharp glance. She lowered her voice to meet his, but the words cut just as deep.

"You needn't call any more," she said; "when the mortgage is due I will be particular to send you around the money."

Doctor Duke shivered slightly at her boldness and waited for Quigg's answer. But it never came. The moody, brooding look gathered in the dust-colored eyes, the stooped back turned upon them, and presently they heard the almost imperceptible touch of the "racker's" hoofs.

Then the girl dashed Aunt Flora's hand from the doctor's arm and flung herself on him in a gale of indignant tears.

A month went by, during which the lawyer kept studiously away from the Hall. The tobacco plants grew apace in the fields and unfolded thin, ovate leaves. On all sides the hills crowned the green valley with a mass of purple and pink and scarlet rhododendrons.

Two strangers were making toward the valley—strangers to each other and strangers to the kingdom they invaded. They came by different routes and different means. Design—a government mission—brought the first one in, thru the Gaps, clad in butternut homespun and speaking the dialect of the mountaineers. And the second one idled his way down the Big Sandy on the wings of chance, flaunting a fishing-rod and dressed in the glory of the Northern sportsman.

At the neck of the valley these two chanced to meet, one night, over a camp-fire. "Hev any trouble gettin' down th' Sandy in them togs?" asked the man with the dialect.

"No," laughed the other. "I was shot off a raft once when it buckled, and rode a saddle-backed mule for twenty miles; otherwise, the bass fishing was good."

The other's eyes glistened. "Whar air ye from, an' what mought yo' name be?"

The big, brown giant passed a pan of sizzling bacon to his guest, and meekly answered: "Harvard—Paul Harvard, from New York."

"Well, Harvard," said the other, "didn't yo' take note of nary a Kaintuck' man with a Winchester or two in his hands sort o' lookin' yo' over?"

"Now that you mention it—yes," yawned the bronzed giant; "there was a regular procession of those long-whiskered caricatures always poking out of the brush, rifle in hand."

"God wardeth the babe and the blind," said the other, sloughing his dialect; "likewise the feeble-minded. You came thru the heart of the 'moonshine' country, man, and your life wasn't worth a green apple."

That night the giant slept unruffled, but the other sat crouched over his gun.

"I AM, TO ALL INTENTS, THE MASTER

"I have a mind to desert the d—n fool," he said to the fire, but the gray of morning still found him on guard.

A thrush was singing somewhere in the half-light in the woods, and its flute-like notes held the cool freshness of the morning.

The giant stirred and babbled in his sleep.

"Come," said the other, "it's time to be goin' yander to the Co't House."

"Good-by," he said, as they broke out upon a rough mountain road; "our way lies apart, after this." He looked back over his shoulder. "An' say, if yo' ever git in tronble down yander, *dont blame me.*"

The sportsman gazed after him, puzzled. Doctor Sterling Duke, to whom he bore a letter of introduction, would, no doubt, post him up a lot on mountain manners and customs.

Two hours later he lay back in the doctor's surrey and labored with his host's home-grown cigar, as the doctor drove him down the valley to Magnolia Hall.

One glance into the big fellow's eyes, and the doctor had appraised him as a cure for Grace's spell of despondency. "Put these two young innocents together," he diagnosed—

OF MAGNOLIA HALL—MISS GRACE WILL NOT IMPOVERISH HERSELF''

''the hot head and the soft head—and they'll frisk like a couple of lambs.''

For once the doctor was right. Six-feet-two had no more than measured his eyes against five-feet-one, when she faced about and led him, a willing captive, on a tour of inspection to the slave quarters and stables.

Once, an hour later, the doctor thought he caught a glimpse of them as she danced ahead down a path in the deep-scented garden. Later on, as he was leaving, a deep guffaw—the first laugh from the heart he had heard since the war—apprised him that the captive was still en train.

The doctor drove his guest home in silence. The young man ate his supper hastily and strolled out alone on the moon-bathed porch.

Presently he spoke toward the moon and the slumberous mountains.

''And she lives there all alone!'' After this sweet communion, the doctor lit a candle and led him up to his room.

The next day Paul Harvard displayed a sudden interest in horseflesh, and set off on a twenty-mile tramp to the Court House, where the doctor told him that Judge Bulstring kept a string of Blue-grass thorobreds.

Along toward evening the giant came thundering up to the doctor's gate on a stunning black hunter, flecked to the heels with sweat.

After that the summer came and went swiftly for the captive and the captor maid. If he at least rode courageously, she rode well, and, after a few rides out together, she had shamed him, and he had bumped himself into a tolerably good seat.

And, strange to say, never in all their riding out did they chance to meet Richard Quigg and his pad-footed ''racker.''

Doctor Duke received a letter that called him in haste to Frankfort, and Paul was relieved to be rid of his rather insistent ciceroning. With the doctor away, he thought himself a burden in his well-ordered house, and set about making plans to desert it.

One day, in his glory of hunting-boots and sage-green coat, he climbed up on a spur of the mountains ''to take a squint'' at Magnolia Hall, nestled in the valley below. As he turned, with a sigh, the tiny roar of a mountain-stream cascading to the green floor of the valley caught his ears. Crouching low, he parted the brush with his head and worked toward the cooling sound.

''Splash!''

''It's a whopper of a trout!'' thought Paul, and parted the curtain of brush in front of a pool.

There, with her chamber walls cleft from moss-tinted granite, and her carpet the soft browns and green of sand and fern, stood a mountain-girl in the pool, bathing her round, brown legs.

The sportsman took note of her thick, spun-silk, brown hair, the violet shadows under her downcast eyes, the short linsey dress, the ripple of her mirror around her bronzed legs.

Then a branch snapped in his hand, and, with a sparkle of water and a scud across the sand, she was off thru the brush like a brown partridge.

Paul hallooed and gave chase. The distance widened between them. It was like a butcher's cart giving chase to a motorcycle.

Presently he broke thru upon a little clearing, and there stood the girl, panting, in front of a cabin.

''I beg your pardon,'' he said; ''do you live here?'' She ignored the stupidity of his question, and, for a moment, he watched the quick play of her breast. ''Is your ma home?'' he asked, more intelligently, and she nodded and darted inside.

A tall, slack-waisted woman appeared in the doorway, and her shiny eyes stared at him keenly.

''Whar air ye from, an' what mought yo' name be?''

''Seems to me I've heard that before,'' he said, smiling, and leaned against the cabin, while he told her all about himself.

''If yo' a friend of the doctor's, yo' needn't say more.''

''Say, I like this place,'' said Paul, glancing around the little cleft in the woods. ''Will you take me to board?''

''Yo'll hev to wait till Jack comes,'' she said; ''I reckon he'll know.''

Paul squatted with his back against the cabin, while the women went inside. The picturesqueness of the place—the mud-chunked cabin, the luring girl, the well-like clearing in the woods—all struck home to his nature-loving bones.

The sun stood poised across a saddle in the mountains, rolled once or twice like a settling ship, and sank behind the massive, serrated curtain.

In the purple, benedictory light, Paul saw a gaunt thing of homespun and slack gait coming toward the cabin. He felt like shouting, ''Get out of my sunset, you warped scantling,'' but, remembering that this was Jack, he waited.

''What mought yo' name be?'' the nasal voice droned.

''You forgot some of it,'' said Jack; ''I'm from New York and my name's Harvard.''

THE REVENUE OFFICER DISCOVERS THE COUNTERFEITING PLANT

"Maw know yo' around?"

"You bet she does," said Paul; "I'm the new boarder."

Jack passed into the house and presently came out with his Winchester in the fold of his arm.

Presently a candle flared from inside, and he went in and sat down with the others to a meal of cornbread and potatoes.

"We're lucky jest gettin' some cawn-flour," said Jack.

"If that's a luxury," thought Paul, "a potato is a rank dissipation."

After the meal the girl sat down by the hearth and stretched her bare legs frankly out to the fire, which danced and played in shine and shadow across them.

"What's your name?" asked Paul, suddenly.

"Car'line—Car'line Tolliver." Her voice was nasal, but not so harsh as her brother's.

"Well — tomorrow," said Paul, stifling a yawn, "you can show me all over the mountain and back again."

Caroline showed him over the mountain many times, until the day came when he knew all the short-cuts down to the valley and Magnolia Hall.

Once or twice he met mountaineers, always clasping a Winchester, and he wondered why he never heard a shot if game was so plentiful.

One day toward dusk, as he was toiling up the trail, three men passed him by, and he noticed that one was very stoop-shouldered, with almost colorless eyes. Between him and a mountaineer was a chap with a stubby beard, who was singing a hymn in crazy fashion, his arms sprawled about the others' necks.

"Great Scott!" said Paul. "It's my friend and chaperon of the Big Sandy. He talked like a tank the night he met me."

Caroline began to keep more and more to herself, and one moonlit night Paul noticed that her eyes were luminous and so hollow that they scared him.

"Poor thing," he thought, "I guess she needs something to spruce her up a bit."

The next day he walked down to the crossroads store in the valley and smuggled a big paper parcel up the mountain in his arms. And that night he came upon Caroline just within the shadow of the sentinel trees of the clearing and handed her his prize.

She clawed the string off, nervously, and a length of the best dress material for twenty miles around unrolled at her feet.

The poor thing gave a little moan, then took his hand and fell to kissing it, but he would have none of her humble gratitude and gently shook her off.

"Yo' know!" she cried, over and over again—"yo' know!"

But not for the life of him did he guess what the girl was driving at, and the following night he went to the shadow's edge, expecting to meet her again.

Two long arms, tense like wagon-tires, flung themselves around him and lifted his bulk from the ground.

"Caroline, you little tease!" he cried.

A knotted hand slipped up under his throat and clutched, vise-like, at his windpipe. Then, for the first time, the stars whirled like silver dust above him, and he sensed that he was in the grip of a man.

It was years since he had used the lumps of his muscle in anger, but the man back of him was slowly choking him to death.

The mad fury of a bull coursed thru his wavering brain. He lashed out in the dark, with giant strokes, at nothing.

Then his thumb caught in a leather belt, and with this one finger he slowly drew his assailant around in front of him. The fisted bones of his free hand beat savagely against bones —jaw, nose and cheek—until the face held mistily before him was a welter of pulpy flesh. Suddenly a bone snapped like the cracking of a nut, and the man let go his strangle-hold and sank to the ground.

His two hands cupped his jaw in agony.

"You dirty backbiter!" roared Paul, with a sudden rush of breath. "I've a good mind to throw you clean over the mountain!"

The man, with a scream of fright, sprang up and ran thru the woods. The spears of moonlight, stabbing thru the trees, showed a fleeting glimpse of his ramshackle, fleshless shape.

Paul crashed heavily after him down the mountain. He felt it his righteous, flaming duty to rid the mountains of this fellow once and forever.

The pursuit led down to a narrow gorge between a cleft in the mountain, thru which a mountain stream tumbled and roared.

The man sprang thru it with goat-like strides, and Paul lumbered after him like a maddened bear. Suddenly the wounded man whipped across a little log foot-bridge and dashed thru the door of a cabin.

"The fox is earthed!" cried Paul, and he scrambled across the bridge and pressed against the door. It did not give, so he drew off, football fashion, and came at it shoulder on.

When six-feet-two of plunging muscle meets a slab door, something has to give. The door did, and sent him sprawling into the cabin.

It was full of choking smoke, with a fire burning in a great open oven below a copper retort.

There was no time to gather details. Two dark figures flung away from the fire and were down on him, pinning him to the floor.

"The gun, you—shove home a cartridge—quick!"

The click of a rifle-breech, the sharp snap as it locked together, and Paul closed his eyes.

"In the forehead, Jack," said Quigg—"jest above the eyes."

Why couldn't they get it over with?

Something seemed to hold the man's finger rigid around the trigger.

And then from the gorge came the crazy wail of a drunken man's hymn tune.

"It's that galoot from Virginy. Open th' door an' let him in."

The sound of the crazy singing came nearer, and the shambling feet entered the room.

Paul opened his eyes. It was the man in butternut homespun! And there, crouching over him, his eyes ablaze and his broken jaw slack, stood Jack with the leveled Winchester.

The beating of swift rain in his face brought Paul to his senses. Thru the leaky, seamed roof a flash of lighting leapt toward his eyes. About him were evidences of a fierce struggle, and the drunken hymn-singer must have saved him, for he felt that he still lived. He crept to the door of the cabin and looked out. A sight to sicken even a Kentucky mountaineer met his eyes. The cabin was an island surrounded by a mire of yellow, quaking mud.

He let the rain beat down on his feverish face for a spell, then drew back into the cabin.

THE STORY OF THE "FURRINER'S" RESCUE WAS TOLD FROM CABIN TO CABIN

A booming sound, like great drums, echoed thru the gorge.

"The dam has gone!" A shrieking figure leaped past him and started across the bridge.

With a sucking, rushing roar, the wall of water lifted the frail bridge and spun it into its maw. The logs, with the man still clinging to them, shot down thru the black walls of the gorge. And slowly, like some great animal, the cabin slid from its base, and it, too, followed in mad pursuit.

Paul's wits flashed suddenly crystal-clear. It was like a brain lying open to the sun. He clung to the under door-sill, letting the cabin act as a huge shield against the mass of swirling driftwood.

Once thru the mad rush of the gorge, and he knew that the water would flatten out in the valley beyond.

With the roar of fiends, the water closed over his head. He clung on desperately, his great arms wrapped around the sill-log. And just as suddenly the water subsided, and he knew that he had been shot thru to the valley.

He waded ashore thru the waist-high rapids, and started back toward the gorge.

The poor crack-brain remembered that the body of his would-be murderer was jammed back there in the gorge, and was going back to find it.

The story of the giant's rescue of his blood enemy has been told from cabin to cabin so often, even down thru the counties as far as the Tennessee line, that we will not listen to a twice-told tale.

By some miracle of fate, or dispensation of heaven if you will, Jack was still alive, wedged against a swaying oak.

The story is almost unbelievable, but, nevertheless, true. Paul swam out to the tree, succeeded in climbing to a fork with the sheer weight of Jack on his shoulder, and sat crouched until the mountaineers gathered and brought them ashore.

Days afterward, as he lay in Jack's cabin, weak as a puppy from fever, the mountaineers gathered again, and, with Caroline standing, half-proud, half-shamed, by his bed, Jack publicly proclaimed him innocent of any wrong toward his sister.

And the word passed thru the mountains, mysterious as is their messenger, and, as a sort of homage, when Paul passed thru the woods and down the mountain to Magnolia Hall, each mountaineer lowered his Winchester and shot a bullet into the ground in token that no harm could ever come to him thru them.

There was need of haste. The fall of the year had come, and the magnolia trees were bare of blossoms,

"JEST ONE MOMENT BEFO' YO' HELP YO'SELF," SAID A QUIET, TIMOROUS VOICE

opening to the eye the curious group of farmers and traps on the lawns.

Quigg had advertised the place and had come to make the highest bid.

It was a heartbreaking day for old Judge Bulstring when he was summoned to knock down the home of his oldest friend and of his sweetest young friend, too, to the highest bidder.

"Eight thousand dollars—going—going——"

For the love of law and order, who is that hulk on the maddened, black horse that dashes up to the porch?

It is Paul, escaped from the mountains, its snares, its doom, and its homage—the lost one, Paul, whom the maid of Magnolia Hall had been too proud to remember, nor yet too unloving to forget.

"Nine thousand dollars!" bellowed Paul.

"Magnolia Hall is yours, sir!" said the smiling judge, in a jiffy.

And Paul stepped forward, tendering his check as he went.

A tall, stoop-shouldered man with dust-colored eyes, a strangely familiar man, stepped forward, too, and spoke a few words with the judge.

"I'm humiliated to announce it," he said, in a scarcely audible voice, "but the property goes to Mr. Quigg, the previous bidder. The court can accept only United States money."

"Come in — everybody!" cried Quigg, quite carried away, "and have a drink in my corridor."

"Jest one moment befo' yo' help yo'self," said a quiet, timorous voice, that Paul struggled to remember—"there's jewelry goes with this, too—a pair of iron bracelets."

And, suiting the action to the words, the man in homespun clasped the handcuffs on Quigg's wrists.

"Good-by, Letcher County," he sang out; "I'm takin' yo' leadin' citizen with me over th' mountains."

He paused, to drive home a point.

"Think of it, gentlemen, a three-months' drunk—every drop of it Dick Quigg's moonshine!"

The crowd laughed; Quigg had never been popular.

"And now comes the nasty part of it," said the revenue officer, a hard look in his eyes. "Mr. Quigg has been making all his money up there in the mountains on a printing press of his own—*fool money to sweat you with!*"

The crowd of mountaineer-farmers drew nearer; some had drawn their guns. "There's a little mountain-girl," said the homespun man, quietly, "that he married and wont own."

With a snarl of hate, the crowd rushed forward, but a lank, black Colt frowned them back to the ground.

"He's my prisoner," said the homespun man, "and we're goin' on a long hike over the mountains."

The crowd parted, and he turned and led Quigg down the steps. On the porch was another prisoner—her hand was held securely by Paul.

"And yo'," said the homespun man, smiling upward, "if yo' ever get in trouble up yander, *dont blame me!*"

JEANNE DORÉ

(Universal)

From the Stage-Play of Tristan Bernard, Featuring Sarah Bernhardt

By GLADYS HALL

"I was born," Jeanne Doré was wont to say, "just to be his mother. It is *being* his mother that has made life possible for me."

And she said it again today, as she sat at the back of their tiny stationery shop, on the outskirts of Paris, and watched her son selling cards to a customer. In her eyes there burned the fire that had been lit there at his birth, and would continue to burn as long as they both should live—a splendid flame of mother-love for her young. Sacrifice unending, hope glorious, and faith dauntless and persistent, she said it more than ever today, because she knew that Jacques was in trouble—that he had a secret sorrow gnawing at his heart. She had suspected something wrong for some time—mistrusted his abstractions, his inattentiveness, his loss of interest in the tiny shop that had been their living ever since his father's death. But she had thought, with the fond fatuity of a parent to whom a child is ever the child, that he would come to her with whatever it might be. She had not known that her son was living a *man's* sorrow now—one in which she might not have the smallest part.

She had finally decided to take her perplexity to her brother, who had established her in business and been her moral, if not actual, support since her husband's death.

Monsieur Duchelles was an irascible man with violent convictions of his own. His life was a conservative one—his habits irreproachable. The spirit of Paris was *not* the spirit of Monsieur Duchelles. One of his convictions was that mincing matters never got one anywhere. Therefore, when Jeanne came to him with her trouble, he went directly to the point.

"Jacques is making a fool of himself, Jeanne," he said harshly, "having a liaison with Madame Louise Tissot—a hussy, if ever there was one. It is the talk of the town."

Jeanne had clutched at a chair for support, and her heart had seemed to stop. Jacques—her baby—and a woman! Vaguely, in her constant dreams of him, she had pictured a marriage, some day, with a fresh-faced girl who would call her "Mother" and lay Jacques' son in her arms after awhile.

"What—can we do?" she had questioned, mutely. "I have tried—so hard——"

"Tiens!" the old man had exclaimed veritably. "What can *any one* do to a young fool when a woman like La Tissot gets hold of him? I tell you, Jeanne, she's got him—got him body and soul—and she wont let go until she's drained him dry. Oh, I know 'em."

JACQUES MAKES A CONFESSION TO JEANNE DORÉ

Jeanne had gone home like one walking in her sleep. After awhile, she thought strickenly, she would wake up—wake up to know that Jacques was all her own still—her boy with the steady eyes, the clean mouth and the buoyancy. She tried to banish the more recent picture from her mind—tried to forget the hollows in his cheeks, the purple splotches under his eyes, the nervous way of his hands.

That night, after the shop was closed, and they sat at tea, Jeanne said to him, suddenly, "Jacques, did I ever tell you of your father—and our lives before his—death?"

Jacques started out of a reverie. "No," he said, disinterestedly—"a very little, maman."

Jeanne looked at him wistfully. In her mind was a vague wonder how it happened that a mother-love like hers could be placed on the scales with the love of a light woman—and found wanting.

"I'm going to tell you a little story, mon fils," she said softly. "Will you listen—and try to learn from it——"

"Oui, maman," he said in his sing-song way, "but certainly."

"I married your father," said Jeanne Doré, "in the same way that many French girls are married. There was much talk of dowry and suitability; a great deal of chaperonage and ceremony; a very, very little bit of love—peu d'amour—alas! Eh bien, I respected him, at first, and he was kind to me. But deep in my heart of hearts I cherished a secret hope that some day I should have a tiny baby—a creature of spirit and flesh all my own—so utterly, so marvelously mine that we should be as one. I dreamed and visioned and lived in this hope. In my mind I tended your helpless body; my spirit prayed for your spirit; I grew with your growth. I knew, even then, that I, Jeanne Doré, had been born for but one purpose—to be your mother.

"Men failed to interest me—their love was not the love my heart was hungry for. At last you came to me—ah, Jacques, your baby-head against my breast, your round, black eyes questioning — questioning. 'Oui — petit,' I used to murmur in your tiny ear, 'I am your mother, bébé—and death itself cannot cleave us apart.'

"As you grew, I seemed to grow with you, and the fierce passion of my maternity grew, too. About that time your father began gambling, and there came a time when he became involved in a very serious affair—a debt of honor. He went to your Uncle Duchelles, but was refused assistance. To clear the debt away I sold my jewels and gave him the money. I made him swear on your head, Jacques, that he would never gamble again. He took the money, went back to the gambling-rooms to pay his debt, and fell a prey to his weakness again. His creditor pressed him for money—he had lost every centime—and that night he shot himself.

"Jacques, as I looked at his dead face that night, only one thought was in my mind. I was *glad*—glad that he could not live to contaminate *you* by his incurable weakness. And I prayed that you might prove of different stuff; that whatever temptation beset your way you might conquer it, force it down—a vanquished thing. He was my mate, after all—the father of my beloved son—yet so omnipotent was my love of you that it seemed a tiny thing in comparison.

"Jacques, is it not a tiny thing to

JEANNE DORÉ REFUSES ALL COMFORT FROM HER NEIGHBORS

you to give up this—woman—for the sake of my love—— You are still petit Jacques——''

''Maman!'' Jacques rose to his feet and rumpled up his dark, thick hair. ''I refuse to be censured in this way. I am a grown man. I must be permitted to live my own life. I love Louise Tissot—love her with every drop of my blood. I—oh, I would *die* for her if I could! I——''

Jeanne watched him, with wistful tears in her lovely eyes. ''*Your* life, Jacques,'' she said, a tiny catch in her voice, ''*your* life—and yet, mon fils, is it not perhaps a little bit of *mine?*''

''Of course, maman. But—— Oh, what is the use of my talking? I cannot say more than that I love her—that I must *always* love her—and that she is denied to me in the way I want her by her marriage. It is that—that terrible barrier that is driving me slowly mad——''

''A woman—a true woman—would not permit the attentions of a youth like you—under the conditions. She cannot love you, beloved son—love is not like that.'' Jeanne spoke yearningly, her deep, burning eyes fastened on his tense, young face—pitiful for the ravage she saw beginning there—longing to take his precious youth and keep it from the searing of the flames.

Jacques rose, face flushed with impatience. ''Pardon, maman,'' he said abruptly, and, muttering something about a date and seeing her later, he dashed out of the tiny room.

Long after he had gone, Jeanne sat gazing into the coals, and her eyes were wide with an endless pain. She was seeing her son—her best beloved—in the arms of his mistress, and the woman's face had hard, red lips, and mocking, shallow eyes—and the son she saw faded slowly into the tiny babe with red, crumpled face and round, black eyes—the babe who had drawn its life from her body, and for which life she would so gladly, so freely give her own.

Jeanne was still brooding over the fire when Jacques returned, some three hours later. His young face was white now, and his dark eyes blazed with an unhealthy excitement. About him hung the faint but unmistakable perfume of Vera Violetta, and there was a fine dusting of powder on his coat where close arms might have twined. Jeanne, noting these things, winced, and felt a horrid sickness. But the smile she gave him was simply glad. ''I have been dreaming of you, Jacques,'' she smiled, ''and you were my bébé again—my little, suckling one——''

''Maman!'' Jacques came and stood over her low chair. ''I have to ask you a hard thing. I need money. I need it at *once*. It is—is for—Madame Tissot.''

''Jacques!'' Jeanne's voice held a note almost of fear, of cringing. She shrank instinctively from the blow this demand must mean. This money had been toiled for by her unaccustomed hands that Jacques might have ease and plenty. The little sum in the bank spelled small denials made daily that Jacques might have a backing should he ever need one. And now he would take it from her—for La Tissot!

''Jacques—you are speaking—at random——'' Jeanne's hand went to her throat. Something swelled in it.

''I mean it, maman. I *must* have it—at any cost. Mon Dieu! Will you drive me *mad?* Where is your vaunted love of me that it balks when I need it most?''

''Jacques—to give it to you would break my heart, but to deny it is even harder. I cannot——''

''Bien!'' The youth flung out the word harshly. ''I shall go to le bon Duchelles,'' he grated out, ''and if *he* refuses—we shall see what we shall see.''

When Jeanne was shown the newspapers in the little grocery store, where she was shopping the following morning, she did not need confirmation of her fear. Instinct—the instinct of a woman intensified by mother-worship—said to her clearly, ''It is your son.'' Monsieur Duchelles had been found murdered in his home, the papers said—violence had been used, and the gendarmes were on the murderer's track. Then she fainted. When she came to she seemed

THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF JACQUES DORÉ

to emerge into a new world—a world peopled by ghosts, fear-haunted on every side. They could not torture her—the high ones of the earth—save only thru her son. And, for the fear that they touch a hair of his head, she was shaken almost beyond control.

The short distance from the grocery shop to her own home and shop seemed to stretch out into an interminable length, and every man and woman seemed to glare at her with malice—seemed vested with the terrible power of snatching her son from her. She felt like a miser, whose treasure, the essence of his life, is being threatened on every side. Her breasts heaved, and she panted like some dumb animal whose young are being maltreated while she is helpless to interfere.

He was in the tiny washroom off the shop when she entered, and she recoiled from the thing he was washing with quick, spasmodic motions of his nervous hands. Her haunted eyes lifted to his face, and rested there in such an agony that her face was beaded with cold, sick sweat. She felt an awful freezing of the blood within her veins. "Jacques," she whispered thru stiff lips—"bébé—you must flee——"

"I am——" Jeanne started at the thick rasp of his voice—a voice coming from vocal cords parched with the ghostly fear of a hunted human thing. "Maman—help me——"

Jeanne did not wait to hold and comfort him. Instead she helped him dress, packed a grip, and guarded the dark rear entrance to the shop while he sped down the alleyways, doubled on his tracks, and—went to the home of Madame Tissot for a last farewell.

Then she turned to the front of the shop to face the officials. She bore the grilling cross-examination, head high. However guilty the Jacques of today might be, to her he was the unsullied babe whose little soul had come to her straight from the garden of God, and in that innocence she based her replies—replies made firmly, proudly, so humbly and sweetly, that the officials doubted that the son of such a mother *could* be a murderer.

"Is there not a—woman—mixed up with your son?" was one of the questions.

"I am the only woman in my son's life," the mother made unflinching reply, and her dilated nostrils quivered with the evanescent odor of Vera Violetta. "He is only a boy, messieurs—hardly out of his teens."

"Such a boy is an easy victim for such a woman, madame," declared one of the officials, "and once they are victimized they are crazed. Such a woman is like a deadly, insidious poison in their veins—they are not responsible."

"There is no such woman," reiterated Jeanne Doré.

"May we search the house?" inquired another official, compassionately.

"Mais certainement, monsieur," courtesied Jeanne.

On the stairway they found his hat—the one he had just fled with, and in his room they found him—crouching there—the guiltiest spectacle that could possibly be conceived. The gen-

darmes had been guarding the home of Madame Tissot in anticipation of a visit from him, had intercepted him, and he had eluded them and fled back to his mother's home, only to fall into another trap.

One month later he was sentenced to death on the guillotine.

In the days that preceded Jacques' execution, Jeanne Doré died a million million deaths. Hourly, daily, her body was given over to the executioner; every breath she drew stabbed her raw heart with an unbearable agony. Thru the palling black nights she would stand at the window of the shop, her face flattened against the pane, staring, staring out into the dark. Sometimes she would sit in a low rocker and rock back and forth and croon little, happy lullabies, and at such times, just as truly as she felt the texture of her gown, she would feel the baby Jacques nestling near her heart. At other times she would sit erect, and her eyes would glaze, and she would cry out wildly, "It is not true!" Her black tongue would articulate: "It is not true! Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, let this dream pass from me!"

And every day would find her at the prison before the cell of Jacques. On her lips would be a Spartan smile, and her voice, when it came, was infinitely soothing—so vibrant with a deathless love that it defied the very hand of death itself and seemed to promise comfort on the dread stroke of the axe. He would press his young, doomed head against the grating, and she would stroke it with a passionate, yearning tenderness, loving, with a depthless love, each tiniest fiber of his hair. On one such time his voice came to her brokenly. "Maman," it said, and somehow it sounded like the little-boy voice—the little boy afraid of a dreadful dark into which he was being forced—"maman, can you imagine a man's love for a woman? I—I—it is hard for me to explain, but somehow I want you to understand—a little. It was not *me*, maman—not your son Jacques who did that fearful thing. It was the madman that she has made—just by the way her gold hair grows and the white lids over her sleepy eyes. Maman, it is like some sharp hunger I feel. I am not haunted at nights by the guillotine—I am haunted by desire of her—I am maddened for her touch. If she could come to me once again—but once only—I could die—happy."

She would not come to him—Madame Tissot. Jacques Doré, free and young and madly infatuated, was a valuable asset; Jacques

JEANNE DORÉ GOES TO THE PRISON TO SEE HER SON AND PRETENDS THAT SHE IS HIS SWEETHEART

JEANNE DORÉ WITNESSED THE EXECUTION. IT WAS OVER. HE WAS DEAD—DEAD—DEAD!

Doré in a murderer's cell was another proposition. And so Jeanne planned her ultimate sacrifice—the sacrifice that must deny her her last poor consolation, the anguished recompense of a farewell to her son. She would make this last permitted visit—as Louise Tissot.

His poor young face was strained against the bars when she came in on that last afternoon. By the lantern's fitful light she could see it, gleaming and chalky in the dark. His eyes, like two burning holes, tried to reach her face beneath the veil, but failed.

"Louise," he gasped—"is it—you—vraiment?"

The woman lost all consciousness of self. She became Love—just Love shorn of all degrees—all varieties. She stepped outside of herself, and became a throbbing, mighty heart that could give itself in any guise it chose——

"It is!" she whispered, her rich voice husky with an emotion a vibrant girl might feel.

"My darling!" The lad prest hungrily against the bars. "Louise—I am dying tomorrow—but it is for you—and so—I am glad. Louise—Louise—do you hear me?—I am glad——"

"Dont—Jacques——" The answering voice was a sob. Jacques caught her hand, and it prest a rose into his.

"That rose will bloom again, Jacques," the husky voice whispered; "and you will live again—my dearest one——"

"You love me, Louise? You do?" The boy's fevered mouth clipped the rose avidly; his nervous hand clasped and unclasped the hand he held—the hand, O sons of all the earth, that toiled for him—slaved for him—grew calloused and worn and sore and stiff in his service, and had the power miraculous to become soft and white again for his last need. Jeanne drew together each remnant of her ebbing control. She summoned every atom of resource within her. Leaning passionately against the bars, she kist his thin hand, and let her soft, burning lips linger hungrily over the tiny pulse in his bared wrist——

"Better than life," she whispered to him, "better than life—stronger than death—sure as your mother's—beloved—beloved——"

"Ah!" sighed Jacques, and the cry was the rapturous one of a man who is well content.

In the second story of a tiny stationery shop on the outskirts of Paris an aged, wasted woman clasped her suddenly withered hands together and watched a slender lad mount the guillotine. Her wide eyes never flinched. It was over. He was dead—*dead*—DEAD!"

The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

BY
COMMODORE
J. STUART
BLACKTON

This story was written from the Photoplay by the same author, and was begun in the November issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

THE officer's glass was hurled down with a crash. He strode to the door.

"Hell! It is locked. Here, break it down—sword, bayonet, anything!"

A wreath of white smoke hung in the still air. A woman sat on the floor, pillowing in her lap the head of her first-born. In her arms she held the youngest one, rocking her gently to and fro, smiling and crooning to her as if she were again a baby.

"How they are rattling and banging on that door!" she complained. "They will wake Dorothy, little Dorothy who is so tired! And Virginia, too—she is sleeping so soundly; well, she has had a hard day. Why did we come here? Where are we? Oh, yes, at the Beltons', of course. We must be going. Dorothy! Dorothy, dear! Strange how still she is and how heavy."

A sudden, frightened look shot into the tired, questioning eyes, growing into an expression of dumb terror.

"Why doesn't she answer?"

The loving touch strayed caressingly up and down the slim form, seized a limp hand, and raised it to her lips. It was cold! She released it and the arm fell, heavy as lead.

"Virginia!" She reached over and shook the girl lying so peacefully, with calm, upturned face. Her eyes traveled stupidly over the lithe figure, traveled beyond, and caught the metallic gleam of a pistol lying on the floor beside her; traveled further still and stopped, rigidly focused on an ever-widening stain on the carpet—a dark, dread, gruesome stain. Her body stiffened, her eyes glared. For one brief, blinding, crucifying second, sanity returned. They were not asleep; their eyes were closed in death!

Dead! Both of them. Her last, her all, her babies! Dead by her own hand.

Those beasts at the door! She remembered. She struggled to rise, to tear them to pieces with her nails, her teeth.

Then something in the tortured brain snapped, and, leaning her head back, she laughed and laughed and laughed.

It was a good, strong door and a first-class lock, but finally it gave, and the officer, with a tigerish snarl, hurled himself thru, the other brutes following close on his heels.

"They are here, my darlings, but fear not. Mother has tricked them. They thought they were clever, but mother was too cunning for them.

"Keep your eyes closed, and they will think you are dead—DEAD! Ha! ha! Only sleeping. How we are fooling them! When they have gone we will steal out and tell father and brother. How they will laugh, too——"

There were some young faces in the group at the door—faces on which shame or sympathy should be found; but none was there.

Had they mothers and sisters of their own? Evidently not, for no sign of compassion could be traced in the brutal masks that covered the faces God "made in His own image." They too, are laughing—not the wild laugh of insanity, but the cruel laugh of fiends incarnate.

Their captain was not laughing. His coarse lips were twisted into a vicious sneer. The back of his neck grew dull red. The veins on his forehead swelled with rage as he realized that the little woman had tricked him and had made a fool of him before his

BRITISH FACES LEERED DRUNKENLY AT EACH OTHER, GLASSES WERE CLINKED AND RAISED

men. Yes, they were laughing in their sleeves at him, and she was the cause of it. She had robbed him of his perquisite, his just fruits of victory. Devil's luck! The old witch had killed her brats just to spite him. Very well!

With an oath, he emptied his automatic into the three figures on the floor, firing savagely and indiscriminately until the gun was empty.

"Curse her!" he roared. "She made them laugh at me!"

He turned, the men in the doorway fell back, and, without another look, he strode after them and slammed the door.

The smoke ascended and hung in lacy clouds under the ceiling.

A last, flickering ray of sunlight struggled for an instant thru the heavy, violet clouds and fell on the quiet mother-face. The ray of sunlight was no longer blood-red. It was pure gold, and it lingered caressingly on the dead face, glorifying with a more than earthly radiance the smile that rested on the now peaceful countenance.

Chapter XXI.

The invasion of America was a work of genius. Genius, we are told, is "a capacity for taking infinite pains." So carefully, so completely had the invaders laid and carried out their plans, so fully were they informed by their far-reaching spy system, that every feeble move on the part of the defenders was anticipated. So suddenly had they struck that the city was in their hands before any organized resistance was possible.

The first thought in each New Yorker's mind was of his home and of those whom it was his duty to protect. The first object of the invaders was to destroy every armory, central station and power-house, and thus telephone, telegraph, subway, elevated, trolley and electric light—every main artery of the city's life—were paralyzed by the enemy's shells from without, and thru co-operation with their traitorous confederates within.

The militia, the only available force for the defense of New York, was, therefore, rendered well-nigh useless at the outset, and the handful of regulars at Governor's Island and the forts—not a thousand all told—had been sadly decimated by the terrific bombardment of the enemy fleet.

The commander of the Army of the East knew how hopeless it all was. He had seen the handwriting on the wall for years, and now that the time had come, he knew the knell of doom had sounded for his brave little band, and so, fifteen hours after that first paralyzing crash, which heralded the dread war-monster's approach and scattered the Brothers of Peace like a lot of scared rabbits, the ghostly dawn ushered in to the people of America the horror of that never-to-be-forgotten morning after.

The streets were empty, silent, yet peopled with the fearsome presence of a thousand murdered innocents; deserted by all save the dead, until the silence was broken by the advance of countless drab figures trampling ruthlessly over the poor, mutilated bodies, pressing unceasingly on thru the horrible shambles, line after line, regiment after regiment—endless divisions of a great army—their perfection of equipment, training and discipline a hideous comparison to the sad spectacle of our unpreparedness.

They flowed onward as resistlessly as the current of Niagara, up Fifth Avenue, thru the Bronx, and out into Westchester County, where a handful of Americans, hastily entrenched near

★ ★ ★

"CURSE HER," HE ROARED, "SHE MADE THEM LAUGH AT ME"

White Plains, were about to go thru the farce of "defending their country."

The makeshift American Army was made up of a little over 500 regulars, infantry and coast artillery; about 4,000 National Guardsmen; 1,000 from the police force, who bravely volunteered, and approximately a thousand practically untrained recruits, consisting of business men who had spent a month in the military camps at Plattsburg and Fort Hamilton.

Against this pitifully small, disorganized force of about 7,500 men was advancing a compact, highly trained body of veteran fighters, numbering 125,000—three highly developed army corps, organized and equipped with the most modern and deadly field artillery, hundreds of machine-guns, thousands of rounds of ammunition, and an efficient flying squadron of twenty aeroplanes and two dirigibles.

The American commander had set his stage for the last stand. His men had dug themselves in, but the time had been too short to construct anything more than shallow, improvised trenches in which, worn with anxiety and the unaccustomed fatigue of an all-night march, lay the caricature of an army, fondly supposed by the smug exponents of national complacency to be capable of defending the gateway and metropolis of the wealthiest country on the face of the globe.

As the sky brightened into an opalescent dawn, several little black specks could be descried away up among the rose-tinted clouds. They rapidly grew more distinct.

"Aeroplanes!" laconically exclaimed a lean-visaged captain of artillery.

"They can see us! Oh, it's hellish! They have found our range now, and we are as blind as bats," blurted out a boyish-looking National Guardsman.

And the chaplain of New York's crack militia regiment quoted under his breath: "Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood be upon his own head."

The General, looking, as he knew, for the last time on his helpless little army, cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, those upon whose heads rested the blood of these brave men, so soon to be slaughtered.

Three miles away things were happening. A rather dense thicket of woods ran parallel to the American entrenchments, and these woods were literally alive with the men in the drab uniforms and little, round steel caps.

Carefully hidden among the foliage was a row of heavy field-guns and howitzers.

A drone, as of a swarm of bees, grew gradually louder, and two of the aeroplane scouts circled over the woods. One landed gracefully on an open stretch of ground, the other continued on towards the invading army's headquarters in New York.

The aviator made his report, the commander shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned to an artillery officer.

"The scouts are now giving you the range," he commanded bluntly—"commence firing!"

Slowly, methodically, the muzzles of the great guns were elevated. A shrill whistle sounded, and one of the sinister mouths spoke. The artillery officer did not watch where the shell struck. He scrutinized thru his glasses the hawk-like aeroplanes hovering over the American lines.

Quickly the signal came: "Two points too high."

In unison the black muzzles were depressed a quarter of an inch. Another deep-throated roar, and the second shell, screaming its telltale message, flew in a high, wide arc, to burst full in the center of the shallow entrenchment. The aeroplanes signaled "Correct," and in an instant the air was filled with the shriek of shrapnel, the moan of heavier shells

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE MADE PRISONERS

and the continuous roar of terrific detonations.

And what of the opposing army?

Blasted, withered, pitiful; torn into shreds and hurled into the air. Smashed to bits and buried under tons of earth—here a huge smoking mound thrown up, with legs, arms and fragments of human bodies protruding; there, a deep crater with men unspeakably maimed and mutilated, clawing the earth in their agony, slipping down in a frightful welter of blood into the ghastly pile at the bottom.

After ten minutes of an inferno such as none of the defenders ever dreamed of, the bombardment suddenly ceased.

A handful of the survivors—all that was left of them—retreated to the nearest cover—the little farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. The observers in the air watched the movement with derision, and communicated the intelligence in detail by their aerial wireless.

One of the big howitzers lifted its huge mouth grimly and silently. A huge shell tore thru the air and crashed into the exact center of the farmhouse. The entire building and its outhouses disappeared like a house of cards. A fierce flame licked up the few scraps of inflammable material that had not been blown into atoms, and for yards around the ground was covered with dead and dying. The General himself was seriously wounded, and less than five hundred men remained alive.

When, fifteen minutes later, the enemy advanced in close formation, the General surrendered. A small force was detailed to take the prisoners back to New York, and the great, drab monster continued its ceaseless march onward, ever onward, thru the rich and fertile fields, toward those other cities, waiting, with their wealth, their arsenals, machine-shops and powder works, to be sucked into the insatiable maw of the war-monster.

How immutable the workings of Providence, how resistless the cycle, in each swing of which history is made, and how true it is that history repeats itself! Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ trod the earth the noble city of Carthage reared its skyline on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. The Carthaginians were puffed up with a proud self-sufficiency. They had heard of the Romans, but the broad seas were between them, and because they had not seen Rome they feared it not.

But the day came when their proud fleet of gold and silver and brass bedecked galleys was scattered, broken and sunk; when the multitude gathered on the hills saw not the flags

of their victorious navy returning, but Roman banners flaunting at the mastheads of a countless fleet of invading ships.

Even then fear entered not into their hearts, for on their lips was the stock phrase, the modern shibboleth of Peace without Preparedness: "Have we not legions of brave citizens, tenfold the number of the invaders, to take up the sword and drive them from our shores?"

And it is written that a bearded sage answered them, saying, "Of what utility is an untrained mob of brave men before even a small army of armed and trained brave men?"

And how truly he spoke is shown by that same relentless history which tells us that the people of Carthage were put to the sword, that the fair city was destroyed, that plows were run over the place where Carthage once stood, and that salt was spread upon the blood-sodden, upturned earth as a sign that the city should never be rebuilt.

Has this not a familiar ring?—"The broad seas are between us and our enemies, therefore we fear them not"—"Can we not raise an army of a million citizens at the wave of a hand to drive our enemies from our shores?"

This weak-kneed, milksop twaddle no doubt disgusted the bearded sage of Carthage as much as it nauseates the few red-blooded American citizens of today who *really know* the needs of our country and its dangers.

Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, down to Anno Domini 1915, and yet we have not learnt the lesson of the ages; have not learnt that the weak and helpless will always be oppressed; have not learnt that might is right; have not learnt how to protect our rights and the rights of our children!

There is the crux of the whole indefensible situation—our duty to our children—for the children are the strength of the nation. In the words of the bearded sage of today, one of our most respected and most venerable citizens, Reverend Doctor Lyman Abbott:

"The father and mother may surrender their own rights, but they have no right to surrender the rights of their children."

Chapter XXII.

"To neglect one's liberty is to lose it; to neglect one's country is to perish with it."

Some of the heavy-hearted thousands, who filled the sidewalks and clustered in the windows of those buildings still standing in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second street, may have remembered those epic words, spoken by a senator from the West at the recent launching of the battleship *Arizona*.

The work on that splendid vessel was being rapidly pushed to completion, but, alas! no Stars and Stripes would fly proudly from her masthead. When finished by forced American labor, she was going to be joined to the powerful fleet of the enemy." Another ironical rebuke to those whose policy was responsible for the deplorable sight now being witnessed in the heart of that erstwhile "Great White Way"—now a "Way of Black Desolation."

On either side of Broadway, as far as the eye could reach, stretched lines of the hostiles, standing rigid and immovable as stone figures. Down between them came a straggling band of American troops, weary and broken in body and spirit, sullen resentment smouldering in their eyes, hopelessness written on their haggard, war-worn countenances.

Sad and pathetic figures they were in their tattered uniforms. The "Army of the East," all that was left of them—the weakest and most grievously wounded staggering along, supported by their stronger comrades.

In the widest part of the street a great pile of rifles was being constantly added to as each man deposited there his arms of offense and defense.

"Lay down your arms," had been one of the slogans of the pacifists, and here it was of a verity coming to pass, but not quite in the manner hoped for by the gentle advocates. This was the way chosen by the victors as a sort of Roman holiday. Another and a final object-lesson to those who had crept back, or been driven back, or had never been able to get away in that Dante's Inferno a month ago, when the population fled wildly from the rain of death.

Give up your swords, ye officers! Relinquish your torn shreds of flags, ye color-bearers! Lay down your arms and pass on in ignominy and defeat, ye poor victims of short-sightedness, ignorance and criminal neglect!

Your capitol at Washington is in ruins—its fair, white dome rent and blackened. Columbia is on her knees, despoiled and violated, with fettered, supplicating hands raised to Heaven, and there is none to aid her.

People of America! Do you want this?

Or will the spirit of '76, the spirits of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant and of McKinley, kindle now in the breasts of our citizens the realization that Power spells Peace, that the Navy is our first line of defense, and that behind it must stand an Army worthy of the name? Will we learn that "if we really wish for peace at all hazards we must ever strengthen our Navy and train every youth in the Republic to such an extent as shall qualify him to be converted into an efficient soldier at the shortest notice"?

Can we be taught "self-preservation is the first law of a nation; neither wars, fires nor disasters are caused by precaution, but precaution and preparedness prevent them"?

That "adequacy is not reached until our Navy is strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest possible adversary."

Will the truth come home to us that "our coast-defenses protect the people of the inland States and their interests just as surely as those of the States on the coast"?

Have you stopped to consider that "when your Congressmen fight only for the interests of their native States they are being untrue to the best interests of their native country," and that "the right to vote implies an equal right and obligation to bear arms for that voter's country"?

Let us look for a moment on the brighter side.

No enemy has yet violated our shores.

Our hero and his beloved mother, his sweet sister and brave, enthusiastic young brother, are still alive.

The familiar living-room of that typical American home has no gaping, ragged hole in its sheltering wall.

Mother sits in the lamplight, her Bible on her knees, and Alice is arranging the flowers for the table.

Two familiar figures enter at the door. They are John and Charlie—familiar in face, yet habited in a new and startling manner.

Alice's gasp of astonishment is hushed by a warning finger on the lips of the elder son. They are in the full khaki uniform of the National Guard.

"How are my dear boys this evening?"

Mother half-turns and smiles, but does not look back in their direction. Sheltering behind mother's chair, they bend over and kiss her faded cheek.

"Mother," they tell her in full-hearted chorus, "we have been watching our bluejackets parading on Fifth Avenue—everywhere the crowds went wild with enthusiasm—and we saw the President, on the *Mayflower*, reviewing the fleet—and we have been planning a surprise for you, mother."

A pause—a nudge—a quick look given and taken.

"You tell her, John," whispers Charlie.

John, looking very serious for a moment covers mother's eyes with his big hands, mentions to Charlie to "stand at attention" in front of her, then withdraws his hands and stands beside his brother.

Her eyes fall upon the trim gaiters, travel slowly up to the military belts and buttons, then on upward to the eager faces of the sons she loves so dearly.

Her face becomes drawn and sad and the eyes rest upon the picture on the wall, the portrait of that other one in uniform, that husband who marched away in a similar khaki-colored suit and never came back.

"Mother, Charlie and I have enlisted!" John says. "I cant hold back the news. We want to feel we are doing our share, as father did his——"

Charlie is down on his knees beside her, stroking the trembling hand.

Her head is bowed and they cannot see her face. She reaches out, takes John's hand and presses it against her cheek, and thus, silent and constrained, they wait.

Somewhere, deep down, far, far back in her inner consciousness, a strain of music is beating—the beat of a distant drum, the echo-notes of a bugle-cry, calling to the spirit within her, the spirit of those American ancestors who served at Gettysburg—aye, and at Valley Forge and Yorktown.

Her face gathers strength and beauty and inspiration. She puts the caressing hands aside with a strong, firm gesture, rises and walks steadily across the room to her husband's portrait, to the sword they sent to her from Cuba with that

"GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH! HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON!"

sad, terse, but glorious message, "Killed in action at Santiago."

She stands a long while looking into the eyes which seem to be saying, "Brave wife—brave mother—do thy duty." The sword is drawn from the scabbard, and she turns, holding it as a guerdon across her breast; the glorified light in her eyes is not of the earth.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"—her lips are moving, repeating softly the words of that martial refrain, now beating in her heart like the diapason of a mighty organ.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

She presses her lips to the shining blade, then holds it out to her first-born.

"Your father's sword!" she says, ever so proudly. "Wear it in memory of the life he gave for his country, draw it only in your country's defense——"

The arms of her boys are about her and about sweet Alice, his father's sword is gripped in the strong right hand—a hand that has learnt to master it—of that living counterpart of him who wielded it bravely and well.

On her lips, a pæan of praise, ring the last inspired words of Julia Ward Howe's immortal Battle Hymn:

"Glory, glory hallelujah! His Truth is marching on!"

And in her heart, a living flame, burns the hope that over all the country may sweep a wave of patriotism, that in every home men may pledge their lives, and women dedicate their sons and husbands to the Campaign for Peace thru Preparedness against War.

THE END

Pen Impressions by Carolyn Townsend

ANITA STEWART

ROBERT HERRON

HENRY WALTHALL

MARC MACDERMOTT

ALICE JOYCE

KING BAGGOT

LOUISE VAIL

FRANCIS FORD

JANE LEE

CHRISTMAS EDITION OF

ROBERT GRAU'S "HALL OF FAME"

In the October number of the "Motion Picture Supplement" appeared an article by Mr. Grau entitled "Filmdom's Hall of Fame," in which the following were featured: Anderson (G. M.), Bushman, Costello, Daly, Eytinge, Ford, Griffith, Hall, Ince (T., R., and John), Johnson, Kerrigan, Leonard, Moore (T., O., and M.), Nesbitt, Ogle, Pickford, Quirk, Richardson, Stewart, Theby, Ulrich, Vernon, Weber, Young (Clara), and Zukor. The Editor attached a note to the article, as follows:

"EDITORIAL NOTE.—While the foregoing interesting article was written by one of the foremost writers on Motion Pictures in this country, and by one who is considered an authority on many subjects, it may be a question if Mr. Grau has made a happy selection of his twenty-five characters to represent the letters of the alphabet. Nevertheless it is quite clear that no two writers (or readers, for that matter) could hope to agree on a matter of this kind."

Perhaps it was this mild criticism that inspired Mr. Grau to revise—or, at least, add to—his list, with the result that we have the following "Christmas Edition." Perhaps when Mr. Grau hears the adverse criticism which is bound to come, whatever be his list, he will be inspired to write still another edition. Let us hope so. There are still names that should be on the list.

A stands for Allen—Viola—one of the few distinguished stage stars who came to the screen seriously in the belief that she might bestow something more than a famous name; who, after scoring a triumph in "The White Sister," was immediately persuaded to add other of her stage portrayals to the film gallery for posterity.

B for Bosworth — Hobart — who came to the screen after a prolonged stage career. A protégé of Augustine Daly and a product of a dignified stage era, when the stock company was yet the school for artistic development; who made the fame of Bosworth, Inc., what it was before he was lured to a haven less replete with cares and tribulations. Now producing for the Universal Film Corporation and constantly creating new rôles in an environment to his liking.

C for Chaplin—Charles—the most remarkable personality the screen has ever revealed, whose stage career indicated nothing to suggest that he would turn the Motion Picture art and industry upside down and become himself the greatest attraction the world has ever known; a serious-minded Englishman who has the rare gift of being able to stand success; a prodigious worker whose greatest incentive for continued conquest is the never-ceasing prediction of less favored colleagues that Charlie's vogue will be short.

D for Drew—Sydney—the Coquelin of the screen, who has made his impress in filmdom greatly thru specializing in mock heroics, but who has indicated in the feature film, "Playing Dead," that he may yet compare with comedies of that grade in which Jefferson, Florence and Sothern were so happy; an actor and director who will contribute immeasurably better work to the screen as the new art develops artistically in the present decade.

E stands for Eyton—Bessie—the lady daring of filmdom; the type of picture actress so firmly intrenched in the hearts of the people that it is not to be wondered at that she seems destined to spend her entire career in one film organization.

F for Fuller — Mary — famous the world over not only for her fine portrayals, but also for being the first to be featured in a serial which started the tremendous affiliation between the screen and the press and which broke down the very last barriers in the editorial sanctum against a new art's development.

G for Gish—Lillian—protégée of the great master of filmcraft, D. W. Griffith; a photoplayer who came to New York's theater-zone unheralded with the epoch-making "Birth of a Nation" and is now widely discussed by critics and in artistic circles, and of whom it is said David Belasco has sought in vain to tempt her to desert the screen for the stage.

H for Hart—William S.—an experienced stage star, but one of the very few who entered filmdom with serious intent, perhaps the greatest living exponent of Western characters for the screen; who has repeatedly demonstrated that the play of emotions in weaving a film narrative is a fine art and who seems destined to remain forever at Inceville, where he is now surrounded with a far higher grade support than when he began there.

I must still stand for Ince, and few will say us nay, for the Motion Picture art has revealed no greater genius than the master of Inceville, and his younger brother, so often eulogized by this writer, still remains loyal to the Vitagraph Company, where one day he will produce a feature in which he will prove that thrillers do not constitute his final goal.

J for José — Edouard — one time matinée idol of the Parisian stage and long time *jeune premier* for the divine Sarah; who, like so many foreign actors gifted in the difficult art of pantomime, has scored a triumph on the screen; who is now producing for himself, tho still acting before the camera; a delineator of classical rôles who makes his impress greatest thru subtlety and repression.

K for Kent—Charles—grand patriarch of the stage and dean of the screen; the first actor of prominence to tempt fate and defy precedent by casting his lot in picturedom in the days when the photoplay was just beginning to assert itself; who is still a vital and honored factor in the organization he joined nearly a decade ago; a magnificent illustration of artistic rectitude and undying loyalty; a Vitagraph pillar, beloved of all filmdom.

L for Lawrence—Florence—one of the very first screen stars who was idolized by the public before her name was known to one in a hundred who paid her homage; who is seen altogether too seldom these days, but whose career will provide future historians of the screen with much incentive; the type of photoplayer who has had nothing to fear from the onrush of stage celebrities into filmdom.

M for Maurice—Mary—the grand old lady of the screen, of whom it is said her face expresses the very last word in motherly affection, but who at rare intervals has contributed film characterizations replete with conflicting emotions; who sheds real tears, yet who is never happier than when her efforts are confined to comedy; the Dejazet of the silent drama.

N for Normand—Mabel—unquestionably the best exponent of comedy rôles of her set, but who in her Biograph days showed that when opportunity was hers she could embrace serious rôles with distinction; filmdom's most popular woman, who is never so content as when she appears in the same productions with famous newcomers; who stood out conspicuously in Dressler-Chaplin and Hitchcock features, even adding to her fame in them.

O for O'Neill—Nance—whose film career has been attended with the same triumphs which characterized her prolonged stage record; the finest example we have of an actress who can sway her audiences on stage and screen alike.

P for Periolat — George — the screen's best character actor, who invests each portraiture as a type; one of the "Flying A's" original quartet, which lifted its productivity from the primitive to the distinctly artistic.

R for Roland — Ruth — erstwhile Kalem girl, now a Balboa-Pathé stellar light; the typical screen soubret, expert in athletics and equestrianship, to whom no feat, however intrepid, suggests hesitation, and who more than once has proved that mirth-making does not constitute her sole asset; a photoplayer with an ingratiating, Hibernian mien for which the late W. J. Scanlan and the living Chauncey Olcott always sought in vain.

S for Storey—Edith—Vitagraph's emotional lead, who, as Glory Quayle, achieved a notable triumph in "The Christian," despite that the character on the screen had to atone for the elimination of Hall Caine's superb text; versatile to her fingertips, a veritable child of the theater whose talents naturally found best expression before the camera.

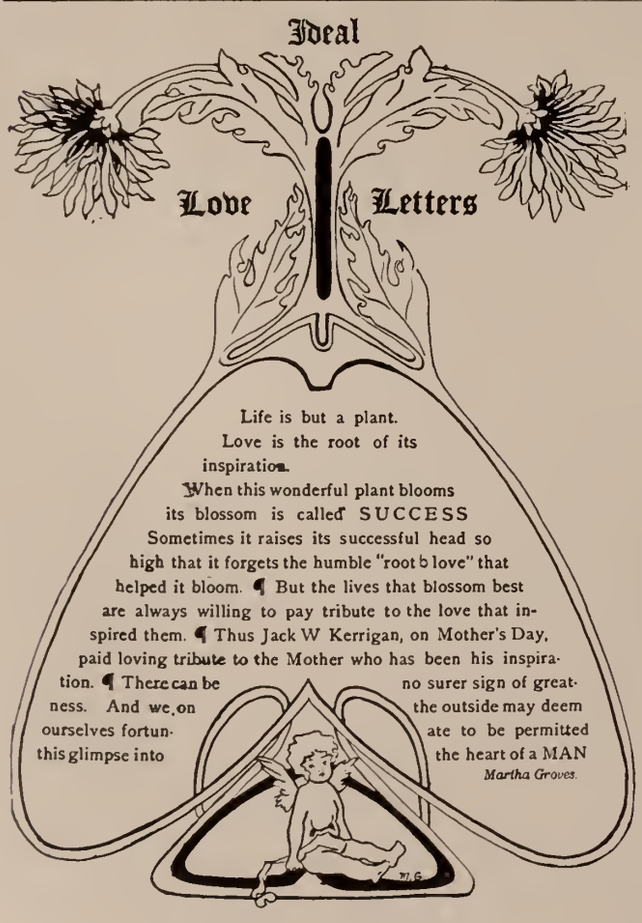
T for Talmadge—Norma—of whom a blasé New York playgoer once said, "Here is a girl who would have atoned for Mary Anderson's retirement from the stage"; who has scored so often on the screen that it is difficult to select her best portrayals; who left the Vitagraph just as she had registered a sensational success in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

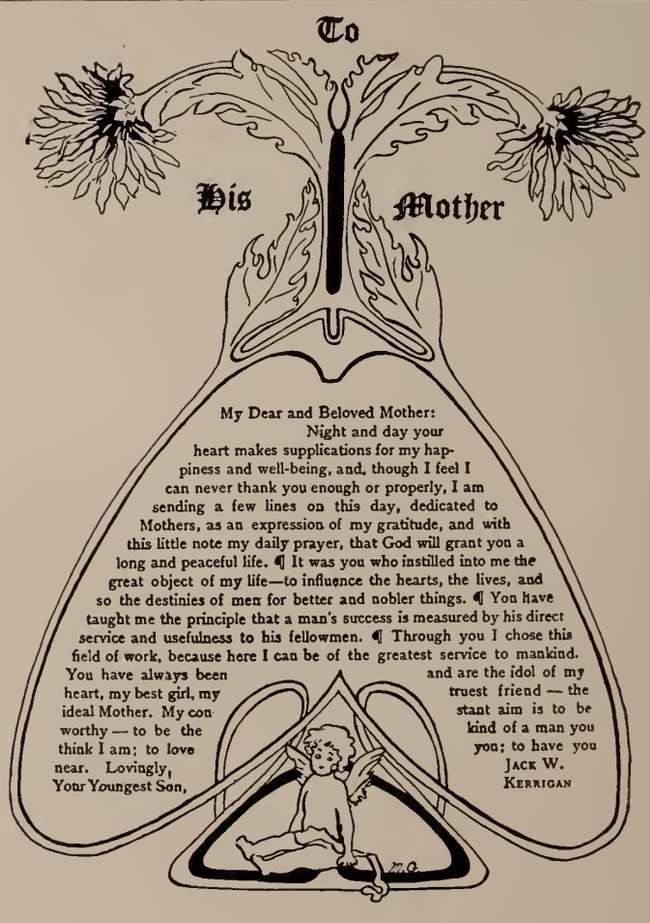
V for Van — Wally — known the world over as "Cutey"; whose appearance on the screen is never so welcome as when he is seen in a wintry environment; who so radiates with what is called "personality" that stage folk marvel as to where he was secluded before the screen called him to the studios; a screen type adept in comedy of the most extravagant kind; a graceful dancer and an expert in measuring the comedy values of a scenario.

W for Walthall — Henry — now more widely discussed than ever before because of his splendid work in "The Birth of a Nation," but whose fame rests on no single portrayal; whose best effort for the screen is generally accepted to have been in "An Avenging Conscience." One of a half-dozen virile, manly actors now raved over by all classes of playgoers —the Harry Montague of today.

Y still for Young—the wondrous Clara—who as Trilby has immeasurably added to her fame, and of whom a staid, metropolitan critic wrote so eulogistically that the screen is in danger of losing one of its standard-bearers, at least temporarily.

Z for Zelma Rawlston, Biograph player; one-time rival of Vesta Tilley and long-time vaudevillian who comes to the screen for new conquests.


Ideal
Love Letters
Life is but a plant.
Love is the root of its inspiration.
When this wonderful plant blooms its blossom is called SUCCESS
Sometimes it raises its successful head so high that it forgets the humble "root b love" that helped it bloom. ¶ But the lives that blossom best are always willing to pay tribute to the love that inspired them. ¶ Thus Jack W Kerrigan, on Mother's Day, paid loving tribute to the Mother who has been his inspiration. ¶ There can be no surer sign of greatness. And we on the outside may deem ourselves fortunate to be permitted this glimpse into the heart of a MAN
Martha Groves.


To
His Mother
My Dear and Beloved Mother:
Night and day your heart makes supplications for my happiness and well-being, and, though I feel I can never thank you enough or properly, I am sending a few lines on this day, dedicated to Mothers, as an expression of my gratitude, and with this little note my daily prayer, that God will grant you a long and peaceful life. ¶ It was you who instilled into me the great object of my life—to influence the hearts, the lives, and so the destinies of men for better and nobler things. ¶ You have taught me the principle that a man's success is measured by his direct service and usefulness to his fellowmen. ¶ Through you I chose this field of work, because here I can be of the greatest service to mankind. You have always been and are the idol of my heart, my best girl, my truest friend — the ideal Mother. My constant aim is to be worthy — to be the kind of a man you think I am; to love you; to have you near. Lovingly,
Your Youngest Son,
Jack W. Kerrigan

VALENTINE GRANT AND THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL SHE BROUGHT HOME WITH HER FROM IRELAND

FINDING A PERSONALITY

Being a Quest for a Person Who Could Play an Irish Harp and the Pleasant Discovery of "Saint" Valentine Grant

By J. ALLEN BOONE

I HAVE always wanted to hear some one play one of those odd-looking little harps which flourish so resplendently on Irish flags and play such an important part in the themes of Irish songs. Once, in Ireland, I came dangerously near to it. A picturesque old character in Dublin planted himself on a shady street corner, where I was passing, and, after a considerable amount of tuning, thumbing and general skirmishing, he began. It was terrible. I could have done better myself, and I dont know whether the bass strings begin up among the little short strings or down among the long ones at the other end.

I didn't hear or see any other Irish harps in action while I was in Ireland, and I was disappointed, for I have always suspected that if one understood and could sympathetically twang those strings he could make the instruments speak a language irresistible in its beauty and appeal.

I know now that my suspicions were well founded, for I have heard one played as it should be played, and I'm for it strong. You may have your big orchestral harp, but give me the little, growth-stunted harp of Ireland.

It was at an informal studio gathering in New York, where men and women of various artistic followings gather occasionally to frolic and entertain one another, that I heard the Irish harp in action. There had been several songs and piano numbers, and then into the room danced a most attractive Irish colleen, with dancing gray eyes and black hair and quaintly attired in the holiday garb of the Irish peasant. In her hands she carried an Irish harp. Once around the room she danced, and then almost before any one knew what it was all about, she had seated herself on a stack of cushions and was playing the harp. Rarely had any of us heard such music as she got from those strings—it was wonderfully beautiful.

The player was Valentine Grant, the little international cinema star

VALENTINE GRANT IN A SCENE FROM AN IRISH PHOTOPLAY

who made such a hit in Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," with Walker Whiteside, and in the series of Irish dramas made in Ireland under the direction of Sidney Olcott. Miss Grant's contribution to the occasion was as unique as it was interesting. She played the harp, sang innumerable folk-songs of the "ould counthry," and then, as a sort of finale, swept into the room playing an Irish bagpipe. Then and there I determined to find out more about this clever little screen artist who has made so great a success of different things.

So we chatted. The first thing I discovered of interest was that Valentine Grant comes rather close to being a record-holder when it comes to making short cuts from the great outside

to the jealously guarded ranks of leading women of the screen. She had no special training for screen work: she had never been on the legitimate stage—in fact, she was not especially interested in either branch. She was a concert singer—and a good one, too. Old Father Destiny cut across her path and said "Jump." She did jump, and when she landed she was a photoplay star, and no one was more genuinely surprised at the suddenness of it all than was Valentine Grant.

Miss Grant is a Chicago girl, and had she gone according to the prearranged schedule she would have today been in grand opera. After a thoro musical training she became a concert singer and traveled extensively. Later she went to Seattle, Wash., to sing, and liked it so well there that she bought a home on the shores of Puget Sound, built herself a studio there, became a voter and decided never again to return to the East except for occasional musical engagements. A siren call from the East came to her, however, in the way of a flattering offer to come to New York for a series of concerts and then go into grand opera. Miss Grant went, and right on her heels trod old Father Destiny.

The concert work in New York began better than it ended, for she contracted a series of bad colds and was forced to postpone the concerts. Then upon the scene entered Sidney Olcott. Any one who has anything to do with pictures knows—or at least knows of—Sid Olcott. He has filmed pictures in almost every country, and his "From the Manger to the Cross," which he made a few years ago in the Holy Land and Egypt, established a new epoch in the realistic art of Motion Pictures. Olcott is at present directing Mary Pickford. When he met Miss Grant, he was hunting for a leading woman for one of his own productions, and shortly after he met her he offered her the position at a flattering salary.

Miss Grant laughingly told him she knew nothing about pictures or acting.

"You take the job and I'll take the chance," Olcott told her.

Miss Grant didn't want to give up her concert work.

"All right," said Olcott, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Your cold will prevent your singing for several weeks, at least. I can make the picture in that time, and then you can continue your concert work."

It was a good sporting proposition, and as such appealed to the little singer. She agreed to work in one picture.

Olcott immediately cast her for the leading rôle in his war drama, "A Mother of Men," in which she was called upon to play a young girl, a young married woman, a middle-aged mother and a grandmother of seventy-eight—and this, mind you, was her first picture. But Sid Olcott has wonderful ability in both handling and getting results from the people he directs.

Suffice it to say that she made a big hit in the part and was so astonished and delighted herself that she readily consented to sign a long-term contract with Mr. Olcott. Since then she has been most successful. When Olcott organized a company to make a tour of the world, Miss Grant went along as the leading woman. Their first stop was in the south of Ireland, where they spent several months filming a series of Irish dramas, among the plays being, "All for Old Ireland," "Bold Emmet" and "Irish in America."

"So that's where you learnt to play the harp and sing those Irish songs?" I queried.

"Yes," said she, with a wistful look in her gray eyes, "that trip to Ireland was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. We lived in a charming little town half-a-dozen miles from the Lakes of Killarney and a few miles from the Gap of Dunloe, and the people there were wonderful to us. Every few nights Mr. Olcott, who is very popular there, would give some sort of an entertainment, and people for miles around would come. I always sang or played for them. They called me Saint Valentine, and never have I had more appreciative audiences than those simple-living Irish families.

"When they knew that I wanted to learn their old Irish songs so that I could sing them when I returned to America, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. From all parts of South Ireland men and women came to sing to me the old songs—many of which have never been printed. The words I took down, not only stenographically, but phonetically. The melodies were quite easy to jot down and arrange afterwards. One old man, who in his youth had been a traveling musician and who went from town to town and sang the news he had gleaned en route, taught me to sing the 'Come-all-ye's,' and it was thru him that I got my Irish harp and learnt how to play it. Another old friend gave me lessons three times a week on the Irish pipes.

"I had a host of instructors, and I was anxious to learn all they could teach me. They taught me how to dance all their reels and jigs, how to knit and how to use the old Irish spinning-wheel. Whenever I wasn't working in the pictures I was learning something or other, and I thoroly enjoyed every minute of it.

"In our little town, before the war, when the Irish volunteers were drilling, I often put on a drummer-boy's costume and drummed for the men as they marched on the parade ground, and I was made an honorary member of the company. Then this horrible war started and all our plans were upset. We were forced to return to this country, and many of our dear old friends went to the trenches. Quite a number of them have been killed or sent home crippled for life—it's too sad for words. I have tried to keep in touch with them, but it is almost impossible. Since the war started I and a few friends have been making and gathering things for the Irish boys at the front, and were it not for my contracts and the work I have ahead I'd go back to Ireland on the first steamer and establish a small hospital for the wounded Irish boys who are being sent home."

"And your hobbies—" I started to ask.

"Hobbies!" she repeated laughingly—"I have millions of them. Almost everything in life that is worth while and interesting I am interested in. Health heads the list, and I go in for all sorts of exercises and games to keep myself in the best of condition. After that comes the rest of the million. There is so much in life that one can be interested in that the days seem hardly long enough. Life, you know, need never be dull if one looks after one's health and keeps the mind active."

It was dusk, and the big studio was in semi-darkness. Over in one corner a weird light dimly shone from the inside of a Chinese dragon's head; some one lighted a tall altar candle which stood with majestic splendor by the side of the grand piano, silhouetting Miss Grant against the dimness of the studio, and producing an effect that was æsthetic, to say the least. She began playing a quiet but hauntingly sad melody, and then her voice stole in, rich in its tonal quality and clearness, and attractively spiced with the Irish brogue. It was an old Irish folk-song she was singing and crooning—as charmingly quaint as it was beautiful—and, oh, so full of the pathos of the country whence it came.

A rare occasion, I mused to myself, from my point of vantage on a deep-pillowed Turkish divan; I have at last heard some one really play an Irish harp, and I have met a real personality—for which let Allah be praised!

MACK SENNETT

He Speculates in Comedy Thunder

By E. W. HEWSTON

A SILENT, imperturbable man, not yet arrived at middle age, stood on the threshold of a studio one hot summer morning, in California. He was tackling the biggest film production of his career, but he was as famously cool as the tropic day would permit him to be.

The scene was wonderful in its vividness. Weeks were required to complete it. It reflected an interior of the palace of a Maharajah, with the great mogul himself squatted in luxury in the foreground, before whom danced a beautiful woman, clad in that brevity of costume so peculiar to a danseuse of the Orient. In the background a fountain played into a pool of water—deliciously cool. Real Sikhs and Hindus squatted about.

The wonderfully rhythmic creature gyrated about the room, executing syncopated convulsions, much to the amazement of the royal man of India. The scene was strangely Oriental, even to the exuding of myrrh and incense. The taciturn person, whose hand was upon the comedy-lever, was Mack Sennett, world-famous creator of film-comedies and producing executive for the biggest comedy company on earth —the Keystone.

Sennett is known as the only man in the laugh-making business ready and willing to tackle any kind of a comedy proposition and put enough tickle-music into it to make people laugh in spite of themselves.

The secret of Sennett's success lies in his masterful control of the laugh-propensities of the public at large. He has the laugh figured down to a nicety. He knows the border-line between wholesome, full-grown, thundering, Gargantuan laughs and silly, fatuous, down-in-the mouth, pigwidgeonish laughs. No matter what kind of a laugh you are related to, he will give it to you in full measure.

There are film-comedies which, when scrutinized at close quarters, would wither many a laugh in the making. They should be labeled laugh-stranglers because their principal function is to hang many a good laugh on the yard-arm of soul-terrifying humor.

And there are good film-comedies—the type known as world-laughs; the type which has banded the name of Sennett round the earth like latitude and longitude—which has placed his name atop the world of Motion Picture comedy, with leagues to spare, as a producer of virile, life-sized laugh-pictures.

It has been said that ten millions of American people see a Sennett comedy every day in the year. Whether this be so or otherwise, it must be conceded that Sennett has waded far into the laughing waters, where others have gone in but ankle-deep. He has mastered the *fundamentals* of all laughdom. He is the original discoverer of the center-of-laugh-gravity. So far he appears to have all the laugh-territory on this terrestrial sphere of ours pretty nearly cornered.

His film confections certainly contain gallons of pure American humor which simply make you tread on the heels of a laugh whether you will or not.

The Oriental smack of light comedy went on, with nothing but the click

(*Continued on page* 70)

MABEL NORMAND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK MACK SENNETT

Became a Photoplayer on a Dare

By MABEL WARREN

It was in a spirit of fun that Grace Cunard joined the pictures. This clever actress, who had been playing in stock since she was thirteen years old, remarked to a friend one evening that she wanted a change, and was thinking of entering vaudeville. The friend suggested the Moving Pictures, and dared Miss Cunard to try them. It was upon this dare that the actress applied for a place. That was four years ago, and the work has been so fascinating to her that not once has she had a thought of returning to the stage.

But, tho the spirit of fun took her in, she is an assiduous worker, and in all her rôles is most exacting with herself. Conscientiousness gives to her work a finished touch that could come only from a thoro understanding of her art.

From the ingénue and comedy to the dramatic parts has she played, but her preference is for strong rôles, particularly those of mystery and adventure. To play the adventuress—the most wicked one and of the deepest cunning—is her greatest delight. These characters of deep motives she is aptly able to play, for there is about her a sort of magnetism that holds the interest of her audience.

Next to acting, Miss Cunard enjoys writing scenarios, but she is not one of the fortunate authors who claim that wonderful ideas come drifting into their brains. She sometimes spends days wrestling with her plots — untangling some complications and creating others — and thinks this a hard way to earn a living, and, being the author of four hundred photoplays, her judgment should be good.

With all her work, this busy actress finds time for other things. Of reading she is fond. Her favorite authors are Dumas and Kipling, and the library in her artistic châlet in Hollywood, California, where she makes her home with her mother and sister, contains all the works of these writers. From them she gets many references for her plays.

When her work and reading are finished for the day, and she is not busy designing her gowns, her greatest delight is to get into her big car, thoroly relax, and race along the country roads. A 50-mile clip is her bracer after a hard day's work.

ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

January 12, 1907. — Julia Swayne Gordon (Vitagraph) was a most striking picture of feminine depravity, stirring up trouble and disaster at every turn as that wicked creature, Olga Warrenough, in "Secrets of the Police," which bright, little entertainment concluded a stay of three nights at the Grand Opera House, Wheeling, W. Va.

December 22, 1910. — Lillian Walker (Vitagraph) was to be found upon the stage of the Grand Opera House, New York, where in numerous disguises, each of which tended to show off her rare, pulchritudinous charms, she frankly admitted that she was one of "The Follies of 1910."

December 17, 1905. — Ralph Ince (Vitagraph), who could not have possibly then guessed of the screen fame which he was soon to know, was happy in the assurance of a long season's engagement in the big spectacle, "Ben Hur," in which he played Cecilius, this day entering upon an engagement of three nights at the Washington Theater, Bay City, Mich.

December 3, 1908. — Isabel Rae (Biograph) was a splendid picture to the eye in the rôle of Anne Boleyn, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," in which Grace Merritt was starring, this day being the attraction at the Empire Theater, North Adams, Mass.

January 4, 1908. — Herbert Prior (Edison) was busily stirring up all sorts of trouble in the rôle of Herman May, the thief, in "The Banker, the Thief and the Girl," featuring Joe Morris, a melodramatic feast, which held them spellbound upon this, its third and concluding night, at the Calumet Theater, South Chicago, Ill.

December 19, 1907. — Vivian Martin (World) was enjoying probably the happiest chance she ever experienced behind the footlights, being specially selected by Charles Frohman to play the title rôle in a road company of "Peter Pan," appearing this date at the Opera House, Cohoes, N. Y., and she will go down into stage history as the very first actress, after Maude Adams, to play this part in this country.

December 29, 1909. — Florence Hackett (World) was touring about the map in the No. 3 company of "The Traveling Salesman," in which she was playing the rôle of Mrs. William Henry Dawson, stopping off for a night's visit to the Broad Street Theater, Pittston, Pa., and she was probably glad that Christmas Day was a thing of the past (she spent it in Scranton, Pa.), because her two youngsters, Janet and Albert, were also playing parts in the same company.

December 28, 1908. — Augustus Carney (Fine Arts) was cutting comic capers in his own inimitable fashion, in the rôle of Pat Cahill, in "Thru Death Valley," a melodramatic treat, which settled down for a week's stay at the Theater Francais, Montreal, Can.

January 5, 1904. — Rose E. Tapley (Vitagraph) made a beautiful, effective picture as the young Christian maiden, Mercia, in "The Sign of the Cross" — one of her favorite rôles, by the way — which moving drama did an excellent night's business at the Post Theater, Battle Creek, Mich.

December 21, 1908. — Bigelow Cooper (Edison) was undoubtedly a most imposing figure in the character of Herbert Gould, a millionaire, in "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife," a dainty Theodore Kremer classic, which thrilled the spectators at the Bijou Theater, Pittsburg.

December 23, 1907.—Marion Leonard (Knickerbocker) gave just the proper touch of sympathetic understanding to the title rôle, Mary Melrose, a popular metropolitan star, in "The Life of an Actress," which attracted a large multitude to the Bastable Theater, Syracuse, N. Y.

December 24, 1900. — Mauriice Costello (Vitagraph) was barnstorming about the map, stopping hither and yon in that popular play of the people, "The Night Before Christmas," and upon this —the night before Christmas—he delighted the visitors to the New Nielsen Opera House, Sandusky, Ohio.

December 25, 1906. — Marguerite Clark (Famous Players) probably ate her Christmas dinner with rather a heavy heart, tho there is little doubt that she had for her companion no less a merry person than De Wolf Hopper, with whom she was playing leading parts, being Sylvia in "Happyland," because it takes a stout heart to face a Christmas night's performance in any such place as the Opera House, Cairo, Ill.—with Vincennes, Ind., to follow the night after!

December 30, 1910. — Evart Overton (Vitagraph) was a happy, carefree chorus-lad, probably little dreaming, then, of the screen success which lay before him, at the moment gamboling gaily about in "Fifty Miles from Boston," which was having a lengthy run of three days at the Majestic Theater, Springfield, Ill.

December 31, 1910.—Octavia Handworth (late Lubin) was playing in the city of Philadelphia, at the National Theater, in one of A. H. Woods' thrillers, "Broadway After Dark," probably with little idea that she would afterward be located in that same city as a Moving Picture star, and she unquestionably made a New Year's resolution to greatly advance in her chosen profession. Incidentally, we find her using her maiden name at this time, same being Octavia Boas.

January 6, 1907. — Harry Pollard (Equitable) was engaged in the light and easy task of studying a new part each week, being a juvenile man of the stock company at the Colonial Theater, San Francisco, upon this Sabbath Day, when two performances were given, playing the rôle of Horatio Drake in "The Christian," all the while carrying about in his head the lines of next rôle, Andrew Strong in "The Butterflies," which he played the following evening.

January 8, 1910. — Boyd Marshall (Thanhouser) was quite happy in the leading juvenile rôle in "The Cash Girl," of which May Ward was the star, at the moment affording diversion to Pennsylvania denizens in the one-night stands, this date holding forth at the Grand Opera House, Hazleton, Pa.

January 1, 1909. — Ethel Clayton (Lubin) was probably also making a New Year's resolve to become a bigger and better artist in her chosen work, and she was certainly a most able actress at this time, playing Elsa Berg in "The Devil," with Edwin Stevens, at the Grand Opera House, London, Can.

December 27, 1907.—Franklin Ritchie (Biograph) was an heroic and picturesque figure in the leading rôle of Ben Cameron in "The Clansman," a thrilling bill, set before the patrons of the Waterloo Theater, Waterloo, Ia., where a large audience was conspicuously in evidence.

January 2, 1897. — Lionel Barrymore (Metro) had just started his career in earnest, after one or two rather futile earlier attempts, appearing in the support of Georgia Cayvan, on her initial starring tour, being Lord Silversnake in "Squire Kate," at Macauley's Theater, Louisville, Ky.

SCENE FROM MAURICE HEWLETT'S "THE SPANISH JADE" (PARAMOUNT)

What Famous Fiction Authors Think of Their Photoplay Adaptations

By ERNEST A. DENCH

SINCE many stage stars have read the handwriting on the wall and have deserted the stage to enter filmdom—some for an occasional engagement, while others are staying in the game for good—it is only to be expected that famous fiction authors would follow in their footsteps.

They have found in the Motion Picture a new source of revenue. Their invasion, however, has certainly served to make the film producers realize that if they are to obtain the best stories they must rely upon thoroly capable authors and pay them remunerative prices.

Before established authors made overtures to the studios, the average fee for photoplays seldom exceeded twenty-five dollars per reel, but before the men who made writing their profession could be induced to part with their brain-children they demanded one hundred dollars per reel and upward, with frequently a royalty into the bargain.

A year or so ago Jack London had several of his gripping novels adapted for the film, the best known being "The Sea Wolf." After it was produced, he was invited to attend a special exhibition in San Francisco. He then held a very poor opinion of Motion Pictures, but the elaborate theater he sat in came as a pleasant surprise. So did the photoplay. Hobart Bosworth's characterization appealed to him as a masterly one, while the novel, as a whole, he considered, gained considerably by its visualized treatment.

Jack London feared more than anything else that the underlying motive of the story would not "get across" on the screen, as he thought that only pure melodrama and slapstick comedy were effective in films.

Some time previous to this, in the "wonder days of pictures," Jack London and Glen White, the aviator, had a prolonged controversy as to whether Motion Pictures had many limitations. London argued in the negative and White in the affirmative. This of course occurred before London had sold the film production rights of any of his stories. White, to substantiate his point, argued that it would not be possible to film his friend's story, "Winged Blackmail." The impossible stunt in this is that of following carrier-pigeons in flying machines. Yet, since then, the impossible has become the everyday occurrence both in pictures and aviation.

Hall Caine is credited with saying that he was the only person in the world who was capable of adapting "The Christian" for the film. He was opposed to the Motion Picture

SCENE FROM REX BEACH'S "THE SPOILERS" (SELIG)

because he had never witnessed a good film story, and furthermore averred that photoplays should not be presented at theaters without organs, trumpets and crowds of "extras" to impart life to the silent drama.

Yet he, the most austere of all critics, capitulated and has allowed the Vitagraph to produce "The Christian" without his personal supervision. Not even his scenario was used. It was prepared by Eugene Mullin, a staff author, and directed by J. Stuart Blackton and Frederick Thompson.

Rex Beach, when his full-blooded story, "The Spoilers," was about to be released, took great care not to have it butchered by the meddling Chicago

SCENE FROM JACK LONDON'S "JOHN BARLEYCORN" (BOSWORTH)

SCENE FROM REX BEACH'S "THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND" (VITAGRAPH)

censorship board. It therefore came as a revelation to him that the picture drew the admiration of the censors, who allowed it to go by without a single cut.

The most remarkable thing about Motion Pictures, in the opinion of Rex Beach, is that while an author has to use from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand words in order to tell a long story, only from two hundred to three hundred words are necessary to explain what it is about on the film.

Tho satisfied with the production, he considered that he lost half of the pleasure of his work by not being present when it was filmed in California. So in future cases he will personally superintend his adaptations so that the director may gain a full appreciation of the local color and characters.

Conan Doyle, after his novel, "The House of Temperley," had been filmed, frankly admitted that the credit for the production should go to the director. The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" was surprised at the clever way in which his novel had been whipped into shape for the film, as he thought it was not at all suited to silent drama. Moreover, the film absolutely made the reputation of a new, but now leading, British film company.

Marie Corelli deplores the sensational character of many photoplays. To this end she intends entrusting some of her simple love stories to a producer who will make the most of the dramatic side. It is her opinion that emotional incidents can be made much stronger than sensational situations.

James Oliver Curwood is one of the few authors who now writes almost exclusively for Motion Pictures. He attributes his success in this sphere to introducing as much plot into a photoplay as he does for a story intended for one of the leading magazines. He believes in strong, heart-interest stories with plenty of plot, and still more significant is his statement that not even the best fiction author is competent enough to write above the high standard demanded in modern photodrama.

Louis Joseph Vance complained that the first adaptations of his novels were badly produced and poorly acted, while the plots were ruthlessly altered. This made them the most "mellow" of melodramas.

In studying the photoplays prepared by staff writers attached to the film companies, he was convinced that they failed to put sufficient sympathetic treatment into them. They introduced just the "bare bones," with no attention to characterization, atmosphere, motives and the finer details which go to make a harmonious whole.

DONALD HALL MAURICE COSTELLO S. RANKIN DREW

SCENE FROM "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK" (VITAGRAPH)

This was what prompted him to form his own producing company. He could then be assured that his forthcoming novels would be done justice to. The photoplay, he has stated, is destined to be the greatest medium of dramatic expression that the world has ever known.

Every fiction author of note who has entered the Motion Picture field has experienced a difficulty in obtaining his fair wage; but while reputations are easily spoiled, they are the labor of years in the making, and the producers eventually had to pay the quality prices.

The day of film royalties, too, has dawned, and the masters of fiction are reaping the same harvest for their film creations as they get for the novel rights.

The fiction author has done much to raise the standard of the photoplay, for he has wakened up the regular photoplaywright to the true value of characterization — something which has been long lacking in his plots. To have allowed this to have continued would have wrought untold havoc in the industry. It has been only the personalities of the movie stars that have averted the crisis until the advent of the fiction author saved Motion Pictures from the overdone and the commonplace.

Nearly All of Shakespeare's Works Have Been or Are Being Filmed. This is One of the Very First to Reach the Screen

ROSE COGHLAN IN SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT" (VITAGRAPH)

ROMAINE FIELDING

FAVORITE SCENES FROM FAVORITE PLAYS

By MABEL WARREN

THE scenes shown this month are the favorite ones of Romaine Fielding (Lubin), Harold Lockwood (American) and George Larkin (Selig). Thru seeing the favorite scene of these favorite actors, and learning the reason for their choice of it as such, you become acquainted, not with the actor, but with the personal man. To Romaine Fielding patriotism makes a great appeal; Harold Lockwood wants life and action; the emotions mean most to George Larkin.

From the original photoplay, "A Species of Mexican Man," by the vivid, compelling Romaine Fielding, is the scene on this page taken. In answer to our request for his favorite scene, Mr. Fielding writes:

"My reason for choosing this scene is because of an unusual and pathetic incident which occurred during the action. One of the extras, a veteran ex-soldier of Diaz's reign, was so carried away by his patriotic spirit that as I rode in among my faithful followers, this poor old Mexican threw himself on his knees, clinging to me and kissing my hand. No more beautiful appreciation or greater tribute to the heart of a man could have been offered than the proof this old white-haired warrior bestowed upon what he thought was his leader. It was true patriotism, and every one recognized the spirit."

At the top of the following page is a scene from "The End of the Road." Harold Lockwood chose it as his favorite because of its thrills. This popular star is a thoro athlete and, as his letter shows, is keen for all stunts that put his strength and suppleness to the test:

"Some of my screen friends might expect me to say that I like pretty, romantic stuff best, but I'm going to be brutally frank and tell you that not many things appeal to me more than a fight. I love a fight on the screen because it means action, and action is the heart-blood of a picture. 'The End of the Road' is full of thrills, and I'd like to set at rest any doubts that this was a real fight. Fake a fight! Why, I get so into the spirit of it that I forget everything else and have to be pulled off."

The scene from "The Love Victorious" is George Larkin's favorite because, as he writes:

"It gives me an opportunity to display my emotions. I am always fond of a scene that requires remorse and grief, altho at times I am tempted to do some daredevil stunt. I like them, too."

By refinement and clearness of acting Mr. Larkin renders well the interpretations of these emotional parts.

FAVORITE SCENES: HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN "THE END OF THE ROAD" (AMERICAN)

FAVORITE SCENES: GEORGE LARKIN IN "THE LOVE VICTORIOUS" (GOLD SEAL)

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS

HART

HARRY MYERS

ARBUCKLE

THEDA BARA

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

EARLE WILLIAMS

MARY FULLER

Big Moments from Great Plays

MARY CHARLESON NAOMI CHILDERS MAURICE COSTELLO

SCENE FROM "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK" (VITAGRAPH)

MR. BARNES had been violently in love many times, and, as the play opens, a dark-eyed Corsican, Marina, had caught his fancy. Despite the ingenuity of Mr. Barnes, her only brother fights a duel with an unknown English army officer and is shot thru the heart. Marina vows a vendetta against her brother's killer. Mr. Barnes goes to Paris, and falls in love with Enid Anstruther, a fair young English girl. Marina, in the charaeter of a nurse, searehes the hospitals in Egypt for her brother's slayer, whom she has never seen, but who, rumor states, was wounded in aetion. She nurses Lieutenant Edwin Anstruther, a blond giant brother of Enid, baek to health, and they fall deeply in love.

On her wedding-day Count Danella, the Lieutenant's rival, falsely discloses to her that Anstruther is the man who killed her brother. Bound to her oath, loving her fiancé yet hating him, she agrees to his death.

At a given signal—the sound of his footsteps—her father thrusts his stiletto thru the eurtains. Mr. Barnes, who at last has pieeed together the terrible situation, enters the room just seeonds too late. He tells the agonized girl that Anstruther was innoeent. A pallid hand beneath the curtain tells him in turn that he is too late. Twitehing the eurtains aside, Mr. Barnes diseovers Danella, his faee fixed in half-grin, half-agony, and two great wounds in his breast.

Marina's father had thrust better than he knew.

CRANE WILBUR

RETURNING TO HIS HUMBLE HOME FROM HIS FLOCK IN THE FIELD, KINDHEART IS HORRIFIED TO FIND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR DEATH-BLOOD. AN INVADING ARMY HAS RAIDED THE DEFENSELESS VILLAGE. KINDHEART SWEARS TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF HIS DEAR ONES. SCENE FROM "THE BLOOD OF OUR BROTHERS" (CENTAUR)

KING PHILIP HAS ACCUSED MENDOZA OF THE MURDER OF DON JOHN, OF WHICH HE HIMSELF WAS GUILTY. MENDOZA THEN TURNS ABOUT AND ACCUSES THE KING. "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING" (ESSANAY)

THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND FACES

ALBERT ROCCARDI is by birth, as his name readily shows, an Italian. In Milan is an avenue bearing his name, an honor conferred because of diplomatic services rendered by one of his family.

By early training he is a Frenchman. It was in France that he learnt the art of pantomime, a then popular form of amusement and similar to the younger art, the Moving Pictures. In the former the acting is before the audience; in the latter it is for the audience thru the camera.

By preference this clever Vitagraph actor is an American, for he likes best this country's manners, customs and professional art.

"Tony," as he is familiarly called, is noted for his excellent character work. He steps into the intricacies of each of his characters, and given a minor part, makes of it one that stands out. Because of his work as a pantomimist, acting in the pictures is second nature to him, and his thirty years' experience on the stage gives to his work a finish and repose rarely equaled.

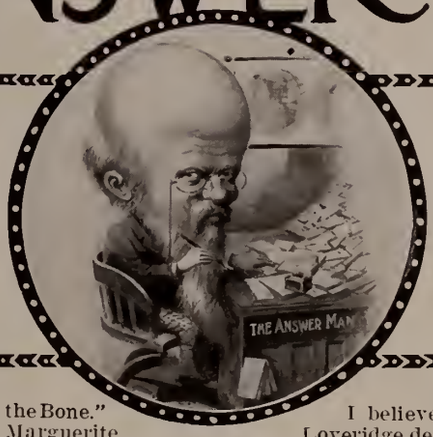
In "Mr. Barnes of New York," "The New Stenographer," "'Fraid Cat" and "Uncle Bill" Mr. Roccardi did especially good work. That he is versatile and portrays entirely different characters equally well can be seen by these illustrations.

A part of dignity can be portray, or his appearance can be a fun frolic. It is truthfully said that Albert Roccardi is not always Albert Roccardi, for into each part that he is playing he completely sinks himself, and every movement seems to belong to that special character. His shifting facial expressions are Moving Pictures in themselves.

Mr. Roccardi's preference is for the Motion Pictures because the scope for an actor to show his versatility is much greater there than in the "legitimate," and greater opportunity is given for playing a variety of characters. He thinks, too, that work in the pictures helps an actor to learn how to walk across the stage and how to hold his hands, seemingly simple things, yet those that few have the art of doing properly.

Mr. Roccardi would be better known to the movie millions were his disguises not so complete. With no two characters alike he might play a hundred parts and not be recognized in a dozen, for only close students of the art of make-up would be able to see underneath the paint. And he's oh, so willing! "Where's Roccardi?" is the ever constant Vitagraph cry.

The ANSWER MAN



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

G. S. V.—You should have put your name and address at the bottom and your pen name at the top. The only thing for you to do is to go to the manufacturers personally.

I KNOW YOU.—A bridle for the pen is a fine piece of harness for those who write such long and uninteresting letters as yours. Spare me, kind miss. A little thought, and you could have said it all in one-tenth the space, and think of all the good ink and paper saved.

MRS. A. P. L., NORFOLK.—Sorry, but I have no name for the champion tree-chopper in "The Man Trail" (V. L. S. E.). Alberta Lee was Mrs. Lake in "Bred in the Bone." I believe Marguerite Loveridge decided to change her name to Lovey Marsh, on account of being May Marsh's sister.

INTERESTED C. T.—I am afraid you expect too much of the directors. You know that they are human, after all. I think it was Lottie Briscoe who said that her recipe for a competent director was "A bunch of patience, a measure of inventive imagination, a dash of literary ability, a modicum of generalship, a pinch of hypnotism, a spoonful of temperament, a glob of tact, a sprinkle of sympathy, a drop or two of acting ability, a squirt of athletics and a wisp of art photography. Shake well, mix thoroly, and then stir in about two hundred other highly magnified human qualifications." This prescription is O. K., only I think Miss Briscoe has not added enough ingredients.

BARBARA.—Of course it is possible to print a brief biography of Arnold Daly, and it shall be did. How many times must I tell you that I am 74 and expect to go at least a quarter of a century yet?

JAMES C.—I am not prepared to say when the war will end, but Jean Finot says that there is every probability that the Allies will win a complete and final victory about May, 1916. Let us hope that somebody will win before that.

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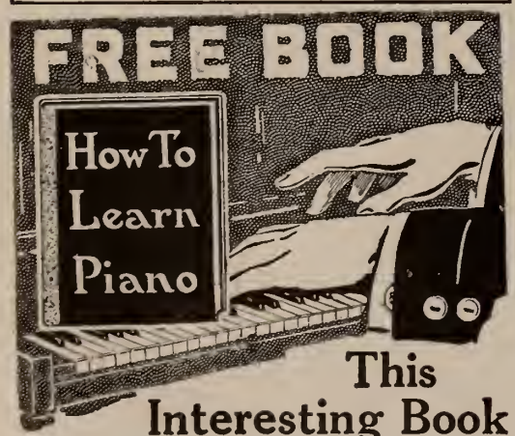

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LELAND S.—E. A. Turner was the corporal in "The Mystery of the Poisoned Pool." James Gordon was Joe Cameron, and Betty Harte was Dorothy. Margaret Thompson and William Hart in "The Grudge" (Broncho). Thanks for the verses.

GORD BASTEDO.—Enid Markey played the part exceedingly well in "The Iron Strain." If you did not like her, it was because you did not like the character. You make me jealous when you speak of the warm weather you are having. It is so cold here that words freeze in your mouth. Sometimes the sidewalks are covered with conversations, and we have to take them in the house and put them in the oven to thaw before we can tell what we are talking about. Our furnace isn't going yet. They say that down in Texas it is now so hot that they have to feed the hens cracked ice to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs.

G., TORONTO.—Cecil Arnold was the girl in "His Musical Career." Yes, it was very funny. Will hand your suggestions to the Editor, who will, no doubt, adopt them.

G. U. STIFF.—You are extremely complimentary in your selection of classic epithets. William Duncan and Jack Mower, George Kunkel and Alice Neice in "His Golden Grain." Sorry I didn't see "Jewell." You say you like Anita Stewart and Pearl White because they are not or do not appear to be conceited.

BRUNETTA, 17.—The original term of copyright runs for 28 years, but it may be renewed for 28 years more. Clara Young was Lola; Alec B. Francis and James Young.

BETTIE OF KINGSTON.—Hobart Henley was Porter in "The Flight of a Night-Bird." I am not sure, I cannot tell; perhaps we shall arm ourselves to the teeth, and perhaps we shall all begin to disarm, after the war. King Alphonso says that after the war the nations will arm more than ever. But even kings are sometimes wrong.

JUNIOR FAN.—Glad you liked the November. A college education does not amount to much unless you know how to apply it. There is an old fable about an ass disguising himself in a lion's skin; now they disguise themselves with a sheepskin. I have neither.

EDWARD M.—Helen Holmes will be seen in Kalem pictures for some time, but she has left Kalem. Vivian Wessell was "The Dancing Doll." Wayne Nunn was her sweetheart.

CURICUSE.—You consider Clara K. Young and Edith Storey the finest players on the screen. Mary Fuller played the part of Mary Queen of Scots.

GERTIE.—Sorry I missed you when you 'phoned. I learnt a whole lot from your letter. You could be an Answer Man yourself. I do not think that Hazel Dawn has the charm of either Marguerite Clark or Pauline Fredericks—I mean on the screen. She does not register so well.

©

On the cold, bleak nights in winter,
When the snow is all awhirl,
You can go into a Picture-House,
And see this bathing girl.

MARY B. W.—Thanks a whole lot for your generous fee. Yes; Edison first, but I cannot tell the order of the others. Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Essanay, Lubin, Pathé, Selig, George Kleine and Méliès were the first ten in the General Film Co. Kleine and Pathé dropped out. D. W. Griffith was once with the Adele Blood Stock Company in Louisville. Cannot tell whether Vitagraph will reissue "Love's Sunset," but I think they will because it was so popular. It was two reels, I think. The copy you saw must have been very old. After they have been run 100 times they are called in. Thanks.

JULIA D., MCKEESPORT.—Mary Moore was Adelaide, and Charles Ogle was John in "The Meddler" (Universal). Johnstone is usually pronounced *John son.*

VINCENT J., SAN FRANCISCO.—Eddie Foy has left Keystone, and Irving Cummings is with Horsley. No; I didn't care for Harry Millard in "The Man in Hiding." He is a good player. Nevertheless, I am the same Answer Man who writes for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MILLICENT B.—Eugene Palette and Lillian Webster in "The Penalty," and Eugene Palette and Bessie Buskirk in "The Ever-Living Isles" (Reliance). Kate Toncray is with Mutual. Vivian Rich in "The Blot on the Shield."

JERRY, 18.—You aspire to be a Captain of Industry, but if you stay out there thinking it over all your life you will become Major-General of Indolence. Come, get busy. Start something!

MABEL, FLORIDA.—Kindly do not write mush. I get altogether too much mush, and I expect better things from *you.* Glad you like May Allison. She is doing nice work with Harold Lockwood. Anna Little with Mustang branch of Mutual. Lorraine Huling was Edith in "His Wife."

ALICE JOYCE ADMIRER.—You must sign your name and address. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you wish a list of manufacturers. Yes, "Pippa Passes" was reissued and released October 15th, with Arthur Johnson, Marion Leonard, Gertrude Robinson, James Kirkwood, Owen Moore and Mack Sennett. Quite a bunch of celebrities, dont you think? They are all in different companies now.

WILL T. H.—I am waiting for your "Kaleidoscopic Mélange." Let her come. Really cannot tell you where Evelyn Dominicus is. She was clever in "The Mills of the Gods." Yes, and George Cooper also. That's too bad you didn't see my loving-cup. Stop in again, and ask to see it. I am very proud of it.

LUELLA R. W.—A thousand thanks for your praise, which I fear is excessive. Be nice. Soft Word and Hard Word had an argument, and who do you think won?

C. W. T., MINNEAPOLIS.—Write to the A. H. Andres Co., 115 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for their catalog on chairs. About 100. The average duration of human life is about 33 years. Is your time up yet? Mine is not, yet I am 74.

FRANK G., CHICAGO.—Yes; I saw "Shanghaied." The boat scenes were good, but there was not much originality in it. Knickerbocker Features are released every Wednesday thru General Film.

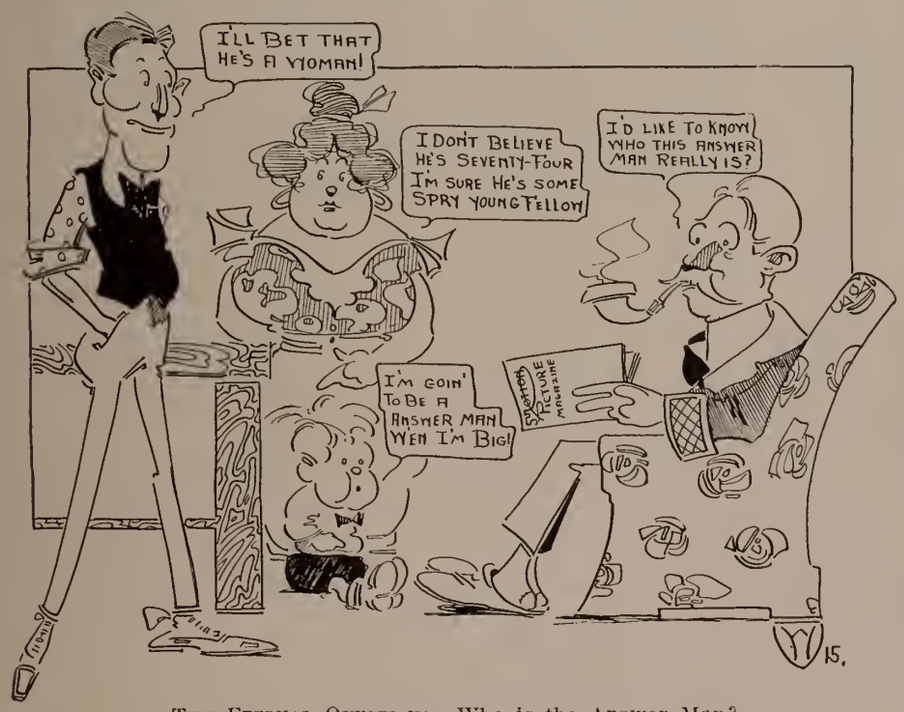
MARY MC.—The leading man in "star plays" plays the male rôle next in importance to that of the star. If the star is a leading lady, the leading man, in most cases, plays the part of her lover. Your letter was as bright and sparkling as a glass of champagne.

ARTHUR J.—Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl" (Morosco). The Mary who had a little lamb was a real character.

JERRIE.—So you decided to come to the Classic because you couldn't get answered in the Magazine. Come right in and sit down. Yes, the Magazine is pretty well crowded. Thanks, I still live in my hallroom, and I enjoy my buttermilk.

TOMMY, KALAMAZOO.—Write to the Jungle Film Co., 407 Mecca Bldg., New York, for the Paul J. Rainey African hunt pictures.

JESSICA.—I am indeed sorry. It is a matter of personal taste and feelings whether you go in mourning or not to make a public exhibition of a private sorrow. I never did it.


I'LL BET THAT HE'S A WOMAN!
I DON'T BELIEVE HE'S SEVENTY-FOUR I'M SURE HE'S SOME SPRY YOUNG FELLOW
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO THIS ANSWER MAN REALLY IS?
I'M GOIN' TO BE A ANSWER MAN WEN I'M BIG!
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
15.

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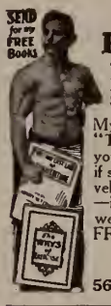

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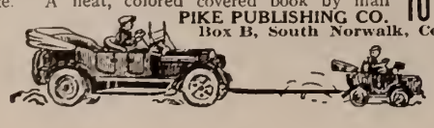

MILLIE E., GASPORT.—"The Dust of Egypt" (V. L. S. E.) was very fine, every one says, and Edith Storey is always good. Better shake your "friend." A friend in need is a friend indeed—if he doesn't need too much.

KANYDA.—Glad to meet you. Jack Drumier was Rufus in "Felix Holton" (Biograph). Send United States money, and it wont cost you any more. You must not take those letters so seriously. Goodness sakes alive, but yours was long enough.

CANADA.—Mary Anderson's mother called in the other day and said she received a package of silk stockings from Canada addressed to Mary with $2.50 duty due. Be you the party what done it? It is your duty to pay duty, dont you think? However, Mary is much pleased, says ma.

HAMILTON S.—Only Pathé are now showing hand-colored pictures. Balboa are producing a four-reel drama in colors, featuring Jackie Saunders in "The Adventures of a Madcap," but it is released thru Pathé.

MILDRED S. R.—Kindly back up. You have the cart before the horse. And, besides, I dont answer such questions. I dont know which causes the most marriages—the desire to be married or the fear of remaining single.

MELBA, BROOKLYN.—Glad to hear you are studying. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory and Obedience.

JERSEY CENTRAL.—If this war teaches anything it teaches that the human animal should walk on all-fours after this, and even then the other animals will be ashamed to be classed with us. Most of the lower animals would be ashamed to engage in any such struggle as men are now engaging in. You see, m'sieurs and mesdames, I am not neutral, but agin 'em all.

J. G. B., TORONTO.—The expression "once over" means getting the best of any one. Lillian Gish and Elliott Dexter will play in "Daphne" (Fine Arts).

I. M. A. B.—Buzz away! Yes, a dog may look at a doctor, but he must not dogmatize with him. Smiling Billy Mason is with Keystone, but I cannot tell you how long he will remain there, for he belongs to Edwin August's Moving Actors' Club.

ALICE X.—So you are against Beverly Bayne? Gadzooks—why? You liked "Fifty-fifty," with Lillian Drew? She is quite handsome, and that was very funny.

COMEDY FAN.—Marie Dressler played in a Keystone, also a Lubin. Dorothy Gish is in New York, playing for Griffith.

MIRIAM L. C.—You seem to belong to that class of critics who see the fly on the barn door before they see the door. Dont you ever see anything to praise? Nothing is perfect in this world. The diamond has its flaws, the sun its spots and the rose its thorns.

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Mon ami, yes, there is much more room in the Classic than in the Magazine, altho the Editor is adding eight pages more to the Magazine for the February issue; but I guess that wont help me any. I, too, would rather see the play first and read the story afterwards. Some readers make it a rule never to read a story until they have seen the play. They save up the magazines for that purpose. There are twenty-two episodes to the "Broken Coin."

JOHNSON C. K.—Oh, yes, I saw that Sidney Drew comedy, "The Professional Diner," based on the superstition of thirteen at table. It was great. It teaches this lesson. Never sit at a table where there are twelve others; all of the thirteen will die some time, and it may be you. Jewel Hunt is now in Vitagraph, never having had stage experience. See article about her in January Magazine.

N. J. K.—Universal have a studio at 573 Eleventh Avenue, New York City. Yes; Mary Fuller is there. So you dont like Anita Stewart. She is very popular now. Gertrude Robinson and James Cooley are with the Ivan Film Co.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Gypsy Abbott I believe you refer to in "Who Pays?" No, she is not new; she has been playing for Balboa. Elsie McLeod was in "Carmen" (Fox). So you liked Theda Bara better than Geraldine Farrar.

DIX, GLOUCESTER.—Only two magazines do I write for, not the third. Clara K. Young had the lead in "My Official Wife." It seems that Anita Stewart will play opposite Richard Turner now in her new studio at Brightwaters, L. I. No, the three R's are not all. You must also have the three H's—heart, head and hand.

PAT, 17.—Stafford Pemberton was Robert and Bryant Washburn was Gerald in "The Helping Hand" (Essanay). Eugene O'Brien was John Barclay in "The Lieutenant-Governor" (Essanay). You have the wrong title. Guess again. Andell Higgins and Vinnie Burns in "A Species of Mexican Man" (Lubin). Helen Holmes is no longer with Kalem.

Faces on the Screen

By M. M. MURPHY

Faces on the screen, we see you smile,
And care departs from out our troubled hearts:
We drink the cup of joy with you the while
And care not that you only play the parts,
Faces on the screen!

Faces on the screen, we watch you sigh,
And taste the wormwood in the passing show;
Then deep within our souls we mean to try
To bear the burden—these the seeds you sow,
Faces on the screen!

Faces on the screen, you teach us love,
And into sunless hearts a warmth steals;
Then life's replete with blessings from above
And all the world's a never-ending reel,
Faces on the screen!

MELVA.—Robert Cain was Captain in "The White Pearl" (World). So you are going to exclude "W. T. H." from your club if he persists in calling me a lady. He knows differently now, since he has seen me.

MARTIN M. B.—They do say downtown that Pavlowa received $50,000 for playing in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and it may not have been all stage money. Come, come, cheer up.

FRANK C., ROCHESTER.—Your letter was shocking. A man with anger in his heart and a pen in his hand is as bad as a horse with a bit in his mouth, for both are bound to run away with themselves.

IRMA C.—If you have nothing worth writing, please dont write it.

BUDDY.—Rogers Lytton, Julia S. Gordon, Lillian Walker and Robert Gaillord in "The Artist's Great Madonna" (Vitagraph). James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "The Woman in White." Octavia Handworth in "The Toll of Mammon." I enjoyed yours very much.

JONSIE C., BROOKLYN.—Yes, that was Jackie Saunders and Jack Livingston in "The Woman of the Sea" (Kalem). Robert Grey was Ivan. Ethel Teare and Bud Duncan are playing regularly. I believe there is one released every week.

EASY MARK.—Yes, the election suited me, and I was just as well pleased to find that the attempt to make VOTE the feminine of the masculine VETO was frustrated. I suppose they will some day, however. "The Lonedale Operator" (Biograph) will be reissued.

Letters to the Editor

Robert Hofstetter, 1521 Twenty-third Street, Galveston, Texas, is an ardent admirer of the Answer Man, and after the criticisms the poor old fellow has lately received we think it no more than fair to publish this:

It's about three years since I started to read the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and now take the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC also, so I guess I have the right to have a little chat with you. I am a great "picture fan," and also think the world about your most excellent Magazine. But, above all, my dear sir, am I an ardent admirer of yourself. Now, I am not a man of the "flattering" kind, but whenever I do admire any one, you can be sure that there must be a very good reason for it.

I wish I knew your name, dear sir, for to address you as "Answer Man" seems to me like a sacrilege of your worthy person. I consider you to be one of the greatest men living today in these grand United States, for you are doing more good than you may imagine that you do.

To read the answers to your many readers is a priceless privilege, and I have learnt much from your wise sayings and laughed much over your witty remarks. I often think that if we could learn your name, we would find you to be one of America's famous humorists and philosophers.

I really believe that you are 70 or so years young, for any one of less than this age couldn't possibly know as much about life as you do and couldn't possibly be so full of patience. I am your silent admirer for the last three years, but at last I could stay silent no longer. May heaven bless you, dear sir, and let you stay with us for many, many years to come. This old world of ours, more than half of which has gone mad, is indeed very much

(*Continued on page* 71)

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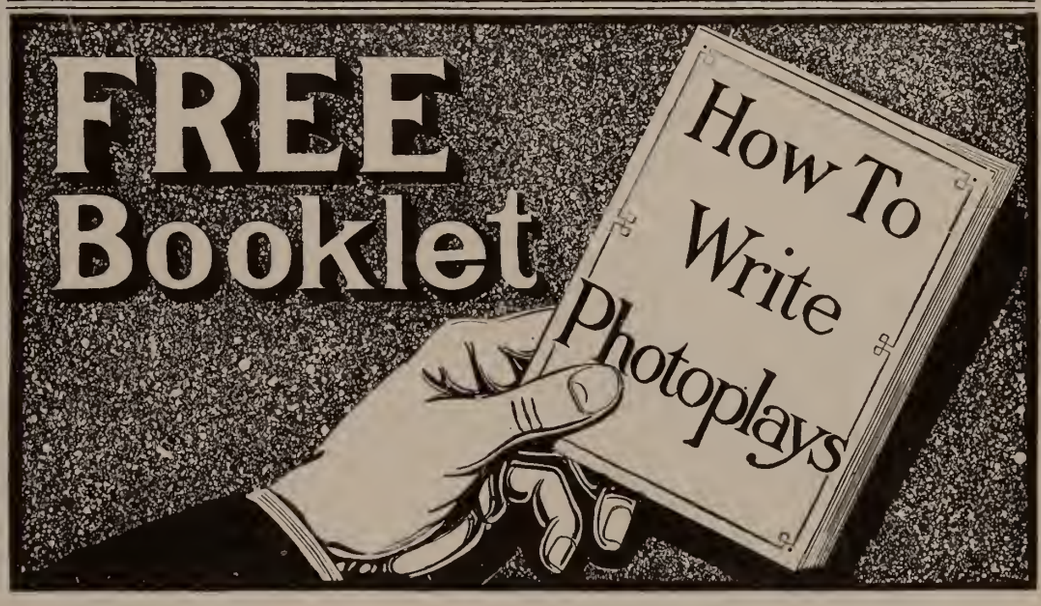

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tells you about the tremendous demand for photoplay ideas and how *you* may sell *yours* for $25 to $200 each. It explains why new writers are *encouraged*, and tells all other facts about this most *profitable* occupation for your spare time at home. Send for it today. It is *free*.

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Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
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It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.
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Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

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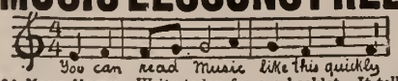

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Little whisperings from everywhere in Playerdom

CRANE WILBUR, besides being busy acting, wrote "The Blood of Our Brothers," and you might add, "Could a Man Do More?"—Yes, he has just finished "The Adventures of Allan Dale."

Donald MacBride, Vitagraph, was present at a social function not long ago. A particular friend of his, also invited, had to remain at home—and that borrowing habit started with mere pins.

Stella Hammerstein, daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, has signed with Mutual; Frederick Ward, tragedian, will be seen in Thanhouser films.

"Wasted Lives" wasn't to Arline Pretty's liking. She says she is not anxious to waste hers on cold-water scenes in November.

On November the fifteenth Mother Mary Maurice celebrated her seventy-first birthday and her fiftieth anniversary as an actress.

Max Figman, Pathé, went to a skunk farm in Connecticut to get local color. Well, it is rumored that he had to foot it back to Ithaca—as a passenger in a train he was quite impossible.

In "The House of Tears" Emily Stevens, driving an auto, runs over herself. That was going some, wasn't it?

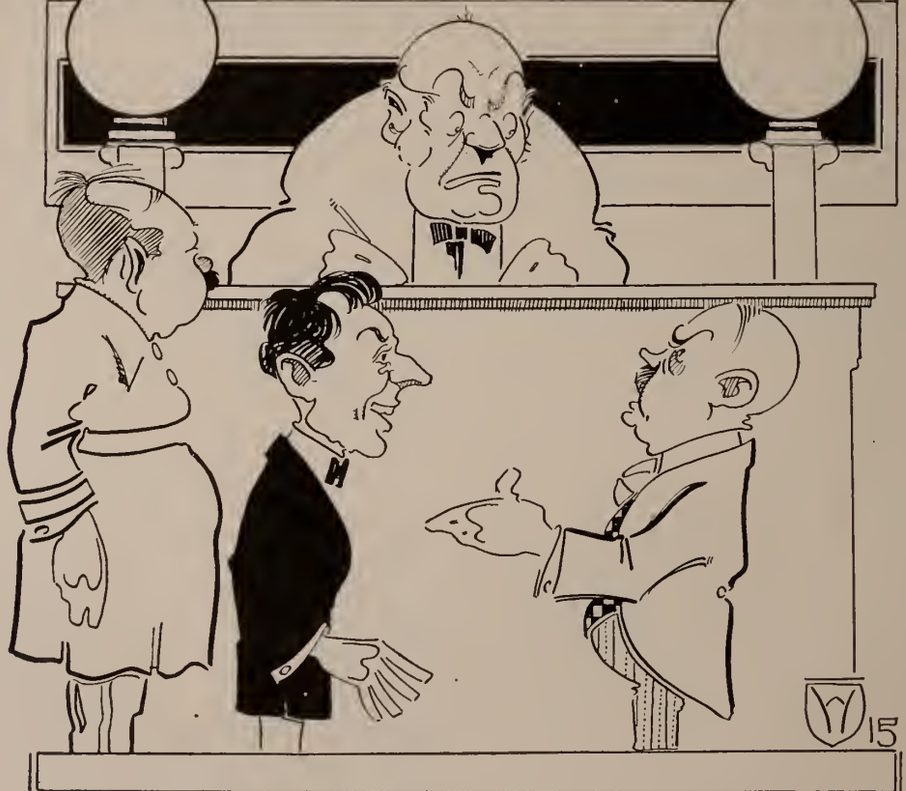
Julia Swayne Gordon and Rose Tapley are rivals—in collecting toads, alligators and cats. Latest bulletins announce Rose Tapley two toads in the lead.

When Tom Chatterton, American, arrives his friends have got the habit of looking to see if he is carrying a bundle. He has been giving to his friends the main part of a good chicken dinner.

Myrtle Stedman, Oliver Morosco, is busily engaged during her spare time dressing dolls for charity.

An extra was rather bombastic in his remarks to William Duncan, Vitagraph. When he found himself lifted to the other side of this athletic actor, Duncan quietly explained, "I'm a bit deaf on that side."

Carlyle Blackwell has joined the World Film Company in New York.



JUDGE—You say you got that black eye as the result of a blow by the defendant?
PROSECUTING WITNESS—Yes, sir.
JUDGE—Tell me the circumstances under which he struck you.
PROSECUTING WITNESS—We were sitting in a Motion Picture show, and I was explaining the pictures——
JUDGE—That's enough! The case is dismissed.

Greenroom Jottings

Last week Edna Mason, Universal, took the first vacation she has had during her many years of acting. She reports a great time at the Exposition.

Charles Ray, who played in "The Coward"—Triangle—went for a holiday a few days ago. He was accompanied by an automobile, a little gold ring, and a young lady by the name of Grant.

No more has Bud Duncan, Kalem, such high ideas of farm life. It's a puzzle to him how a plow handle could raise such blisters.

Julius Cowles, Metro, says there sure was "A Yellow Streak" in that burro that kicked out two of his teeth.

It was only a rag doll that Lillian Walker ran over the other day, but she stopped to pick it up to add to her collection of dolls.

Sophie Clutt's feelings, at least, have been reduced by dancing. She tried to crawl thru a stand-pipe two feet in diameter. After some trouble several of the Essanay players managed to dislodge her.

The second that scene 1539—the last one of Balboa's "Neal of the Navy"—was finished, William Courtleigh and his bride, Ethel Fleming, started on their delayed honeymoon to the Exposition.

Every one has tried "The Home Cure." Vitagraph has a good one.

Bryant Washburn, Essanay, has been trying to make the players believe that his one-month-old son says "daddy." What when he is six months old?

Johnny Sheehan, Mutual, will now be more of a cut-up than ever. Every barber around Santa Barbara sent him a razor to use in "Johnny, the Barber."

Ethel Clayton, Lubin, is busy nowadays over a matter of "Dollars and Cents."

From the stage to the screen come: Mabel Taliaferro to Metro; Joe Dalpin and Grafton Wiggins to Vitagraph; Robert Haines and Hal Forde to Mutual; Hattie Williams to Oliver Morosco; Millicent Evans and John Jarrott to George Kleine; and Frank Lasce to Famous Players.

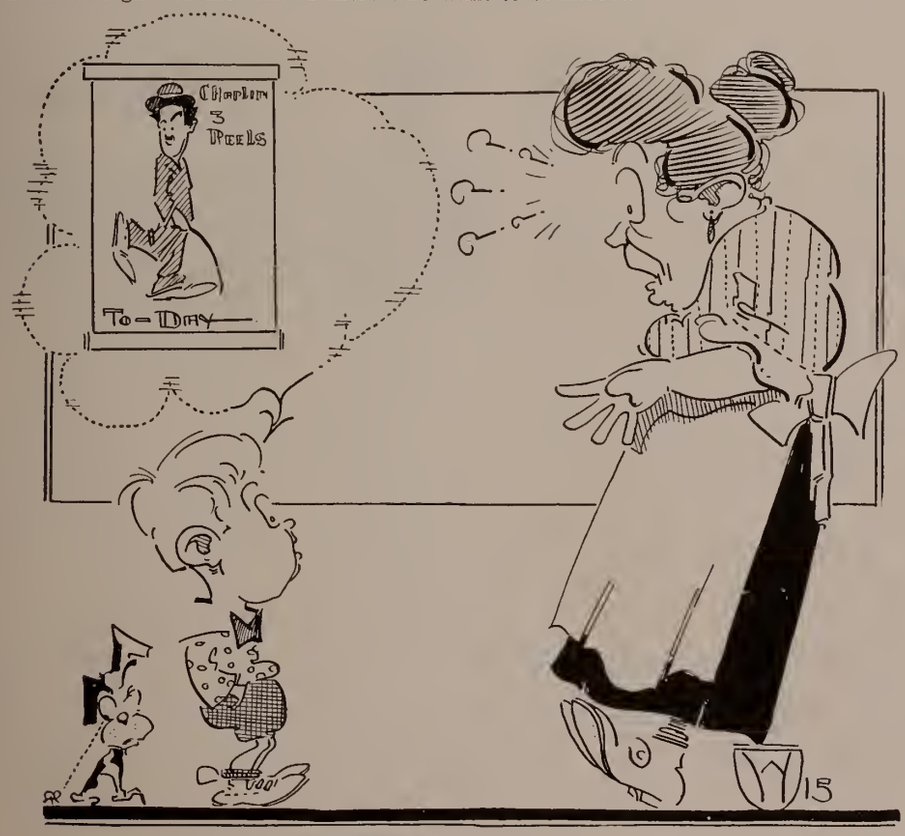
Jack Richardson, American, now has so many vests he has them indexed.

It was an exciting "Night in a Show" for Leo White. The fat princess slipped, and her 350 pounds landed on him. And Charlie Chaplin was not responsible.

Helen Gibson, Kalem, says "life is just one bruise after another." Perhaps it is a case of "Crossed Wires," which she is now doing.

Ned Finley, Vitagraph, is evidently a believer in that idea "A sucker is born every minute." This time it's a ring—he calls it a "Mystic Yogi of the Inner Temple of Bhungo"—it cost him $2 and he sold it for $65.

Francis Bushman's "Illinois Chief" has been sold and sent to the front in Europe. Friends who were often invited to ride that spirited mount are rejoicing. They say he is all right for the fellows there who want to be heroes.



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"Say, ma, do you want me to cut some wood, run any errands, or wipe the dishes for you?"

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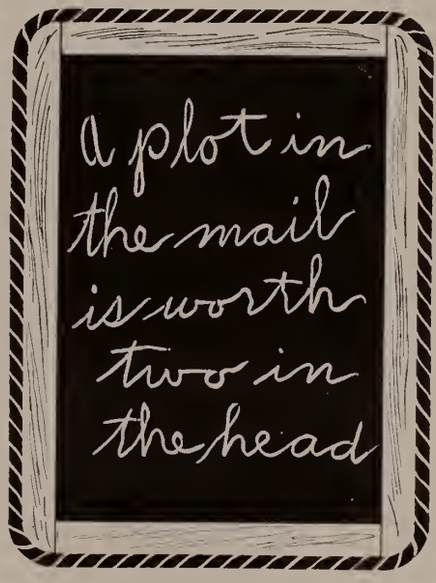

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with each outfit, I will give an extra handle, without charge, by which the **Muscle Builder** can instantly be converted into a most effective Chest Expander to be used for developing the chest and lungs. Take advantage of this opportunity while it lasts. *Send your order today.*

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Greenroom Jottings

Ernest Maupin, Essanay, is an accomplished artist, and in the intervals between scenes is busy with his brush.

We have with us this evening: Charles Le Moyne and Kathlyn Williams (p. 14); Harry De Vere (p. 16); John Sainpolis and Maude Fealy (p. 18); Iva Shepard and Mildred Gregory (p. 19); Maurice Stewart, Jr. (p. 20); Beatrice Van and Hal Clements (p. 22); William Stowell, May Allison and Nan Christie (p. 23); Harold Lockwood (p. 25); Sarah Bernhardt (p. 32); Mary Maurice, Charles Richman, James Morrison and Belle Bruce (p. 39).

Bobby Connelly is a little fellow, but he knows "One Plus One Equals One."

Harry Myers is the recipient of a novel cushion from a girls' club in Georgia. He is trying to think of some really extraordinary way to show his appreciation.

Darwin Karr, Essanay, says the home life of photoplayers that you hear so much about must be great, and he'd like to try it for a while—he's been on the road ever since he joined the pictures.

Kate Price has written a script and threatens to produce it.

Victor Potel, Universal, lost the key to his auto, but was making great headway filing thru one of the links of the chain, when he was interrupted by a policeman. No; Potel didn't have his certificate of ownership with him. Universal players identified him at the police station.

Flora Finch has left Vitagraph, but is going to build a home. She has purchased twenty acres at Beechwood, L. I.

Our $10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "Jeanne Doré," second prize to the author of "The Great Divide" (January Magazine) and third prize to the author of "The Scarlet Band" (January Magazine).

Lloyd V. Hamilton, Kalem's "Ham," has not yet recovered from a recent injury, but he is an interested onlooker from the side lines.

Edna May, famous "Belle of New York," has been captured by Vitagraph.

Three San Francisco girls have reason to be jealous of Lillian Walker. An admirer writes the Vitagrapher he is courting them all, but his love for "Dimples" is greater than for all three combined.

Belle Bennet changes from Lubin to David Horsley.

The same old question again, "What Will People Say?"—but Metro is going to answer it.

Once, when playing in a small Western town, Sarah Bernhardt, who will soon be seen in pictures, was suffering from a severe cold, but did not dare blow her nose. That afternoon a mash note had said, "If you will take supper with me, blow your nose."

Kate Price's Welsh rarebit sounds tempting, but the mushrooms, one of the principal ingredients, are home-picked, and Kate's friends dont place much confidence in her ability to tell a mushroom from a toadstool.

Lillian Drew, Essanay, says she wouldn't go "fifty-fifty" with her new car. She claims it is the greatest ever.

Mutual is going to give "Lessons in Love."

Earle Williams has "abandoned" Anita Stewart, and will now be starred by Vitagraph in a twelve-part, two-reel serial, "The Scarlet Runner."

Bud Duncan is determined to find the one who substituted a gun with a "kick" for his harmless affair. Ethel Teare is contemplating a trip.

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Bondwomen

(*Continued from page* 20)

brought Ned to his house and left word with Norma that, under no circumstances, was he to be disturbed, as his brother's eyesight depended upon it.

Sitting in the doctor's office, guarding the entrance of the operating-room, Norma idly fingered the papers on his desk. Suddenly her eyes dilated. In her hand she held a letter from Dr. Ellis' brokers, stating that his final payment on the stock in the Chanee Mine must be made before three o'clock that afternoon or the stock would be lost. That meant a fortune would be lost!

She must see him at once. Her hand was on the door when she realized that she dared not disturb him. His brother's eyes, perhaps his brother's life, depended on it. If only Hugh had trusted her! If only he had allowed her a bank account!

Casting about for some way out of her dilemma, she thought of Powers. She telephoned him and explained the situation. Powers assured her that he would be only too glad to arrange the matter; he would come at once, and they would go to the broker's and make the payment.

When Norma returned to her home with the stock in her hand, she found Dr. Ellis waiting for her in her bedroom. The operation had apparently been successful. A few days would make certain.

Norma was so full of her exploit that she could not wait to tell it to her husband. "And so you see," she said, "if it had not been for me, you would have lost the stock."

"Where did you get the money?" demanded Dr. Ellis, suspiciously.

"From our friend, David Powers."

At this all of the evil suggestions which his brother had poured into his ear rose up and overwhelmed him. He burst into a bitter denunciation of his wife and his friend. Rushing into the nursery, he seized little Roy and dragged him in before his mother.

"Confess," cried her husband, "or I will beat our son until you do!"

He pulled the boy into his own room and closed the door. Norma, hearing the lock click, threw herself against the panels of the door in a frenzy of fear.

Dr. Ellis opened the door. "Are you ready to confess?"

Norma bowed her head. "Yes," she whispered, reaching out hungry arms for the boy. An hour later she and Roy left for the home of Professor Bowe.

Dr. Ellis removed the bandages from his brother's eyes just seven days after the operation, and Ned again saw the world which he had feared he would never see. But instead of thanking his brother, he turned to him, pleading for cocaine. Dr. Ellis sternly refused to give it to him, and Ned, biding his chance, slipped from the room and telephoned to Belle. She had promised to help him secure some from the laboratory of David Powers. Thus she led him into the presence of Powers himself, who made clear to Ned that he had been cured of the drug habit tho he did not know it, and that what he had been taking under the belief that it was cocaine, was, in reality, the cure, "Oublier."

Overcome with joy at this information, Ned confessed the trick he had played upon his brother and agreed to confess all to the doctor.

Hugh Ellis, who had never ceased for a moment to love his wife, was overcome with shame when he realized that he had discarded her upon the word of an irresponsible drug-user. Instead of being the destroyer of his home, David Powers had been the saviour of his brother.

It was a humbled man who sought Norma Ellis in the home of her father, Professor Bowe. Norma had already heard the story from the remorseful Ned.

"Norma," pleaded her husband, huskily, "can you ever forgive me? Can you still love me a little?"

Norma sought her place in his arms

After a moment she whispered, "Hugh, there is only one thing in the world impossible—and that is, that I should cease to love you for one hour—come what might!"

Roy looked up from his playthings on the floor.

"Papa," he demanded shrilly, "when are you going to take us home?"

Norma and her husband both laughed at this relief from the emotional strain.

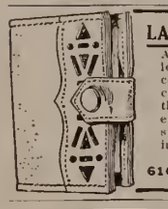
"At once, my boy," said his father, "but first, here is a present for your mother. You give it to her."

Norma glanced wonderingly at the little book which Roy handed her, in obedience to his father's request. On it she read:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

In account with { Hugh and Norma } ELLIS

You can have BEAUTIFUL Long and Luxuriant
EYEBROWS and LASHES
by applying **"Lash-Brow-ine"** nightly. Adds wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. **"Lash-Brow-ine"** is a noted Chemist's proved formula. We absolutely guarantee it to do just what we claim. Mailed in plain sealed cover for 25c. [coin.]
Obtainable only direct from **THE MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4008-D Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.**



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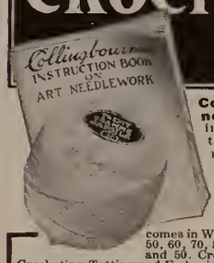

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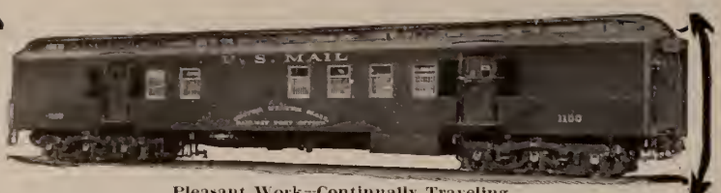

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We trust that this notice will be read by Raymond Madden, or by one of his friends who will communicate with him. His former address was General Delivery, Lansing, Michigan. We are holding a check for $35.50 to his credit for the sale of his photoplay, "For He Loved Much," to the Vitagraph Co., and will forward as soon as author gives us his corrected address.

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

He Speculates in Comedy Thunder

(*Continued from page 47*)

of the camera and the pit-a-pat of the dancer's feet to disturb the tropical silence. Dozens of players stood on the side-lines absorbingly interested.

"Dance away from the Maharajah," spoke Sennett, in a subdued monotone.

"Now come back up here in front of the camera," a trifle louder. "Now throw yourself at his feet and salaam."

A moment of quiet, with nothing audible but the purr of the camera.

"Get up and continue dancing; rise, Maharajah, and repel her from you. Thank Buddha you have received the State document; thank him *hard*—that's it.

"Now to the sacred vault, Maharajah, with the document; look amazed and horrified"—this to the dancer. An image of Buddha under a canopy opens with the movement of a swarthy slave. The document is placed therein. It closes again. Everybody falls prostrate to the floor.

"Well done," says Sennett. "Turn off the fountain. Fifteen minutes for lunch."

This is a sample of how Sennett works. He is terse and punctual in all matters, whether business or social. He goes straight to the bat with a film-picture, with all smiles left behind. To him this comedy business is a matter of super-seriousness. He wants no idle laughs about the studios. If any one feels like loosening up on his laugh-strings let him secure a requisition from the business office and spill it on celluloid.

That's what they are paid for—to produce laughs—and there shall be no smile-wastage in the plant therefor. "For," as Sennett characterizes it, "we have to turn out so many genuine laughs each week, and we require all the smile-machinery in the studios to do it."

Sennett has often said that as a producer of screen-comedies he has about the hardest job that has fallen to the lot of any single mortal.

Sending waves of laughter over the earth with mechanical precision must be a difficult occupation at best.

"The stalemate laugh reservoirs must not be drawn upon by producers of today if they wish to enjoy success in their chosen vocation," Sennett says.

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¶ There are various uses for these photos. You can make up a fine collection and paste them in an album; or tack them on your wall with fancy paper border, or make a wall-paper design of them; or frame them; or mount them and give them away for presents; or adorn your den with them, etc., etc.

¶ Send in your order now, for they may not last long—an opportunity seldom offered. Some of these photos are rare copies and can never be duplicated.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(Continued from page 65)

in need of great minds and hearts like yours—there are so few of them.

Thank you, thank you ever so much for the many happy hours that I have had in reading your department, and please take good care of yourself so that there will be many more of them.

Kindly excuse the errors in this letter, but I am in this country just five years (from Switzerland) and have not mastered the English language yet.

George A. Schepard, 1096 First Street, Milwaukee, an admirer of Henry Walthall, agrees with some of our other correspondents that the stage stars should not invade the picture field:

I am a reader of your Magazine and Classic, and they deserve much praise, as they help one to know the players and also to learn the progress of the film industry. Seeing the open forum for your readers, I take advantage to give the opinions of myself, family, friends and acquaintances. You know the films today make one of the great topics of discussion. We have for years been ardent theater-goers, and have always sought the best that came to the city, but now we are lured to the Motion Pictures, unless we wish to hear music or see some renowned player who has as yet not entered the films. This brings me to what I mainly wished to write about. It is with regret we see the stage celebrities entering the films. We have seen practically all that have appeared so far, and the majority have been utter disappointments. We have seen them behind the footlights, and heard their voices, which, I think now, was their chief factor toward fame, and we have hugged them to us; but in the films, where only the eye follows, they largely overact and are not what they seemed. Their names would not attract so readily the second time, and when they go back to the stage I think they find they are not so popular. There are a few who have as yet not entered the films, and we hope they will not. Maude Adams is one. We want to keep our speaking stage, and why rob us of the illusion? Of the few celebrities of the stage, who are good in the films, are Robert Warwick and the Farnum brothers. There are many fine film artists, with ability that should count, who are being kept in the background by names of the stage. Let the screen bring forth its own stars. Why shouldn't it? Each is distinctly different. I have seen many beautiful stories, which would have been made to live if graced by some of our film stars, fall flat when the star was from the stage.

Of film stars, first and foremost is that superb dramatic artist, Henry B. Walthall. He surely should rise to the highest pinnacle of fame, for he is an artist to his finger-tips and is well named "The Booth of the Films." I have watched his work from the time he entered films, in small parts and in great—in fact, in everything he has played to date—and he always perfectly interprets his rôles, running the whole gamut of emotion, from tenderest love to murderous hate and from sublime faith to the most abject fear, without one useless gesture. I predict, when others are long forgotten, Walthall will be remembered. I hope he is given every opportunity to interpret many of our fine, intense dramas and latter-day fiction.

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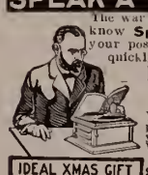

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The Photoplay Clearing House was established three years ago to aid and counsel new writers and to market their plays. Our records show hundred of sales, and over 14,000 photoplays reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market. We are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We tell you: How to go about it; where to market your plays; how to revise and cure their weak points; the kind of photoplays wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario. The high standard of our aims has received the unqualified endorsement of all of the leading studios without exception. During that period we have spent over $15,000 in systematizing our sales bureau and in assembling a staff of well-known photoplaywrights and critics. In order to serve authors, our editors must be well qualified—must be successful writers themselves. Our editorial staff consists of the following established photoplaywrights who personally pass upon all manuscripts submitted: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall, Herbert C. Chesnut, Bennecke Peterson and others. We have received over 5,000 unsolicited letters from both unknown and successful writers endorsing our method of critical advice and marketing of Photoplays.

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Gentlemen—I am in receipt of your criticism of my photoplay, for which I am very grateful; you have given me many valuable suggestions. I will reconstruct the play, weaving into it another story in the hope of strengthening it, and when more in line with requirements as indicated by your review, will again forward the same to you. I have no "illusions" regarding the merit of my work, and your candid opinion is exactly what I need.
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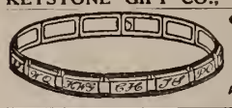

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THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED,
L. W. McChesney, Manager Motion Picture Division.

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I hope you can sell this photoplay for me, and with gratitude to you, I am,
Yours most sincerely,
(MISS) CECILE NEWMAN.
115 W. 113th St., New York City.

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With all best wishes, I am,
Sincerely,
WILBERT MELVILLE.
(F. T.)

Dear Mr. Ball:
Yours of the eighth received, and contents carefully noted. I can use several comedies with good strong plots. We are putting on farce comedies here at the present time, but give me a good comedy plot. Let me have some stories at your earliest convenience.
Very sincerely,
AL. RAY,
National Film Corp., Baltimore, Md.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

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Vol. I FEBRUARY, 1916 No. 6

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can be purchased at any newsstand on and after the fifteenth of each month.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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LOVE

(What a Woman Wants)

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Some one for a comrade, kindly and true;
Some one to cheer her when she is blue.
Some one to kiss away her tears;
Some one to fight for her thru the years.
Some one to stroke her aching head;
Some one to lean on when hope seems dead.
Some one to coax when he is cross;
Some one to soothe the hurt of her loss.
Some one to watch for, day by day;
Some one's cares to smooth away.
Some one to scold her and pet her by turns;
Some one whose heart for her constantly yearns.
Some one to hold her with strong, steady arm;
Some one to keep her from menace and harm.
Some one to cling to when grief's flag is unfurled;
Some one who'll stake her against the whole world.
Some one to rest her when stern cares oppress;
Some one to throw sunshine across her distress.
Some one to go to when heavy of heart;
Some one ever ready to take her part.
Some one to lead her into the light;
Some one whose coming will make her eyes bright.
Some one who never does misunderstand;
Some one who thrills her with touch of the hand.
Some one to trust her and tell her his ills;
Some one to help her over life's rugged hills.
Some one to pillow her head on his breast;
And whisper sweet nothings—and call himself blest!
Some one who wouldn't for worlds make her mad;
Some one to keep silent, knowing she's sad.
Some one whose smile makes the sun of her life;
Some one's strength for a mainstay thru strife.
Some one to cook for and bully and boss;
Some one to stick by and shoulder her cross.
Some one heroic and patient and brave—
A king and a courtier, sweetheart and slave.
The "one, only man" under heaven's broad blue
To tell her: "I love you because you are you."
Every day of your life such a man may be seen;
He's a real *reel* man—and he lives on the screen!

Gallery of Popular Photo Players

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(Universal)

MABEL NORMAND
(Keystone)

WILFRED LUCAS
(Griffith)

MARGARET GIBSON
(Horsley)

MARY ANDERSON
(Vitagraph)

CLAIRE McDOWELL
(Biograph)

ENID MARKEY
(Triangle)

SALLY CRUTE
(Edison)

ETHEL TEARE
(Kalem)

The Black Crook

(Kalem)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of PHIL LANG, from the famous stageplay of the same name

WHERE the bald, old, mountain eagle cleaves the clouds across his flight, and the storm trails somber pinions on the mountain's dizzy height, years agone a castle harbored, last and lordliest of his line, rich in fiefs, proud and unfriended, Baron Eric Wolfenstein. Feared his frown the straight-limbed freemen that obeyed his trumpet call; feared his rage the serf and swineherd breaking black bread in his hall; but his lovely ward, Amina, feared his kindness more than all.

Reared from babehood 'neath his roof-tree, godchild of the generous years, lo! her lips were curved for laughter, and her eyes were sweet with tears. Maiden-shy her quiet glances, yet her red mouth, full and fain, whispered she had known love's joyance; quivered, she had felt love's pain. Lady she, not to be wedded save by lord of high degree, and the holder of her heart's shrine but a humble singer he, yet their troth-vows they had plighted and had cherished faithfully. For Love hath naught of high nor low, knows neither race nor birth—the winsome beggar maid is loved by the proudest king of earth; the comely ploughboy on the hills catches the princess' eye in a long look, and her heart thrills, she knows no reason why. From country meads the young hearts leap to young hearts on a throne; in crowded streets Love stands apart and singles out his own; Love knoweth neither high nor low, for Love is King alone.

Upon a blithesome day of spring the haughty Baron came, with spurs a-clang up the tower stairs, and spoke Amina's name. Looking upon his purpled face, the maiden's heart stood still; the words of love upon his lips to her were words of ill. "Amina," said the Baron, and kist her timid hand, "wed me and I will make of you first lady of the land, who came to me a beggar babe, left by a gypsy band."

THRU THE TALL ROOMS ON THE MORROW MOVED THE DANCERS TO AND FRO

THEN YOUNG RUDOLPH ROSE THE VICTOR O'ER THE FORM OF HIS DEAD FOE

TWELVE WHITE MOONS HAD KIST THE MOUNTAINS

"Guardian," faltered pale Amina, when the Baron spoke his will, "mightiest of all earth's monarchs cannot bid the storm be still. Gratitude full meet I owe you, but of love no tithe I owe. Love is boon of Heaven's largess; it can not be bartered so."

Ground his strong teeth the dark Baron, bowed and left the maiden fair, wistful brooding at her lattice in the sunshine of her hair, and, with muttering of vengeance, strode adown the turret stair. Called a page unto his beckoning; bade him the court harpist bring—the young Rudolph of the black eyes and the dark curls clustering.

"Singer," quoth the Baron, smiling, "much is told me of thy skill. Sing tomorrow at my court ball—'tis my ward, Amina's, will."

"Ah! be sure he caught the triumph in the lover's flashing eye, and the thwarted passion of him woke his soul in silent cry: "Shall a pretty churl supplant me? By the rood! the dog shall die."

Thru the tall rooms on the morrow moved the dancers to and fro; maidens' faces bloomed to beauty in the candles' mystic glow. Puffengrims, a sickly vassal, smirked beside his gracious lord, drowning his frail wits in bumpers that the smiling Baron poured; drowning wisdom's silent warnings in flattery's potent brew. "Friend of mine," the Baron whispered, "maids love mighty men like you. Win Amina; thou shalt have her, and her lands and dowry, too."

Straightway then the poor dupe stumbled to the pale Amina's side. Mumbled: "Lady, I adore thee! Thou shalt be my happy bride!"

Scarcely had she breath for screaming, struggling in his loathed embrace, when the harpist was beside her, and a din was in the place. Ladies' cries; oaths and wonder, and the sound of blow on blow, and the thick breaths of the fighters as they panted to and fro. Then young Rudolph rose the victor o'er the form of his dead foe.

"Thou hast slain my faithful vassal, and the black deed cries for death; yet I am a man of mercy." Thus the evil Baron saith. "Young limbs are a sorry fruitage, dangling from the gallows-tree; so by token of my fiefship, harken, youth, to my decree: From this realm forever banished thee and all them of thy line; death the forfeit if thy shadow ever darkens lands of mine. Go and praise God for my mercy," bade the Baron Wolfenstein.

Twelve white moons had kist the mountains, and the spring was come again, wakening in Amina's bosom echoes of old joy and pain. The white lips of grief grew crimson with the kiss of memory, and she softly bloomed to beauty, like a fair young bride to be. Watching her, the moody Baron felt his pulses thrill and leap; came a night of fairy beauty when the whole world lay asleep, and he sought the maiden's bower up the turret stairway steep.

Over silver moor and meadow what a wild, despairing cry, trembling down from that stone tower, sinister against the sky! In the villages the good folks turned upon their pleasant bed—"By the rood! our lord makes merry," drowsily the good folks said. Was no swineherd in his cottage; was no meanest serf come near; was no piteous guardian angel leaned from heaven's height to hear! Yet the cry rang like a summons in one wakeful wanderer's ear.

From the brake a figure started, sprang up on the dizzy height, where the wary mountain eagle hardly dared pause in his flight; swinging from the mantling ivy, clinging to the crannied wall, till he gained the topmost lattice that gave access to the hall. In the Baron's arms Amina, fluttering like a frightened dove, heard the splintered hinges crashing from the window ledge above; saw, half-swooning, her fierce lover torn from her by her lost love; saw the gleam of sword-blades flashing, as the room about her whirled, and his face her need had summoned from the spaces of the world. All at once upon her horror fell the healing dew of peace—smiling faintly to the carpet, fell she in a swound's release.

"Let her lie," the Baron muttered; "at her side he, too, shall lie—who would breast my good sword's anger, by my good sword's wrath shall die!" From his grasp the blade spun, whirling; loudly rang his coward cry.

GAZING IN HIS MAGIC MIRROR, WITH A FROWN UPON HIS FACE

A CONTRACT, WRIT IN BLOOD UPON A COWL, TO DELIVER UNTO SATAN EVERY YEAR A HUMAN SOUL, OR ENDURE ETERNAL TORTURE AS THE PAYMENT OF HIS TOLL

From trenches and from pallet, gaping and goggling all, his serfs and freemen hurried to obey their liege lord's call; and in a trice, his wrists engyved, the gallant Rudolph stood, with blazing eyes and haughty lips, deep bitten to the blood.

"'Way with the knave," the Baron scowled, "to wait the judgment hour; see that this maid is strongly locked within her virgin bower, until it suit my whim to come and pluck the dainty flower."

Leagues away beyond the forest, in a legend-haunted cave, dwelt the dark magician, Hertzog, with his witless drudge and slave. Travelers to the near-by village shunned the dark and gloomy place. (It was said one might meet Satan round some covert face to face.) Black the wood that in the daytime bats and owls around it flew; leprous fungi orange-spotted all the blooms that in it grew; bearded branches, lightning-twisted, of the fir-tree and the yew. Thru the mouldy, murky places prowled the gaunt wolf and the bear; here the vulture had its eyrie, here the wild boar had its lair; the woodman, late returning, spoke a prayer beneath his breath; the love-lorn shepherd ceased his song and wailed a dirge of death; and never adown its pathways, with dank dew-drops defiled (where grew the spotted mandrake and gloomed the orchid wild), echoed the sound of little feet, the laughter of a child.

The Black Crook—so legend named him—was a lost soul strayed from hell, people thought, to work on mankind his dark master's evil spell. Nag went halt or flocks were stolen—"'Tis his work," the gossips said. "May his deeds, like evil curses, come to roost upon his head!" Others whispered of a contract, writ in blood upon a cowl, to deliver unto Satan every year one human soul, or endure eternal torture as the payment of his toll.

In his cave, lighted with glow-worms, sat the master of the place, gazing in his magic mirror with a frown upon his face. "Saint Swithin's eve tomorrow—how the red flames roar and hiss! The sands run fast," he muttered—"no time to lose, I wis. Come, come, my worthy mirror, this dalliance is not well; show me a soul in torture who its hopes of Heaven will sell, to gain a prize I offer and so take my place in hell."

The mirror clouded, quivered and cleared upon a room where, bound in chains and fettered, sat Rudolph, wrapped in gloom. The vision changed: a prisoner behind her maiden door, Ainina wept and shuddered at each footfall on the floor. Fierce fear upon the lover's face; upon the maid's stark fear. "Enough," the Black Crook cried, "enough! my recompense is here. The debt I owe the Baron makes its payment doubly dear."

Round his dungeon walls the tempest tossed the moonlight from the skies; with his chains young Rudolph wrestled, reading horror in its cries. Crashed the thunder, flashed the lightning as upon the Day of Doom, and a strange form stood before him, laughing in the lurid gloom.

"Friend," the figure said and chuckled, "seemest not to love this cell. If I set thee free, what hast thou in return to me to sell?"

"For her sake," so swore the lover, "I would give my soul to hell!"

"But hell is hell," the Tempter sneered; "a maid is but—a maid."

"For her sweet sake the lowest hell is heaven," Rudolph said.

"And will Love flame so hot, think you, when hotter flames shall hiss? And is eternity the worth of a fair maid's first kiss?"

"Had I a dozen deaths to die," the lover did declare, "I'd die them proudly, that no harm should touch one golden hair—how pure she is, how woman-sweet, how more than woman-fair!"

"Sooth, 'tis a gallant lover!" the Black Crook cried in glee. He touched the chains, they fell in twain—"Come, boaster, you are free! The night wears on, the time is near when you my debt shall pay—go to my cave within the wood; I'll bring your love straightway." He watched the youth rush from the place, and—"Fool! Twice fool!" he cried; "at one stroke will I pay my toll and crush the Baron's pride, at one stroke save my soul from hell and win a beauteous bride!"

To Amina, in her bower, the Black Crook has now appeared. "I have seen Rudolph," he whispered; "he has told me what you feared. I have powers beyond most mortals and have set your lover free; I will lead you to him straightway, if you will but follow me; foil the Baron's wicked purpose; save you from a hideous fate. Wolfenstein has earned my hatred, and I hate as devils hate, with a fury that is watchful and a purpose that can wait. Years agone I was a noble, with a fair and gentle wife, in whose faith I trusted wholly, loved her as I loved my life. This Baron won her from me—took her to his eyrie wild. Ere a month had passed she bore you—you are Count von Hertzog's child. One son the Baron cherished, only scion of his line; with the aid of hell, I stole him, as his arts had stolen mine. Rudolph, humble, lowly singer, is the son of Wolfenstein!"

Dazed and trembling, pale, Amina placed her hand within his arm. "Take me to Rudolph," she begged him; "lead me from this Haunt of Harm." Down the stair, across the drawbridge, with its sullen, flowing moat, craftily the Black Crook led her, hidden in his magic coat. Mead and meadow lay before them, flashed with diamonds of dew. Naught of guile Amina dreaded, naught of craft her white soul knew, so she trod her dark guide's footsteps to the wood where fungus grew. Shuddered at the crawling shadows, but she went with footsteps brave, thinking of her waiting lover to the entrance of the cave. Then a sudden, golden glamor flashed athwart the evil wood; wings outstretched across the cave-mouth, lo! a shining vision stood.

A PRISONER BEHIND HER MAIDEN DOOR

"Maiden, pause," the vision bade her, "dole and dolor lie that way. For a kindness mortal did me, with a kindness I repay. Leave this loathly guide and follow Stalacta, the Queen of Fay."

Strong, white wings swept round the maiden, bore her from the gloomy place to a fairy glade and left her with her lover face to face. "Oh, my long-lost love, Amina!" "Oh, my Rudolph, is it thou?" In each other's arms the lovers murmured each remembered vow. Told he how a deed of mercy to a sorely wounded dove, fluttering from a hissing serpent, had restored him to his love; how the hosts of hell were vanquished by the powers from above.

ALL ON THE SLIMY GREENSWARD THE DESPERATE MEN FOUGHT ON

A humble hermit of the dale harkened unto their vows, and joined the twain in wedlock, under the greenwood boughs; no harpist touched his golden strings and sang a stately lay, no silken rout of man and maid to grace their wedding-day; but thru a golden dawning, hand clasped in lover's hand—their hearts atune with tenderness, their faces breezes-fanned—Amina and her Rudolph strolled thru an enchanted land.

In his haunted shades the Black Crook cursed the loss of his fair prey, while above the writhing yew-tops glowed pale streaks of coming day. "Rudolph shall pay my forfeit—the night is growing late—or in the hateful dawning Hertzog must meet his fate!" But ere he reached the cave-mouth a voice was in his ear: "Wouldst cheat me of my victims? Thou dog, thou diest here!" And Hertzog saw the Baron with his retainers near; saw the fierce face grow fiercer, the red glow in the eyes, that held of Heaven no knowledge, and were of evil wise. Balked of his eager pleasure, shorn of his vengeful prey, he faced his ancient foeman, with forehead lined and grey—'Draw, damned magician!" In his hand his dagger Hertzog saw, and straight his own flashed forth—"Seducer, cursed, I draw! For one of us no dawning!—it is the ancient law."

The blue blades met; sharp flames shot out across the bosky glade. Before man's unleashed anger shrank the savage beasts, afraid—the leopard sought its covert, the tusked, grey boar its lair, and hungry-taloned vultures hung poised on the shattered air. The grey clouds quivered in the east—"Day comes!" the cockcrow saith—"day comes and debts that must be paid, and dread and dole and death—sweet day that brings the sunshine and gives the blossoms breath."

A wild wind shrieked and gibbered across the chilly dawn. All on the slimy greensward the desperate men fought on, until the Black Crook staggered up, waving a bloody blade. "I've slain the man who slew my love and lost my soul," he said. "The dawn is here! Nay, Satan, wait—I have your toll for you!" He staggered to the cave-mouth and gasped a hoarse "Halloo!" Only the echo answered, and then his fate he knew.

The sweet earth shook beneath his feet, the sky reeled overhead—"Come, pay thy price to Satan; he waits," a fell voice said—"a score of souls have won for you a score of evil years, and fed the flames awaiting you with the fuel of their tears; a royal welcome stays you in the Land of Dreadful Day; eternity invites you — come quickly, friend, away, in hell to dance forever, yes, forever and for aye!"

"No! no!" he shrieked and rent his hair, "an hour I implore! Hark how the embers crackle! hark how the lost souls roar! In hell to writhe forever—sweet Satan, pity me!" With foaming lips and staring eyes, his fear was foul to see. The earth yawned open; flames uprose; a blue smoke filled the air; the chasm closed; the bats flapped by, and no Black Crook stood there! And, suddenly, the dawn sprang out, eternal fresh and fair.

In the great hall of his fathers Rudolph and his happy bride governed the realm full wisely, their children by their side; showed mercy to the sinful and kindness to the poor, and never a beggar turned away, a-hungered, from their door. And in the Black Crook's forest grow blossoms sweet and gay, for love has come to rule the land, and sin has passed away, and where of old black curses rolled the little children play.

The woodman sings his merry song within the ancient wood, and the crocus and the daffodil laugh where the dark cave stood. Gone the loathly, bat-winged fruitage upon the locust tree, and all is fair and debonair as far as eye can see. The Black Crook and his mirror, and all his evil crew, have dimmed into a legend, and no one deems it true, save the old childish grandsires, nodding above their brew.

For as long as the chains of winter break at the touch of spring, as long as flowers have fragrance, as long as starlings sing, evil is ever worsted, triumphant ever is good, in castle and camp and market and the heart of the ancient wood; and the sword that drove the guilty twain from Eden's ravished tree still glows before forbidden gates for guilty eyes to see; so it was in the beginning, is now, will ever be.

Chimmie Fadden Out West

by Kenneth McGaffey

LASKY

From the Lasky-Paramount Photodrama by CECIL B. DE MILLE and JEANIE MACPHERSON, featuring VICTOR MOORE
Founded on the stories by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND and translated into the vernacular by KENNETH McGAFFEY

GEE! but tings have sure been breaking hard and fast for me de last mont. You would tink I was on one of dem Coney roller coasters. Up and down and skidding around toins till I dont know wheder I'm going or coming.

Of course I'm solid wit His Whiskers—dat is, Mr. Van Courtlandt—and after I find his plate he gives me mudder a job as laundress up to his house and says he is going to do someting for me. While I am awaiting for him to pull off someting dat I can be declared in on, Miss Betty, dat's his kid daughter, has to get a hunch dat she cant live unless she beats it to San Francisco, way de oder side of de woild, and see some Exposition, whatever dat is, and of course de Dutchess has to trail along wit her to see dat she gets all her clothes on. If I was His Whiskers and had a kid de size of Miss Betty dat couldn't dress herself, I'd give her a shove off de dock. Me and de Dutchess is engaged, and we're going to get hooked up as soon as I gets a little extra change, and here she has to go prancing off to some foreign country, leaving me flat.

De Dutchess is down to de house saying good-by to me and me mudder, when in dashes de fresh kid down at His Whiskers' office, and says de boss wants to see me right away. I go a-prancing down dere wit de fresh kid, and he shows me into His Whiskers' private office. Some swell dump. All boxed in wit shiny wood, like a hotel bar, and His Whiskers and anoder gink are sitting at a big desk.

"Chames," says His Whiskers, "Chames"—he always makes me tink I owe him money when he calls me Chames—"Chames," he says, "sit down." Wit dat he gets up and pulls down all de coitans and locks de door. I tought dey was going to give me de toid degree, but as I could have handled bote of 'em laying flat on me back I sits down.

After he pulls off all dis mysterious stuff, His Whiskers comes over to me, and after telling me what a nice, bright guy I am, he says: "Chames, do you want to make ten tousand dollars?"

As soon as I gets me breath I ask who dey want me to moider.

"You dont moider nobody," de oder guy butts in. His name is Preston. "We are going to send you on a trip."

"De Bronix or Coney?" says I.

"Neider," says de guy. "Deat Valley."

I knowed dere was a catch in it somewhere, so I starts to bow meself out. Dey grabs me back and tells me dat is de name of a place.

I tells His Whiskers dat I dont want no ocean voyages, wit de water all mussed up wit dese here submarines.

Preston says it is on land, so I says dat I can stand Joisey a couple of days. He says it's furder away dan Joisey, and you know nutting can be furder away dan Joisey. He says it is out in California, way out West. Gee! dat suited me to de ground, cause California is in de same town de Exposish is, and de Dutchess and Miss Betty cant be more dan a trolley ride away. So I says I'll go, providing it is on de level.

Bot of dem gumshoe a little closer and tip deir mits as to de stunt. His Whiskers says:

"Chames, you are to go out dere and find a gold mine."

"Ah, you cant kid me," I tells him. "Gold dont come from no mine; it comes from de mint."

"Where does de mint git it?" says His Whiskers—"from de mine!"

DE SMOKE PULLS DOWN A SHELF, AND WHAT DO YOU TINK? IT WAS A REGULAR FOLDING-BED

"What t'ell!" says I. "It comes from de pockets of de woiking classes. I heard one of dese street Bryans say so."

Preston horns in and says I am to go out dere and run a bluff on de natives dat I found a gold mine and spend a lot of nuguts or someting like dat I am supposed to find in dis mine. He tells me a mine is a hole in de ground like de subway, only dere aint no tracks or chewing-gum machines in it.

His Whiskers den gives me a lot of dope and hands me a bunch of money and says go buy an outfit and come back here.

I beat it out of de office, fighting for air. How do I know what kind of clothes dese California foreigners wear? I go a-weaving up de street, wondering if dey wear skoits or someting, when I see a sign in front of a Moving Picture show, saying, "Sure-shot Pete, de Deat Valley Terror." Dat's me, says I. I squander a jit and ramble on in. Dis guy Pete has got more guns and swords on him dan de Brooklyn Navy Yard. He's wearing funny fur pants and a great, big hat. I make his outfit and den dash for a sporting goods store to get some of de stuff.

De cloik sells me de pants and de hat and de guns all right, and den I ask him, I says:

"Hand out anyting what helps a guy find a gold mine."

Say, he gives me everyting in de store—cooking-dishes, a tent and a lot of junk. I tells him to send it up to me mudder's, and den he gives me a book—"De Boy Camper" is de name of it—and the cloik says dis will tell you what all dese tings are for. He says you got to take all dese to find a good gold mine. He says, of course you can take dese whiskered pants and find a bum gold mine, but to find a good one you have got to have all dis junk. I slips him de coin and goes to meet His Whiskers and Preston in a saloon dey picks out.

WHEN, HOLY MACKEREL! IN PRANCES DE ORIGINAL COLONIAL DAME

Dey hands me a satchel wit a couple of little bags as heavy as lead. "Dese are de nuguts," Preston tells me. "Dont spend nutting but dem." Say, dey must have melted up all de five-dollar gold pieces in de woild. His Whiskers says, dont tip any of de Deat Valley natives off dat dis is a fake or you'll be lynched. I says, Governor, if dat is de case, mum's de woid.

Dey tells me good-by and out I dash to tell de good news to me mudder. She felt pretty bum at me going away, but I tells her dat when I come back I will dress her up so she will look like de Catedral at High Mass. I writes a letter to de Exposish address de Dutchess gives me and tells her I will see her in a couple of days.

I've lived in Noo Yawk all me life, so I never been on no railroad train before. I had a argument wit de simp at de gate, and a smoke in a blue uniform tries to take away me little satchel filled with nuguts. I tought for a moment I would have to bust him one in de jaw.

I got a ticket for one of dese here sleeping-cars, but dere weren't no bed in it, and I was just about to make a holler when de smoke pulls down a shelf, and what you tink? It was a regular folding-bed. Dat guy nearly scared me to deat. I tought de top of de train had fell in. Den de smoke makes anoder bed out of de seats. When de smoke gets tru he tells me I can go to bed. I picks out de lower one and climbs in. Inside was de bed and a little hammock. I tried to get in dat, tinking de bert was for some oder guy, but I couldn't get in de blooming ting, so I says to myself dat I'll sleep in de bed and go to the mat over it wit whoever tries to take it away from me.

I'm pounding me ear just like I was home, when, holy mackerel! in prances de original Colonial Dame. She toins loose a yell dat you could have heard in Yonkers, and everybody in de woild makes a dive for me bert. De conductor and de smoke manage to choke de dame, and den dey tells me I belong upstairs. Dey beat it out of de car, and I starts to shin up. Dere is a little rope hanging down de middle of de car, and all I do is to take hold of it for a little lift and de whole woiks stops wit such a joik dat I nearly lands on me bean. De conductor and de smoke take a peep at me, but I pretends to be asleep, and dey lay it to some one else.

I'm just beginning to grab off a little sleep when I tinks I hear de dame downstairs yelling for help. I listens, and it is sure her. I start to shin down to help her, when she starts yelling again. Onct again everybody comes after me, and I am due for a pinch, as de dame is yelling moider and beating me wit her umberell, when all of a suddent somebody in de bert yells again, and de smoke reaches in and drags out a parrot. Can you beat dat?

Well, anyway, after a long trip I gets off at de bummest town you ever see. Woist dan Hoboken. Just a couple of wooden houses. No "El," trolley cars, taxicabs or nutting. I dont see no Exposish, and dere's nutting in sight but dis bum little town. I see a few of de natives stalling around de depot, all in de same kind of clothes de movie guy wore. I didn't want dem to take me for no foreigner, so I beat it right over to de little shack dat had de woids "Hotel"

painted on it and went inside. Who's de first guy I run into but Antoine, de Frenchy dat helps wit His Whiskers' joolery. I passed right on, cause I want nutting to do wit dose kind, and you kin bet I kept me little bag of nuguts right in me mit.

When I gets into me room I puts on me funny pants and me shoit and guns and knives. When I gets all dolled up like a native I weaves on downstairs. Here's a lot of de natives all hanging around, and when I am a-talking to de hotel gink dey pulls out deir guns and commence shooting. It sounded like Classon Point during a wop picnic. Dey was a-trying to scare me. When dey gets all tru, I tells dem dat wit a little more practice dey would do well in Noo Yawk. At dat dey all laugh and act human.

De next day I gets one of dese little donkeys dat de kids ride on in de Park and starts out to find de gold mine. I'm way out in de country somewhere when I meets a guy digging in de ground. I ask him where dey keeps de best gold mines, and he shows me a place way off about a million miles away. I got to go over dere or else get in wrong wit His Whiskers. About half-way along it commences to get dark, so I knows I will have to camp out. I hitches de mule and unpacks de stuff.

I takes out de little gas-stove dat me mudder gives me before I leave, but dere is no connection anywhere. What do you tink of a country wit no connections for a little gas-stove? I takes out de little book on how to camp, and de first ting it says is to pitch a camp by a stream of water and start a fire wit two big logs. Dey aint no water nor no logs for miles, so I starts me fire wit de little book. I tries to cook some of de bacon, but nutting doing. I had to eat it raw or starve to deat. and, just tink, some guys go West for deir healt. De next day I meets a funny little mine, sprinkles some of de nuguts around like Preston told me and beats it for de town. Chee! I'm so glad to see civilization again dat I give de mule and de whole woiks to a Indian in front of de hotel.

I goes into de hotel, and everybody gives me de laugh, but when I goes to de bar and orders six beers and pays for it wit a nugut, you would have tought I was Santy Claus. When I buys de mob a drink, I bet I could have been elected President of de U. S., if we had of ben in de U. S. at de time. De guy dat told me where de mine was nearly trew a fit. Dey all asks me if I struck gold, and I says sure. You would have tought de shock would have killed dem. I tought dat guy Antoine was a-going to bite me.

I was de big noise of de burg for a whole day, and den one of dese mean-dispositioned government guys horns in and says de President sent dem out to see dat I wasn't stalling about de mine. I tries to kid dem out of it, but dere is nutting doing. Dey dont kid wort a cent. Gee! dey had me fighting for air.

I breaks away and gets over to de telegraph office and den I wires His Whiskers. Honest, I nearly died until I got a wire from His Whiskers saying dat Preston was coming out to help me.

Dat night I was a-sitting around de bar inhaling me beer peaceful-like when de Mexican dame dat plays de banjo around de hotel comes over and starts to make a play for me. I aint been in Tom Sharkey's for nutting, so I go south wid de nuguts where she cant reach dem. She comes over and sits in me lap, when all of a sudden in walks de Dutchess and Miss Betty. Dey had read in de poipers about me striking gold and comes on to see me from de Exposish. De Dutchess' goat leaps right out de winder. She wont have nutting to do wit me, but makes a big fuss over dat Frenchy guy, Antoine. I should have busted him one for luck.

I'm just looking for a nice dock to jump off of when in gallops Preston. Talk about your little rays of sunshine. He says I got to make good wit de government men, and den says for me to start out, and he would have us held up by gunmen on de way to de mine. We were just tinking who we could get to pull de trick when in walks me little brudder Larry. When it comes to any kind of a hold-up, me little brudder is de candy. It seems dat even de Noo Yawk poipers telled about me striking gold, and me brudder grabs de bumpers to come out and help take it away from me.

Larry hates to see anybody but himself have money. De change he has begged off me poor mudder would buy de war in Europe. Preston slips Larry some of de nuguts, and he gets Antoine and some of de Mexicans to pull de trick.

We gets it all framed up, and I gets de government guy and his pal, and we start out for de mine. I dont get dis until later, but de Dutchess hears Larry and Antoine framing up de hold-up and tips de sheriff, and while I am chasing de government guys around de map and de hold-ups is chasing me, de sheriff and his army is chasing de hold-ups. De sheriff finally gets dem and hauls dem back to jail.

I GIVE DE MULE AND DE WHOLE WOIKS TO A INDIAN IN FRONT OF DE HOTEL

In de meantime I have to take de government guys to de mine. All de time I am doing it I can see meself doing a hundred years in jail for putting over a phony. I stalls them as long as I can, so finally we gets to a mine, and I runs a bluff dat I got to blindfold dem. I puts de blinders on and leads dem to de mine and trows some of de nuguts on de ground. When de blinders are taken off dem dey see de nuguts and are happy. I puts de blinders on dem and leads dem away.

We get back to de hotel, and den de Dutchess rushes out and tells me she loves me so much she couldn't let me be held up. Can you beat dat? De sheriff takes me over to de jail, and after slipping him a couple of de

nuguts I gets him to let Larry and his gang loose.

De boss of de hotel hands me a telegram, telling me to hire a special train and come to Noo Yawk at once. Just as if I wouldn't. I tells de station agent dat I want de fastest train dey got in de shop. Dat's part of His Whiskers' frame-up—see. He owns de Southwestern, de only road dat hits Deat Valley, and all dis is a big ad for de road to boost de business.

WHILE I AM CHASING DE GOVERNMENT GUYS AROUND DE MAP, DE HOLD-UPS IS CHASING ME

Miss Betty and de Dutchess is just getting ready to beat it when I tells dem I have ordered up a little special train and will take dem back wit me. I buy some swell clothes from a drummer and am just going out when I runs into dear little Larry. He's about as happy as one of dem rattlesnakes and says he is going to get even for me double-crossing him.

Dere is a big crowd around when me special pulls out of de station, and I introduce de Dutchess as de future Mrs. Fadden. We had a fine trip all de way home. Me brudder Larry even choked a smile out of his system now and den.

When de rattler pulls into de station in Noo Yawk dere is me little old mudder and a big crowd waiting for us. Gee! you would have tought I was a alderman wit de reception I got. De cops had to push a way for us so we could get out of de building. Miss Betty gave de Dutchess a day off, so she comes home wit us. When we get to de flat dere is de whole gang along de street to meet me. I gives dem all de glad hand, and den we go upstairs. When we gets up dere I tells me mudder dat I gets ten tousand bucks for pulling off de advertising stunt for His Whiskers and dat de Dutchess and me is going to get spliced. Gee! I never seen me mudder look so happy since de time I saved Larry from going to de stout house for trying to rob His Whiskers. She laughed and cried and kist de Dutchess, and de Dutchess she laughed and cried and kist me mudder, and den dey got busy talking about what dey were to wear. Can you beat ? I tink all a woman gets spliced for is to give herself and her friends a chanct to argue for a couple of weeks about deir clothes. I beat it down to see His Whiskers.

Preston and His Whiskers is bote waiting for me and tanks me for pulling de trick and hands me a check for de ten tou. Easy Street for me. Wit dat ten tou me and me mudder and de Dutchess can live easy de rest of our lives. I could see me mudder all dolled up like Astor's horse, strolling arm and arm down de Avenoo wit de Dutchess.

We pulls de wedding off right away. De wimen folks gets busy and decorates de rooms, and me mudder buys a new dress and Miss Betty gives de Dutchess one. We is all lined up, waiting for de parson to make de hitch when Larry, sore cause I wont give him a tousand dollars, tells dem dat de mine is a fake. I say sure it is, and it was a advertising dodge for de Southwestern Railroad.

Den what do youse tink? De Dutchess pulls out a newspoiper wit a big ad about de Chimmie Fadden Mining Company and saying stock was for sale in me phony mine. Can you beat it? I told dem I didn't know nutting about it, but dey wouldn't believe me. Me goil slaps her wedding-veil down on de table and says she wouldn't marry no crook. I grabs de poiper and rambles for His Whiskers' office. Just as I am going down de stoop, Mrs. Murphy, de old lady dat runs de apple-cart on de corner, tells me she has put all her money in me mine.

I grabs her hand, and we beat it to His Whiskers' office. When we get down dere dey is a line of people buying bum stocks at one window, and a lot of reporters waiting for Mr. Van Courtlandt and Preston. I busts right on in and sticks de poiper under His Whiskers' nose and wants to know what's coming off. He starts to hand me a lot of bull, but I says nutting doing. Dey aint on de level, and I wont stand for it. Dey try to pull a lot of dis bluff stuff, but I flag dem. I calls in de reporters and tells dem to print dat de mine is a fake. Den I hands de two crooks me coat and vest I bought with deir money, de bag of nuguts and de check for de ten tou. I couldn't leave de pants or I would have been pinched.

Den I sneaks for home, clean. No one is in de house when I gets dere. No money—no mine—no goil. All I got is de little gold wedding-ring I was going to slip on de Dutchess' mit. Finally me mudder comes in and shows me de poipers saying dat me mine was a bunk and dat dey had paid

ME GOIL SLAPS HER WEDDING-VEIL DOWN ON DE TABLE AND SAYS SHE WOULDN'T MARRY NO CROOK

all de money back. She's glad dat I have been on de level, anyway. Me mudder goes into de next room, and all of a sudden I looks up and dere is de Dutchess wit a smile on her map a mile wide. She had red de poipers. Say, honest, me heart gives such a jump I had to hold on to me suspender buttons to keep dem from popping off. Right dere we clinch, and I slips de ring on her nit. What d'ye mean—I didn't find no gold mine?

OUR PICTURE-STAR DREAM

By VAUGHN GREY

An amber-haired fairy keeps tryst with me—
  Thru flower-filled dark to her shrine agleam
I go, and she comes; but like mist of sea,
Whose arms may wrap 'round, never touching me,
Whose lips are love's lures to have kist would be
  To have spoiled my dream—
My workaday dream.

I bring her no orchids, no moonstones rare;
  Tho wordless her welcome, her eyes love beam.
Those eyes are yet lit with noon; they dare
To tell me of passion kept pure—ah, rare!
Dout jeer at my raptures, for soon, beware,
  You shall own my dream—
  My workaday dream.

I've millions of rivals, yet do I care?
  For them, as for me, may her beauty seem.
Her smile to the thousands is true and fair;
She gives of her favors to each a share;
In silence and sweetness we woo and wear.
  We can keep our dream—
  Our picture-star dream.

THE AVENGING SHOT

by GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay produced by the Biograph Company

THERE is, perhaps, no place in the world so memory-fraught as an antique-shop. Between its somber walls are the light laughter and the blind tears of crumbling generations. Relics there of youth's love, fresh as starry anemones; of passions dark as lustful blood, and renunciations bitter as the tears of Christ's Mother. There are fragile things there, once beloved of still more fragile hands—souvenirs priceless by grace of time, that were the living flesh of some woman's heart, or the tangible token to some man of a living spirit. Memories! Dear, dead women, and dead, dear loves. Memories that bless; memories that crucify.

John Reinhart, antiquarian, kept such a shop, with the somewhat incongruous assistance of his daughter, Vera. It was a place of vague shadows, thru which loomed darkly rare bronzes or a bit of marble. It was a place deep-raftered, high-paneled—a place wherein one seemed to hear the April drip of falling tears and the ephemeral cadence of ghostly laughter.

Vera bloomed in the shop like some transplanted flower—standing sharply from its shadows with her obtrusive, vital youth—her sane, frank joy of living. She seemed much like a dauntless, scarlet peony blooming on a grave.

But John Reinhart *belonged*. He was as much a part of the place as the very walls or the antiques themselves, that rarely changed with the passing years. He, too, looked like one transplanted, but rather as if, being dead, he had taken up his place for a brief visit again with the living. His small, spare frame seemed shrunken in his black clothes. Yet there remained, piteously, the outline of a vigorous youth. His face, ascetic, pale, had somehow the dumb appeal of a creature foully wronged. Only his eyes were living—living like things about which everything else has died; living with a sort of terrible persistency—waiting—dogged—immutable as Fate.

And then one day the gray waiting ceased. A shot rang thru the musty shop, shattering its vague echoes like cannonading — sensational as great splashes of scarlet in a vaporous twilight; as crashing chords in a lullaby: as the very voice of the antiquarian, which seemed to cast off the apathy of age and ring forth, strident, emphatic, bloody. "I've been waiting twenty years for this," he said; then the pistol swung limply in his withered hand and he swayed.

In the shop stood his daughter, stricken of face. Over her bent young Jack Mulhall, a playwright to whom only the week before she had rented a room; and on the floor, with a bullet in his brain and his life blood flowing murkily, was the body of a florid, stalwart man.

"He's been here before—once," Vera was saying thru stiff lips. "He—he said I reminded him of a girl he used to know. Father heard him—and was very much—excited. Today he—Mr. Nye is his name—came in again. He—he tried to be familiar, but I dont think father heard that. Then you came in and told us you'd sold your play—that changed the subject for a while. After you went out some woman came. Mr. Nye strolled about, looking, just the way customers do, and when the woman left he watched her down the street. I—just then I saw that she had dropped her purse. I picked it up. Mr. Nye"—the girl shuddered and averted her eyes from the horrid stillness on the floor—"Mr. Nye accused me of trying to steal it; then you came in again; then—then that awful shot. I shall hear it after I am dead—oh——" And the girl broke away and ran into the sitting-room, where her father was huddled in his chair. "Why did you *do* it, father?" she sobbed wildly—"why—*why*—WHY?"

"Gentlemen, be seated." It was John Reinhart speaking, and the "gentlemen" he addressed so courteously were officers of the law come to take him on a charge of wilful murder. Vera, crouching by the fireplace, watched him, dumbly fascinated. Jack Mulhall stood over her protectively. Rigid upon the floor lay the last remains of Raymond Nye. The fitful fire flaring up now and again revealed hideously the black gleam of drying blood. His eyes protruded in a ghastly amazement. His death there seemed a climax to an unclean life.

But it was John Reinhart, antiquarian, in whom the most amazing change had taken place. His face was flushed as with an influx of vitality; he seemed to expand, to dilate, to grow. His white hair had a

leonine effect; his sunken eyes glowed with a splendid flame of vindication. He resembled a man who had long struggled to attain an end, and, attaining it, has found it good. He had justified his existence. When he spoke, his voice had the mellow note of one of his old violins, and it smote upon the hearts of the listeners, evoking a swift response.

"Before I go," he said, taking his favorite chair and leaning well forward into the light, "before I go—and I am going—I have a little tale to tell. A tale, my friends and my baby girl, that has spread itself over twenty arid years——

"Sometimes there comes into the life of a man that which, having known once, becomes forever indispensable—so vital, so terribly a part of him that he ceases to exist after it has gone. With me it was the love of my wife."

Vera stirred a little, and her father smiled at her tenderly.

"Have any of you known," he went on, "what it means—the love of a girl—a girl who creeps into your heart and soul softly, surely? Have you ever loved in your early youth and had that love grow with your growth until it becomes a part of your very sinews—an essence of your blood—a fibre of your heart? Have you known the need of a sensitive, reserved nature? The tenacious way it will fasten upon the one glowing warmth it knows, and cling there, and take vital root? That is how I loved Vera Duchene.

"I married her, after four years of closest love, of hungriest passion—four of the most vital—the most magnificent years of life. After that——" The old voice broke an instant; one frail hand crept furtively to the strangely dreaming eyes, and when it came down it was wet with bitter tears. "After that—at last—we were married. I cannot dwell on that period. I—I should not complain, gentlemen," he said, with a certain reserve of dignity. "I tasted the core of the apple of life—I knew an ultimate happiness. We loved with an all-absorbing love—such a love as cynics laugh to scorn. I built about my person white walls of paradise; I imagined a state perpetual, where only her face would bend to me from the skies—only her voice come to me in song—only her touch connect me with the living world. I was beyond content. I had transcended happiness. This is not hyperbole, gentlemen. This is, tho you may doubt, the love-story of a plain man.

"We emerged from that idyllic state into an even dearer one. There came the time—how precious only we who lose it ever know—when *home* began to have meaning to it. We began to fashion and reconstruct our nest for the coming of our young. We built together—so closely welded, so sacredly one that our hearts were pæaning a psalm perpetual. We thrilled to the knowledge that this deep love of ours was to be made manifest—that before our very eyes, tangible to our touch, was to be our welded spirit—our united flesh."

Vera was sobbing now, softly. Mulhall's keen eyes were cloudy. The officers cleared their throats and thought it a queer yarn for a confessed murderer.

"Then Vera came," the antiquarian went on—"little image of my heart's heart. My little dear—" Reinhart looked over at the young, bowed head yearningly. "I want to say now," he went on, "that she has been the sunshine to an old man's darkened mind——"

"WE LOVED WITH AN ALL-ABSORBING LOVE—SUCH A LOVE AS CYNICS LAUGH TO SCORN"

"Oh, daddy—no—no——" the girl choked, and Mulhall patted her compassionately.

"Yes, dearie," the old man nodded fondly, "you've had a sad life and a strange one with a gray-haired, weary man whose life was over ere ever yours began in consciousness. And I'd have lain at rest many years ago, my little love, if it had not been for you.

"Ah, well! the little Vera grew out of babyhood. My wife—my more than love—was never really strong after the baby's birth. They needed things my previous means weren't adequate to meet. I began to force myself from the four walls of my heaven on earth. I began to think more of business achievement—of getting along. I began working nights, and the strain gave me an unintentional air of preoccupation. I began, in short, that curious neglect to which man—ignorant, blundering man—is prone—the neglect of the spiritual for the material—the neglect of the soul for the substance. So greatly did my love need expression that I sought to portray it by an extra servant, fine raiment, a coach and pair. I rebuilded my house, and each accursed nail drove its bleeding way into my love's young heart. Every sense-dulled night that I snored away, caressing the mighty dollar in my dreams, was a gateway to hell for me. For thru them *she* was lying, wide-eyed, no doubt—those tender eyes so long, long closed tonight—and eager-mouthed. She was hungering and sobbing for the romance she thought had died; she was wearing an ardent,

"THEY STRUGGLED—BEFORE I COULD INTERVENE THE PISTOL WENT OFF. IT SHOT HER—THRU THE HEART——"

bright soul out for the passion of yesteryear; she was taking leave of the real and making ready for the counterfeit. 'Solace—that was all it was—heart-hunger and solace; woman and man—between them a barrier invisible.

"Women with ardent hearts and rare minds are delicate, curious things. Their very supersensitiveness, that is the keenest joy to him they love, is often his very undoing. What the strange workings of their imaginative minds can be I cannot know. What impulses swerve them—what passions burn their lovely bodies—are hidden—

"After all, it is a very old tale I am telling. It is happening, God pity us! every day we live; it is blurred and stained afresh by precedent.

"One day—I saw her in a restaurant—with my bank clerk. I'd never liked him. None of his associates did. He was the kind a man introduces to his wife unwillingly, and forbids his daughter to entertain'—there was that about him——"

The old man stopped, and the group stared down, fascinated, at the murdered man. His blood seemed to give forth a rank stench; his hands were clammily white; he had all of death's horror and none of its majesty when the soul wins thru to the flesh and stamps the plainest face at last.

"There was that in her lovely eyes which I had believed could be there for me alone among men. There was the tenderness on her mouth that had been there only in our moments of closest happiness. She was giving to him, subtly, tho unmistakably to my tortured eyes, the blossom of the love I had plucked when the world was young and God was in His heaven."

"Oh, daddy — darling ——" The girl's voice was pitiful, tremulous—pitiful for his age, his lonely grief; pitiful for the young mother who had thrown her pearls before swine.

The antiquarian raised his hand. "In that moment," he said resonantly, "I committed the murder I am accused of tonight. That man—that man who was stealing, deliberately, cowardly, viciously, the lifeblood from my veins—that man died that night. He died, I say, tho his vile flesh has trod the earth these twenty years and more. He died to God; he died to me, with whom he must do his last accounting.

"There is the thief who steals gold—who steals jewels—and food—and the honor of men. They shall be justly dealt with according to their sins. But the man who steals another man's wife—the mate of a man's body; the manna of his soul; the sacred mother of his children—that man is a putrid excrescence upon the face of the earth. That man stinks and is foul to earth beneath and heaven over the earth. That man is shunned of the devil and spat upon by God. He must be wiped out!"

Reinhart's voice rose to a quavering crescendo; he half-rose in his chair. Vera sobbed aloud, and he dropped back.

"Pardon, my little one," he said weakly; "pardon, gentlemen, but I am unchaining tonight the repression of twenty years—twenty years dropped, one by one, back into the grave.

"That very night she left me—to go with him. She left me—she who had cleaved to me like ripe fruit to a tree; she who had visioned and dreamed and romanced; she who had slept on my breast and worked by my side by day—bore me my child in reverence and in joy—planned with me beautiful twilight years—a life beyond the life we're living now.

"Have you ever, gentlemen, been lost on a trackless desert—lost beyond any known boundaries—without the least familiar thing to guide you home? That was my feeling—my poor numb feeling. 'This cannot be I,' my stiff lips would say; 'this stricken thing *cannot* be I.'"

"Then the law of possession took hold of me—the hunting law—the law that says 'This is *my* woman—beyond cavil—beyond dispute; my woman because I *want* her—because I am male and have possessed her.' 'No matter what she has done,' my hot blood urged, 'she is yours—your own—you have your prior right.'

"And so I followed them—traced them from town to town, from hotel to hotel. Fevered, burning days they were—days that, like some dread disease, ate away my youth, decayed my manhood, gnawed at my soul. One day I found them.

"She was going to come back to me—poor sullied thing, dragging her bruised wings behind her—a delicate flower crushed 'neath a rude heel. She had left her hearthstone in answer to a call. She had thought it love come back again—love in another guise—love that would give her her dreams again—and lo! she had followed a carnal thing that rose up to mock her, and bruise her at last. Well, she was going to come back to me; she could not know that she would have returned to a corpse.

"I found her in a hotel in a small Western town. She was standing in her room, with a pistol in her hand. I thought it was meant for herself—perhaps for me.

"'Dont shoot,' I said, in a voice that seemed leagues off; 'I have come to take you back home.'

"She broke into a low, moaning, heartbreaking sob that played upon me like wild music.

"I saw that she was on the verge of hysteria—a broken wraith of her former self.

"'There is Vera, too,' I said; 'she does not know what has happened. She is ready for a mother; to give and take love thirstily.'

"'And you—*you*,' she cried—'have you nothing to say for yourself?'

"I bowed my head; my mouth gaped open. I could not speak, but my heart throbbed as of old at the sight of her, and I was ready to forgive.

"She was going to kill him, if necessary, to obtain her liberty.

"He came in; they struggled; before I could intervene the pistol went off. It shot her—thru the heart——"

"Oh!" Vera shuddered violently and swayed. Mulhall knelt by her and held her against him.

The antiquarian closed his eyes an instant. Over his face a gray pallor swept.

"I took the gun," he said, "and I swore a solemn oath that the remaining bullet should be my vengeance.

"A week ago I heard his voice—the voice I've waited twenty years to hear. I am an old man. My mind does not work with the alacrity it should. The voice troubled me—stirred me. I heard it a second time—a third time—in altercation with Vera. That time—that third time—I knew."

The old man rose from his chair. His slight figure seemed to tower. His white hair gleamed with the weight of his burdened years.

"I killed him, gentlemen," he thundered, "with the same pistol—with the remaining bullet. I killed him—and I did it—I did it, gentlemen, in the name of God Almighty—I——"

The strong voice snapped as by the snapping of a thread. The false strength ebbed—and the avenger went to meet his Maker with His name upon his lips.

In the shop, after John Reinhart had been laid to his last rest, the young playwright stood tenderly close to the white-faced, black-clad daughter he had left behind.

"I love you, dear," he said simply.

Vera looked up at him. "*Dare* you," she breathed, "after—the——"

"Hush—my beloved. Dont you hear me? I love you."

Vera crept close to him. "Faith founded on unfaith," she whispered. "God grant we may prove it true!"

"FAITH FOUNDED ON UNFAITH," SHE WHISPERED. "GOD GRANT WE MAY PROVE IT TRUE!"

ENJOYING THE MOVIES THO BLIND.

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THOSE folks who have the misfortune to be deprived of their sight are robbed of the most precious gift possessed by us human beings—the power to see. It must be agonizing to know that all things are around you, yet you cannot do more than imagine what the world looks like.

It is much better, in my opinion, for the blind to patronize the legitimate or vaudeville theaters, for at these shows they can follow intelligently the trend of the play or act by the conversation of the actors. It stands to reason, therefore, that they cannot enjoy the movies so much as you and I; but, despite the inability of the sightless to watch the actions of the players, the stage-settings and the lovely, natural backgrounds, they have discovered a way out of the difficulty.

Over in England, at Nottingham, the pupils of an institution for the blind visit a local Motion Picture theater twice a week. They prefer being seated in the front row, for a mere handful of the pupils can see just a little, and the closer they are to the screen the larger the films become. For the benefit, however, of those of their comrades who have lost their sight entirely, they tell them every little point that occurs in each photoplay, and anything left to their imagination is ably brought home to them by the rendering of appropriate music and effects to the films. It is good to watch them when a really funny comedy comes on the screen, for they laugh as heartily as their partly afflicted companions.

The pianist of a photoplay theater in Bolton, recently, fell a victim to illness, and the exhibitor was in a dilemma as to whom to get temporarily to hold down the important position. It occurred to him, none too soon, that there was a blind pianiste of local fame who was generally at liberty for an engagement. The candy boy was stationed at her side to describe to her the films as they were put on. One of these was entitled, "Hearts That See," in which a specialist restores the sight of a blind girl.

The picture brought tears to the audience, but fully fifty per cent. of the credit was due to the efforts of the blind pianiste, who played a most haunting melody.

It seems as tho, at some distant date, that the sightless will be watching photoplays especially produced for them, for a Frenchman, M. Dussand, has conceived a contrivance which enables the blind to feel the films. The invention is in the form of a disk manipulated by machinery. By laying the tips of the fingers on this, a blind person can feel the moving objects. This is accomplished by the figures being modeled in relief.

The device is limited to the most simple subjects, but, none the less, it registers a step in the advancement of enjoyment for the blind.

"SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST" (Mutual)

MARION SUNSHINE

FLORENZ TEMPEST

THE HEART OF A MERMAID

BY NORMAN BRUCE -:IMP:-

This story was written from the Photoplay of ELAINE STERNE

"GIRLS," said Tommie Taber, sententiously, lifting one morocco-slippered foot over a lavender silk pajama'd knee, "are dowagers at eighteen and girlish only when they have arrived at the kittenish age of thirty-five."

The group of youths in elegant undress, lounging about the smoking-room of Bailey Dryden's yacht, *Sea Lass*, nodded gloomily. The oldest of them was just arrived at voting age; the youngest caressed the downy, precious promise of a mustache by-and-by. They were men of the world. They knew women; they knew everything.

"Right-o, my boy," lisped the pop-eyed scion of a noble Milwaukee house, upon whose crest a beer-bottle argent foamed pleasantly upon field vert; "nev' knew a girl yet, in our set, y'know, that wasn't deucedly conventional. Between us, as men of the world, they're weally bores, y'know."

"Y' find the live ones in the chorus," offered a weary Methuselah of twenty with fleur-de-lys embroidered on his socks. "Trouble with gals these days—they're too artificial for a reg'lar *man's* taste. All for dress and soci'ty and that sort of rot—nothin' natural about 'em."

The weary one blew a cloud of cigaret smoke thru his nostrils and shook his head. "Find me a gal that says what she thinks instead of what she wants a fellah to think she thinks, an' she can have me," he offered in a burst of generosity.

"Romance," propounded Tommie, who had the name of an epigrammist, "has become rules—*Beata Beatrix* is now Beatrice Fairfax, and etiquette and eugenics have bidden love to beat it. Now, look at this"—he lifted a sheet of notepaper from the writing-pad before him—"Bailey's letter to his fiancée—if he will leave his love-letters around there's no reason we shouldn't read them. 'DEAR DORA'—observe the ardent beginning—'We are having a very enjoyable trip.' Embarrassing to listen to, isn't it? 'The weather has been fine up to date. Nothing of any particular interest has occurred.' Jove! this shy, young sentiment makes me blush. 'Tonight we pass Mermaid Rock. If I see one, will try to get a snapshot and send it to you.' Sounds like Baedeker, doesn't it? And he's going to marry the girl in three weeks!"

"Poor devil!" The youngest of the party twirled the mustache-that-was-to-be, knowingly. "Fine gal, Dora Wainwright, o' course, an' all that—scads o' position and ancestors, but a bit shy on the dough, eh? Old Bailey's been a fair mark for the mother-in-law — God bless 'em!—ever since his gov'nor blinked——"

"Hey! you blighters down below," their host's voice urged, excitedly, from the companion-way, "quit gossiping like a ladies' sewing circle, and come up here quick! I'm going dotty or it's the lobster we had for dinner—hang it, if it's that, I'm on the lobster diet for the rest of my life."

Taber dropped the letter, hastily, in its original position and regarded his slippered feet fretfully.

"Yachting," he grumbled, "to be a gentleman's sport, should mean seeing as little of the water as possible. Here we were almost as comfortable, in spite of the hardships of a fisherman's life, as we would have been on shore, and now we've got to dress and go on deck. It's almost dark and, I dare say, beastly cold—br-r-r!"

When, ten minutes later, an unenthusiastic group of ulsters lined up alongside their host on the dusky deck, they found him staring fixedly at a black rock, spray-drenched and stark against the scarlet, evening sky.

"Look there!" he directed, without turning. "See if you see her—on the left of the rock. No, that's not she. By the living powers, she's *gone!*"

He turned a bewildered countenance upon his friends. No amount of millions could make Bailey Dryden look like anything but a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed schoolboy—a fact he mourned sincerely in secret and attempted to disavow by a choice of reckless, daredevil haberdashery and the most hardened and dissipated checked suits that could be wheedled from his horrified tailor. More than

"TONIGHT WE PASS MERMAID ROCK. IF I SEE ONE, WILL TRY TO GET A SNAP-SHOT AND SEND IT TO YOU"

ever hopelessly ingenuous he looked now as, baby-blue eyes round with amazement, and mouth puckered into a Cupid's bow, he stared upon his guests.

"Fellows," he stammered, "I've seen a mermaid! That's what I've seen."

Tommie Taber laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder, including the others in a large, knowing wink. "S'all right, old man," he comforted him, sympathetically; "you just come along to bed and get Johnson to fix you up a cup of black coffee. Feel good as new in the morning. I *thought* you oughtn't have risked that last highball——"

"Get out!" Bailey roared indignantly; "I'm not drunk, you duffer! I tell you I *did* see a mermaid on that rock yonder—saw her plain as I see you now. That's Mermaid Rock, but, of course I didn't believe in the stuff they tell about it, and then I saw her! She was sitting on the top, with the spray dashing over her and the wind whipping her hair; you never imagined any one so beautiful! And she *waved her hand* at me——"

The young men looked at one another blankly. The scion of the House of Beer essayed a feeble joke: "Bally bad form to wave her hand without being introduced," he murmured. "It isn't etiquette, my boy, but it may be *wet*tiquette."

"Two Manhattans too much—he hasn't the head for 'em," sighed Taber; then, soothingly—"of course you saw a mermaid, old man—seen 'em myself; 'member I saw a three-headed monkey with a pink tail, once, climbing a lamp-post, after a bachelor dinner. You come along with your Uncle Tommie, Dryden, and he'll fix you up O. K."

"So you dont believe me, eh?" Bailey looked from one grinning face to another, and his jaw set under the pink skin. "Oh, very well; you dont have to, you know. But, by Jove! I'll prove it tomorrow!" and he strode off along the deck, injured dignity in every stiffened line.

"What d'you make of it?" in the smoking-room the others queried blankly. "Is he kiddin' us along, or has he gone nutty—what?"

"He'll have forgotten all about it in the morning," settled Taber, conclusively; "how about a go at poker, fellers, and a tray of tall ones, eh?"

But the morning found the situation more puzzling than ever. Along the rail a row of awestruck faces regarded the same black rock of the night before, and nearing it, a speck on the dazzling waves, the yacht's dingy with the solitary figure of their host at the oars. In the deeps of his intellect Taber groped and drew from it this mighty fact.

"We stopped here last night, and we haven't gone on," he gasped. "Boys, his coming marriage has unbalanced him. I'm going to wire Dora Wainwright to come on."

In his dingy Bailey Dryden was having a hard time of it to keep the cockle-shell of a boat from being pounded to bits in the surf that raged around the Mermaid's Rock. Daylight robbed it of much of its moonlit glamor, showing its black, slimy sides a-sprawl with seaweed and several pale, limp, jelly creatures plastered above the water-line; yet his vision of the evening led him on. As surely as he had ever seen the somewhat stagey form of his affianced, he had seen the slim, white figure flash up out of the bright mist of spray, one rounded arm lifted in a lovely, free gesture of beckoning, as she smiled at him from the dark shadows of her blowing hair. A young man born within sound of Broadway and nurtured on the noisy pap of Manhattan is not apt to be an imaginative creature. Bailey was not imaginative. If he had been he would not be where he was now, steering his little craft thru an exceedingly narrow cove, with a tiny golden beach winking beyond, in search of a fabled lady with a pretty, silver tail. It was stern fact he was after, and unbelievable fact that he found as he beached the boat and strode up the slope of sand.

There, curled in the cool, blue shadow of the rock, lay a little mermaid, fast asleep, with her dimpled arms clasped around a fat, purring baby-seal. At least, she must have been a mermaid, tho, looking at her lovely face, Bailey forgot to make sure about the tail; and, if he had looked for it, he would have seen nothing but a slim, curved shape beneath a cloud of long, dark hair.

Bailey gazed, spellbound, until embarrassment swept over his soul. He removed his hat and cleared his throat, loudly, in the approved fashion of a gentleman forced by circumstances to address a lady to whom he has not been introduced.

"Hem!" he ventured. "How—er—how do you do?"

The mermaid's eyelids flew open. She sat up against the rock and stared

ONE ROUNDED ARM LIFTED IN A LOVELY, FREE GESTURE OF BECKONING, AS SHE SMILED AT HIM FROM THE DARK SHADOWS OF HER BLOWING HAIR

at the young man with a cool, green gaze, while the little seal scudded away.

"Who," she said sweetly, at last, in a voice that had a tiny lisp in it like that of small, sunny waves curling on the sand—"who are you?"

Bailey fumbled nervously in his pocket and presented, bowing, a square of pasteboard. "My card," he explained—"the Pennsylvania Drydens, you know. I can give you any number of references——"

The mermaid surveyed the card with disfavor. "Is that a references?" she lisped. "It is not very pretty. Haven't you something prettier than that you could give me?"

The heart of Bailey Dryden—Manhattanite, member of the Yale Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Lotos and Salmagundi—gave a sudden, surprising flop under his correct, white flannels. He was not quite aware of how it all happened, but he found himself on the rock, beside the mermaid, his arm about her resisting form.

"Yes, I have something much prettier," he was saying. "Hold still a minute and I'll give it to you."

The little mermaid obeyed. An interval, while the silver ripple of the waves on the sand was the only sound; then, "What was that you gave me?" she asked wonderingly.

"A kiss," said Bailey Dryden.

The mermaid clapped her hands and wreathed her white arms around his neck as a slim wave curls lovingly around a rock.

"I like kisses!" she cried. "Have you any more kisses left, man?"

Sudden convention gripped the young man. He drew away, frowning. "I say!" protested he, "it isn't good form for a young lady to ask a man to kiss her, you know—that is, not in so many words. It isn't done in good society."

"But," said the mermaid, with a little catch in her soft voice, "I am not a young lady in good society. I am only a mermaid in the sea." She leaned forward, anxiously, looking up into his face. "If I were a young lady, would you like me better?" she asked—"would you promise not to get tired of me?"

This, at least, had a familiar sound. Dora often asked the same question, and, somehow, the answer to it was even readier on his tongue now than usual.

"Never!" he swore, gazing into the strange, clear, changing colors of her eyes—"never!"

With a little, flashing peal of laughter she sprang up and lifted her long tresses where they trailed upon the rock. "See!" she sang, pointing to two small, white feet, touched with pink like the lining of a shell—"see! I have become a human because you love me and I love you. Am I not like other young ladies now?"

"I cant say you are," hesitated Bailey—"not like any young lady I ever saw, anyway."

"But why not?"

"Well," he explained weakly, "for one thing, young ladies I know dont say they love you, even if they do. They—er—pretend they dont, you know, and keep you guessing and—er—act awf'ly bored and all that when you tell 'em you're gone on 'em."

"How strange!" said the mermaid, sadly. "Then, if I am to be a young lady, I must learn to pretend things that aren't so? I'm afraid I shall find that very hard. But come"—she held out her hand—"let us go. Now that I have two feet, I am almost afraid of the sea."

"But you cant go back to the yacht *this* day without any clothes!" gasped Bailey, horrified. "Here!" He dragged off his coat and wrapt her in it, covering her almost to her feet. "When we get on board I'll rustle a suit of Li Hung Chi's for you to wear till we get to the next department store."

"And must young ladies wear clothes?" she sighed, as she followed him to the boat. "I have seen them sometimes when they came into my ocean, bathing, and they didn't wear many then."

They had almost reached the yacht-side, when Bailey gave a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove!" he cried, panic-stricken, "I'd almost forgotten to ask your name; what should I have done when I came to introduce you?"

"The ocean people called me Algæ," the mermaid said; "what is 'introduce,' please?"

Bailey did his best to explain, but Algæ shook her head at the end. "It is very queer that just saying a few words will make two people friends, when it would be improper for them to be friends without," she sighed; "and then, after they are introduced to me, I suppose they will all kiss me too, the way you did?"

"No!" shouted Bailey, so loudly that he nearly overturned the boat. "You mustn't let any one kiss you, except me, and," he added, desperately, as he ran the boat in under the *Sea Lass'* ladder, "dont ask me why young ladies dont kiss all the young men they meet, for I dont know!"

A half-hour later, dressed in a loose, scarlet, Chinese costume, so large that

it quite eclipsed her tiny hands and feet, Bailey led his find proudly into the smoking-room. Six uptilted chairs crashed to the floor as six dazzled youths came to their electrified feet at a bound.

"Boys," said their host, triumphantly, "I think you may remember I spoke last night of seeing a mermaid on the rock yonder. You wouldn't believe me then, but maybe you will now when I present Miss Algæ to you!"

The partings across the tops of six sleek heads presented themselves simultaneously toward Algæ. In one voice the six cried aloud, fervently, "Delighted, I'm sure!"

"So he *was* just kidding us, after all!" murmured the Beer Baron to Taber. "I wonder where he found her? A fishermaid, I daresay! Who would have thought the old chap such a sly one?

HE FOUND HIMSELF ON THE ROCK BESIDE THE MERMAID, HIS ARM ABOUT HER RESISTING FORM

My word, but she's a charming creature, weally!"

He settled his necktie with a killing air. Beside him the youngest member tugged valiantly at his imaginary mustache, murmuring, ecstatically, "Oh, I say!"

Algæ included them all in a dazzling smile; then very proudly, she stooped and pulled up the engulfing folds of her satin trouser-leg.

"See!" she pointed out—"see my feet. Aren't they beautiful?"

No sophisticated débutante ever made a more favorable entrance into society. Enslaved, they gathered about her, while Bailey endeavored to fit a large, Chinese slipper upon her small, bare foot—an endeavor which her struggles and the size of the slipper rendered vain.

The morning passed, with Algæ the center of interest, as she pattered up and down the boat, exclaiming, naïvely, over its strangenesses. Toward afternoon a cloud appeared on the horizon of happiness. Tommie Taber discovered it first and smote his brow with a groan of recollection.

"Dora Wainwright and mama-in-law-to-be!" he exclaimed, pointing at the puffing launch determinedly overhauling the *Sea Lass*. "What in the name of Pete are we going to do?"

Bailey paled perceptibly at his fiancée's name. "I shall explain the exact truth of the matter," he said hurriedly. "No sensible girl is going to be jealous of a—a mermaid."

"There is no such a thing as a sensible girl when it comes to another girl," said his wise friend, "and you'll have to admit, old man, that your story does sound a bit—fishy. No—much better for us to keep Algæ out of the way till this evening, and then one of us will row her quietly ashore."

So it was agreed. Algæ, unaware of the advancing crisis, was led down the deck by the devoted six, while Bailey sprang to the companionway to meet and greet his guests. But his reprieve was not a long one. Even as he stooped to kiss his fiancée's thin, prim lips, a small figure sprang angrily along the deck and thrust itself between the betrothed. With quivering finger, Algæ indicated the amazed Dora.

"Is it, then, the custom among humans for a man to kiss all the young ladies he meets, while a young lady can kiss only one man?" she raged. "If I were introduced to her, I would tell her I do not like her. I would tell her she is not pretty and her feet are big—not little, like mine!"

The Dryden fortune covered a multitude of sins, as Mrs. Wainwright, purple and angry, but cautious, told her daughter several hours later as they were dressing for dinner. And of course, it was to be expected that men would be men, engaged or not.

"But I really *do* think," said the exasperated lady, "that it was really

(*Continued on page* 74)

The Character Man of the Movies

By ALBERT MARPLE. With Illustrations by MURDOCK MacQUARRIE and HENRY WALTHALL

It is probable that the work of no actor in the Motion Picture business is so little understood as is that of the character man. The extent to which some of these character actors have perfected their art is not in the least realized by those who are not on the "inside." This actor must be an expert in the line of "make-up," must be very proficient in dramatic art and must have a knowledge of the costumes worn by the peoples of every nationality. He must be able to impersonate the young, the middle-aged and the aged, male or female, and must be capable, at a moment's notice, of throwing himself into the most difficult of situations, which may call for any one or several of the long string of emotions. Almost every morning sees this actor in some new rôle, while the regular man, who needs not be so versatile, does but the single style of work.

One of the principal assets of the character man is his knowledge of facial make-up. This facial make-up for the Motion Picture is usually done with but two colors—white and black. On the "legitimate" stage a number of colors are used, but being limited to two colors, on account of the fact that colors other than white and black do not register accurately on the film, the Motion Picture actor is compelled to do with these what the stage actor does with many.

Facial make-up consists to a great extent in accentuating the natural lines of the face, except where deep character work is being done, in which work only the lines which go to create the character which at the given time is being portrayed, are emphasized. Not only is the black crayon applied, but the black lines are brought out even more prominently by placing these lines upon a background of white. The make-up of the Motion Picture character actor has been termed a case of "light and shadow." There is no intermediate color with which to work, and this alone classifies the work of making-up for the movies an art in itself. Just as the painter of pictures knows instinctively that a touch here and a shadow there is needed to properly bring out a certain expression, so the artistic character actor knows where to place the light or the shadow that will serve to bring out the particular expression for which he is seeking.

While costume has little to do with the registration upon the film of the various emotions, it does play an important part in character work. In fact, without the costume the portraying of many of the various characters would be impossible. The character actor must be an ardent student of all types of men if he would succeed in his chosen work. He must study human nature as it exists around him. At all times and in all places, be it on the street, in the home, or in the place of business, he must be alert for new traits in various types of people. He must study every nationality, for he never knows what type of person he will be called upon to impersonate. Character men are sometimes cast on a scant five minutes' notice.

Right here it will be seen that the

MR. MAC QUARRIE AS DR. JEKYLL

AND AS MR. HYDE

work of the character man of the movies is a much bigger job than is that of a similar actor on the legitimate stage. On the regular stage the pitch of the voice, the peculiar accent placed upon the words that are spoken and the inflection of the voice given at the ends of words are, in a very large measure, responsible for the successful portrayal of many characters. As the sound of the voice is not registered on the films, it consequently plays no part in the producing of a Motion Picture play.

To the extent that a character man of the movies is handicapped by not having the use of the voice, so much more expression must he put into the other phases of the work. The intensity of the various emotions must be magnified; the make-up, which includes the costume, must be more accurate and complete, and the distinguishing traits of the various nationalities must be emphasized. In other words, the immensity of the Motion Picture character man's work is seldom realized, even by the character man on the regular stage. Before the camera the actor's utmost must be given, and even then there will be points that will be slighted.

To the type of actor under discussion the character face is absolutely necessary, this being especially true with regard to Motion Picture work. This type of face is strong, expressive, clear in outline, etc., generally possessing certain lines which are quite essential. The shape of the face is all-important. On the regular stage almost any shaped face will do, the voice often being effectively used to fill the vacancy caused by lack of strength of face. Some faces are over-expressive; others lack this element of expression. The trick is to be able to strike a "happy medium" of expression; in other words, to go "just far enough."

A feature which goes hand in hand with make-up in this character work is the acting out of the part that one is portraying, this consisting of gestures, expressions of face, standing and sitting postures, etc. For instance, the Chinaman as he stands conversing will always stand with hands before him, the palm of one hand pressed upon the back of the other, the ends of the fingers of each hand playing within the sleeve of the opposite arm, knees bent slightly forward, etc. This point is emphasized in the flat-footed walk of the Indian, the dragging upon the ground of the heels of the cowboy's boots, and the "hitch" given now and then to the trousers by the sailor who has spent several years in the service of the navy or merchant marine. The fact of the matter is that if these characteristic traits are not followed out, the impersonation falls flat—something is lacking—and this is noticeable at once, no matter how perfectly the costume work and make-up have been done. The instances wherein the individual is an artist in both the acting and the make-up line are indeed rare. Almost invariably the actor "falls down" in one of these qualifications.

Another requisite of the character actor is that he possess, instinctively,

HENRY WALTHALL IN "THE OUTER EDGE" (ESSANAY)

the knowledge of the "business" of the Motion Picture play. He must be a man of quick thought. He must know the character that he is impersonating so well that he will realize at a moment's notice what that particular character would do under any unusual circumstance, should that circumstance take place suddenly during the acting of a play. He must live the very life of the character he is acting. He must get into the spirit and stay there. To illustrate this point might be mentioned the fact that an associate of Murdock J. MacQuarrie, character star and director of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, who is here seen in a number of his character impersonations, told him that during the acting of a certain aged character in a play which took several weeks to complete, he was so "grouchy" that no one could bear to be in his presence for any length of time. He truly lived the life of the character he was portraying, this being not confined to the time during which he was before the camera.

A necessity of the character man is to be able to change his own general physical lines to suit the part he is taking and exactly to duplicate this make-up day after day until the particular picture has been finished. Possibly small balls of cotton are placed within the nostrils to broaden the nose and change the face's contour.

The character actor is the "big man" of the movies today. He is, in short, the "utility" actor in the true sense of the word. When the old grouch is wanted, the character man is called. When the minister is needed, again is the character man pressed into service. Then there are the cowpuncher, the Indian, the gambler, the sheriff, the Spaniard, the detective, the loving father, the outlaw, the knight of old, etc., who, when the truth is known, are none other than the character man.

HENRY McRAE

FRANK DANIELS

CALVERT

MR. & MRS. SIDNEY DREW

ELLA HALL

BILLIE RITCHIE

EARLE

Elsie Janis

SHEA

Photoplayer Whose Power of Song Is a Great Social Asset

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE

WHEN Gerda Holmes rehearsed the rôle of the little blind singer, in "A Song in the Dark," at the Essanay studios, a little while back, she gave almost every one concerned in the production of the picture the surprise of their lives. It had become an ordinary, everyday occurrence to see some fair photoplay star act superbly and sing execrably. But when this little player, who had her origin in the land of the Vikings, began to sing in that well-known scene where the blind girl lifts up her voice, the thrill of amazement that went thru the audience at the Essanay trial theater will never be forgotten by them. They had known the star as an exceptionally fine actress, but no one, with possibly the exception of the director himself, was aware that she was the possessor of a wonderful voice.

Since that time the heroine of "A Song in the Dark," "The Seventh Prelude," and other photoplay gems of a like nature, has, thru her wonderful gift of song, become a very popular social favorite in the studios. Born in Chicago, taken to Denmark when five years old, then, eleven years later, back to the land of her birth, little Gerda was obliged to learn the English language all over again. But the period spent by her in the fatherland of her parents instilled in the young girl of sixteen a love of art that was to become part of her very being in the rich future.

The accompanying picture calls to mind a beautiful woodland sprite, whose mischievous eyes draw on the passionate lover to pursue her thru a maze of sylvan loveliness till capture shall subdue her merry pranks. At least, that is how it strikes the writer. It is a pose of Gerda Holmes that is artistic to a degree and one that has been greatly admired.

This versatile little lady will shortly be seen in a George Ade comedy, entitled "The Fable of the Family That Did Too Much for Nellie." It is a wonderfully humorous portrayal of a cook who was a heroine, and a heroine who wasn't a cook. It's true to the troubles and whimsies of life, and the work of Gerda Holmes as Nellie is said to be such that even her most intimate friends are filled with wonder and amazement.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCREENIES

(The Moth and the Flame)

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

THE Photoger looked staunch and bright,
But needed rest, I think;
For quite a while, both day and night,
He had not slept a wink.

"At last," says he, "my vigil ends;
The time for work is here."
Then thru his telephone he sends
A message sharp and clear.

"I need the complete Screenie band."
The Dictor hears the voice;
Then gives the one word of command
To his lieutenant choice.

Away they speed in eager race,
Like darting swallows fleet;
Each trying first to reach the place,
The absent one to greet.

With antics rare they gambol round
In many an airy whirl;
Then land expertly on the ground,
Each whisker in a curl.

To them the Photoger explained
Just what he wanted done,
And every Screenie there retained
At once on errands run.

They gathered sprucy boughs so good
To make a bower, you see,
And cotton from the cotton-wood,
As soft as soft could be.

They lined it like a downy bed
With moonbeam silver spun,
Then cushioned sweet-fern at its head,
And, lo! the bed was done.

For when there's work to do, you see,
The Screenies labor cheerfully.

Within an humble country home,
Far from the city's moil and strife,
Securely sheltered from the storm
That breaks upon the shore of life,
A discontented maiden's heart
Was beating furiously and fast,
For she had planned within an hour
Her homely life aside to cast.

Bright visions of a rosy dream
To live within the city gay,
False promise from the cloying lips
Of one who came from far away.
There waiting in the dark alone,
Without a sigh or parting tear,
His honeyed promise she recalled
And bent an eager, listening ear.

But now the Screenies have arrived,
Invisible, but swift and sure;
The Opter, with his magic wand,
Now seals her ears and eyes secure.

Then thru the window, gently—so,
They lay her in the bower prepared,
And swiftly o'er the hills they go—
Each Screenie in the burden shared.

They journeyed over hill and vale
Into a city's brilliant sheen—
Into a Motion Picture show,
With living pictures on the screen;
And there the Opter loosed the spell
That held her in its grasp secure
And bade her read the written truth
Of moths whom brilliant lights allure.

She read and saw the pathway bright
In which unwary feet may stray,
The sin and shame, despair and death
That border on the lighted way;
The misery, woe and broken hearts;
The aftermath of discontent;
The object of some parent's love
Which to the lowest depths descends.

Back to her room they quickly fly—
A voice had softly called her name,
And, in the darkness of her room,
Her face flushed with the flush of shame.
But with a thankful heart still clean,
She bade the tempter go his way,
Because the Screenies and the screen
Had taught their lesson well that day.

HOW I BECAME A PHOTO PLAYER

As I was trained for the operatic stage, and as I spent my time, before I was sixteen, following this line of work, every one seems to want to know why I am now a photoplayer.

When the California Motion Picture Corporation first offered to place me at the head of its company, it seemed very strange to me, because I could not imagine myself acting without an audience. I thought it would seem like a rehearsal, and I had always thought myself a poor rehearser. I thought the matter over carefully and looked at it from all angles, and finally decided that I would go into Motion Pictures. My father, who is Fernando Michelena, and who was considered to be the greatest tenor of his time, has always been my teacher and adviser. He thought it would be a good opportunity to criticise myself thru viewing myself on the screen. In this way I could correct any faults I might have.

Many people told me that work in pictures would be entirely too strenuous. They seemed to think that a singer was afraid of the air, and unable to swim, ride, climb or be athletic in any way. They thought exposure to different kinds of weather would injure my "music box," as most singers go around nursing their throats, all bundled up for fear of catching a cold or sore throat, and thus being "out of voice."

BEATRIZ MICHELENA

If some singers only knew that the tender care they give their throats makes them delicate and susceptible to cold and draft, more of them might join the Motion Picture business, for one is in best voice when healthy and strong. If they would get out and ride, swim or tramp, it would do them worlds of good, and there would be less throat-doctor bills to pay. There is nothing like exercise in the open air for the singer, or, for that matter, for anybody else.

Well, I have done a lot of things which were supposed to injure one's voice. I swam the Mohave river in "Salomy Jane," and had a wild ride on horseback, and I swam the same river in winter on the back of my horse, Dick, when we were filming "The Lily of Poverty Flat." I ran around barefooted in "Mignon" in all kinds of weather.

My father tells me I can still warble a little; so I know that being an outdoor girl and living a healthy, normal life as a screen actress improves the voice.

At all events, I intend to return to opera when Motion Pictures prove to be less attractive. But right now I am certainly enjoying every moment of this life as a photoplayer. The work has been wonderful.

BEATRIZ MICHELENA.

MIRIAM NESBITT

Life in a trunk, in dreary hotels and too familiar cities, had made stage-life a hardship instead of a pleasure. I tried conducting foreign tours, and drawing-room entertaining for the children, without sufficient financial success to warrant my continuing them as a regular means of livelihood. I intended to try newspaper work, interior decorating, violet-raising, and orange-ranching; but, for no special reason, one day I sent letters to five well-known trust picture studios and received replies from them all. I visited the Edison studio first and had a very satisfactory interview with Mr. Horace G. Plimpton, who arranged with a director to give me day-work. I did this for a short time and was then put on the guarantee list, which meant I was assured of twelve days' work a month. I played everything from ingénue leads to grand dame character parts. In eight months I went in the stock company, and this is my fifth winter with the Edison Company. I have spent two summers abroad as co-star with Mr. MacDermott, doing pictures, with the able support of an entire English company, and while picture-work is hard work, and the hours are very long, there is a variety and interest in the work, and your nights and

your home-life are what you choose to make them, and, unlike the stage, you are mistress of your leisure hours. MIRIAM NESBITT.

Only three years in photoplay, with an inconspicuous beginning with one company, would ordinarily mean a limited amount of experience in the work, but I think I can put in a claim for a graduate's diploma—that is, so far as having passed the grammar grades. I never expect to be wholly finished.

Instead of spending my vacation away from the city, I joined a friend and got a chance to play small parts at the Lubin studio for Colonel Joseph Smiley. Summer lapsed into autumn, and then winter came. I was still increasing my experience as a screen player. One thing led to another, until Mr. George Terwilliger gave me my first leading part in his play, "The Cry of the Blood." Last winter he chose me to go to St. Augustine with his special company, where I played a succession of important parts and had some unforgettable escapes. I wouldn't mention them if they had been the usual exaggerations of the ordinary press-agent, for an actor in the movies is expected to attach no importance to the daily risk of his life. But this was one degree more risky. A yacht was loaded with oil and set afire, the conflagration timed so that it would end with the explosion of a chest of powder. I was left aboard, with orders to jump into the water at a certain moment. With the fire raging behind me, and the powder due to explode within a minute, I hesitated to plunge over the rail. Why? Because I saw three sharks swimming near the surface. I could either be blown to smithereens or be nibbled by the sea-beasts. I plunged. By some miracle the sharks did not attack me. I am back at the Philadelphia studio, unscathed and happy. I like to specialize in wayward sons, dissolute brothers and bad boys generally. My ambition, however, is to abandon acting altogether and produce light comedies.

KEMPTON GREENE.

KEMPTON GREENE

I had heard so much about the Selig Polyscope Company, whose Chicago studio is but a short distance from my home, that when I decided to enter Motion Pictures this concern was the only one to whom I applied. I just went over to their studio with some girl friends. I did not know whether to take the work seriously or not, and I am afraid I looked upon my early days in the studio in the nature of a lark.

Soon, however, I caught the spirit of the players around me and realized there was something more than merely posing for pictures to the work. I began to study the screen and the camera, and soon the new art occupied all my attention. Mr. Selig visited the studio often and always seemed to take a great interest in all the players' work. That encouraged me, and when I was cast for important rôles in such big multiple-reel productions as "Your Girl and Mine," "The Millionaire Baby," "The House of a Thousand Candles," and "A Texas Steer," all thought of ever returning to the spoken drama vanished. I am very happy in my work now and consider the day I walked into the Selig studio the luckiest in my life. GRACE DARMOND.

GRACE DARMOND

Jacquelin Saunders is my name, according to the birth register in the Philadelphia parish where I first saw the light of day, in the year of the World's Columbian Exposition. But everybody knows me as Jackie. It's shorter and more to the point. What's more, I like it.

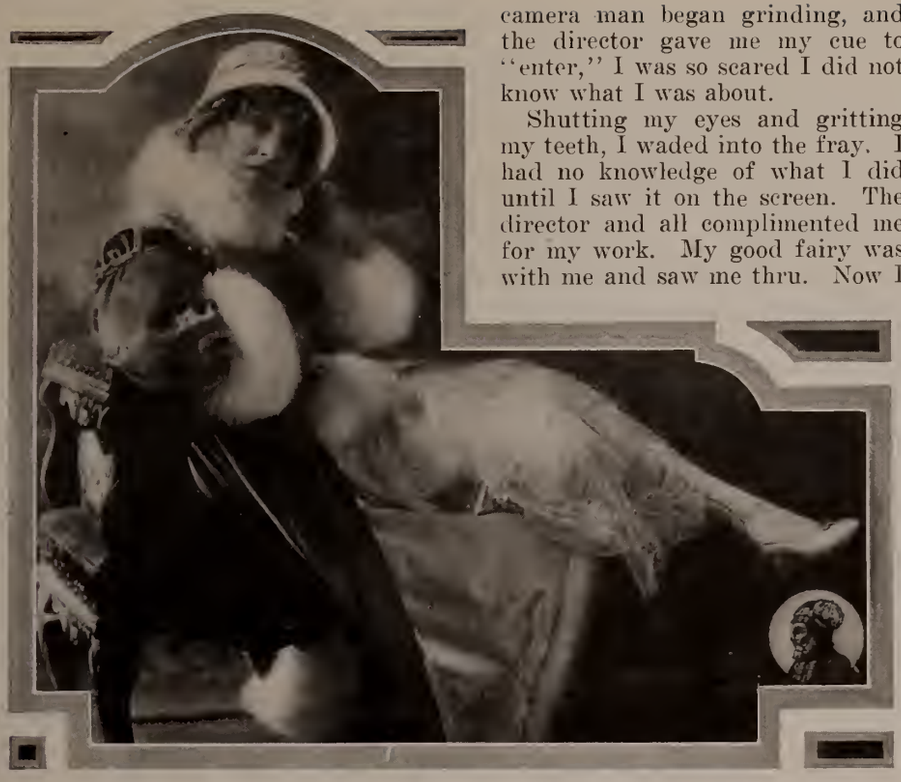
How did I become a leading woman in pictures for the Balboa Company?

Well, that's a long story. And then again it isn't, because I haven't been before the public so very long, now that I think of it.

But to begin at the beginning. As long as I can remember, I have been wild about dancing. Even as a wee child, I couldn't make my feet behave. So, at the age of five, I made my first public appearance with Dawson's Dancing Dolls, at Young's Million Dollar Pier, in Atlantic City. I was with them each summer thereafter for the next decade.

Then I played with the Forepaugh and Orpheum stock companies in Philadelphia, doing child parts and ingénues. About this time I became acquainted with Harrison Fisher, the artist and illustrator. Thru him, I went to New York and posed for a number of well-known painters. Among them were Clarence Underwood and Howard Chandler Christy.

Mr. Underwood was the first person to suggest that I go into Moving Pictures, as he thought I possessed unusual photographic qualities. At



JACKIE SAUNDERS

the time, pictures were just beginning to attract attention. But I was not much impressed, for my real leaning was toward the stage.

I obtained an introduction to David W. Griffith, of the Biograph Company. After a brief interview, he did not seem impressed. He said I would have to try out before he could engage me. That did not appeal to me, for I had determined that if the screen was to get me it would have to be as a principal or not at all.

So my next attempt was with the Reliance Company. Asked if I had had any experience before the camera, I spoke up resolutely and said, "Sure." May I be forgiven for the teeny-weeny untruth! I was engaged to play the leading part in a curdling melodrama, the sort that was so popular four years ago.

I never will forget my first scene. It was in front of Grace Church, in New York. In those days, picture-players were even more of a curiosity than now. So a big crowd assembled as soon as it became known we were to be photographed in the open. It was the first time I had ever seen a Motion Picture camera.

The director explained the action and "shot" the scene without ever rehearsing it, because he believed he had an experienced company. With a knife, I had to kill a girl who was entering the church to be married to my false lover. When the camera man began grinding, and the director gave me my cue to "enter," I was so scared I did not know what I was about.

Shutting my eyes and gritting my teeth, I waded into the fray. I had no knowledge of what I did until I saw it on the screen. The director and all complimented me for my work. My good fairy was with me and saw me thru. Now I was a real Motion Picture actress, anyway.

My next step upward was when I traveled to Los Angeles. At the time, there was a general westward movement among film players. I had had just enough experience to tell me that this was my line of work—at least for the time being. My first California engagement was with the Biograph Company. Then I went to the Kinemacolor, and finally put in a year and a half with the Universal.

When the Balboa Company opened its studio, I took a friend who had some scenarios to sell, to meet Mr. H. M. Horkheimer, the president and general manager. Knowing him to be a progressive producer who gave credit and promotion to artists on merit alone, I sought an engagement with his company. That was in December, 1913. He suggested that I go to work the next day. I did, and have been at the Long Beach studios ever since.

To date, I have appeared in no less than fifty film pieces, doing all sorts of rôles, from ragamuffins to society belles. I like for each one of my parts to be different. If there's a sameness, the work grows monotonous. Conventional characters have no appeal for me. I know that most people like to see their favorite players in fine clothes, and, being a woman, I like to wear them. But really, an "undressy" part—if I may so call it—suits me, for a change. Let me play a wholesome, care-free minx and I am happiest. Notwithstanding, we are often called on to do the very opposite. Yet, we can have our preferences.

That I like screen-work goes without saying. Why shouldn't I? All my success, so far, has been via the camera. I did so little on the spoken stage that I can lay no claim to having had a career in that realm. But some day I may. If the people continue to manifest interest in Jackie Saunders, I am theirs to command. I will be satisfied as long as I can entertain and interest them. They have been good to me, and I would do the same in return.

JACKIE SAUNDERS.

Becoming a photoplay actress means much more than appears on the face of the bare statement. The simple transition from the legitimate stage to the screen was accomplished, in my case, with little effort.

Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, gave me my first opportunity to appear on the screen; but I had to win my spurs—there was no royal road to fame. I played bits first; then small parts; then larger ones were entrusted to me; and today I am proud to be known as a Vitagraph star. But I had long before that learnt the art of acting.

I remember, as a child, pretending to faint on the doorstep of our house, and refusing to "come to" as the crowd collected.

The spanking I received was my only reward for doing the best bit of realistic acting of my young career.

LILLIAN WALKER

LILLIAN WALKER.

SCENE FROM "UNDER THE CRESCENT" (GOLD SEAL)

SAVING THE ANIMALS

By ERNEST A. DENCH

WHILE the main function of the Motion Picture is to entertain, it has many side lines of a useful kind, for it can perform what less eloquent mediums fail to accomplish.

Societies of all sorts are constantly enlisting the film's aid in order to present their cases before the masses; they having found it to be the most convincing method of bringing the facts home.

The Motion Picture can be a mighty cute detective, as the Cincinnati humane officers have discovered. At Cincinnati there is an amusement place which corresponds to New York's Coney Island. Here a Wild West troupe appeared recently. The humane men made it their business to be present at the first performance and were rewarded by seeing two acts of cruelty. These were a bullfight and a broncho being forced to perform extraordinarily hard stunts by urging it on with real spurs such as cowpunchers use. At the end of the show the officers had the show manager and his two riders arrested.

But they had the proof with which to put over their charge. It so happened that an animated newspaperman was on the job with his camera, his employers consenting to loan a copy of the film to the humane officers.

The European war has done one good thing—it has stopped the decrepit horse traffic between England, and Belgium and Holland. Horses which had served their period of usefulness were exported from London to these countries, there to be converted into food. The horses are in such a terrible condition that it would be humane to shoot them before they began their journey.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the early part of 1914 endeavored to pass a bill in Parliament to stop the shameful trade. They wanted the public to feel as strongly on the subject as they did, so that the bill would pass. They, therefore, had a film produced covering all phases of the decrepit horse traffic. The picture, when first shown, was so harrowing that it had to be censored before being released for public exhibition. Having seen the

BILLIE BURKE IN HER FIRST MOTION PICTURE

film myself, I can vouch for it convincing you in regard to the much needed reform.

It was intended to show the film in Belgium and Holland, with the object of influencing public opinion, but the war stepped in to spoil the society's plans.

With the advent of the war the British Blue Cross Society came into existence in order to administer aid to the wounded horses on the firing-line in France. Had not the society so timely come to the rescue, the prevailing ineffective medical treatment of horses would have continued.

The society, however, was sorely in need of funds, so the idea was conceived of having a short photoplay produced. The story was offered to exhibitors in the ordinary way, the local member in each town doing all in his power to attract folks to see the film.

The various organizations for the prevention of cruelty to animals have much to thank the photoplay producers for in putting on their "Be Kind to Animals" slogan in their regular productions. A typical example of this is presented in "Rags," in which Mary Pickford protects a dog which has been cruelly treated.

Most of the actors and actresses are horsemen and horsewomen, especially those in the West. Actresses of the screen noted for their equestrian skill are Edith Storey, Anna Little and Marguerite Clayton.

Several of the Motion Picture companies own wild animals that they use in the pictures. These animals receive the best of treatment. Their trainers are firm but kind. In the zoo there are many acres for them to roam about in; there are gardens, and the sanitary cages are of concrete and steel.

Edith Storey's fearlessness of horses is well illustrated at the top of next page. This actress is a free, broad-minded girl, who loves the great out-of-doors, understands humanity, considers everything from an everyday, practical standpoint, loves hard work and will sacrifice almost anything and dare everything in order to accomplish her purpose.

When Miss Storey first entered the Motion Picture business, she was sent to Texas and Oklahoma to play the leads in a series of cowboy pictures. Naturally she came in contact with many cowboys, and in six months she learnt to ride anything that wore hair and had four legs. And she can throw a rope and shoot.

The lower picture on the next page shows Anna Little in one of her Indian girl rôles. So true is her pose of the maidens of the red race it is difficult to believe she is a white girl and not a redskin. With Miss Little in the picture is her pony "Snowball." This is the pony she rode when, at great risk, she entered the fire zone during a forest fire at Santa Barbara and rescued little children who were trying to escape. She is one of the best riders in California, where she has always lived, and she has known what it is to ride for days in the sizzling sun, to venture into rocky passes and up mountainsides, putting all her dependence in the sure foot of her mount.

For her daring deeds at riding Anna Little has won the title "Darling Daughter of the Plains."

Marguerite Clayton is another actress noted for her skill in riding. She is a girl of the Western plains, having been born in Ogden, Utah. When not at school she spent most of her time

HENRY WALTHALL AND LILLIAN GISH

on her pony, racing over the plains, so she is well fitted for the parts in the Wild West scenes. Of no horse is she afraid, and does not hesitate to mount an unbroken pony. Her passion is horses, and now the greater part of her spare time is spent in the saddle.

In her first Motion Picture Billie Burke said she was having "the happiest experience of her life." The view of her on her horse was taken in a scene used in the picture to depict the main road in a small Scotch village, and for which thirty dwellings had to be erected. During the taking of the picture horses, mules and jaunting-carts lent additional realism.

The fine illustration, showing Henry Walthall and Lillian Gish, is a scene from "The Mountain Rat."

Not so long ago the New York Woman's League for Animals had a two-reel animal drama released. The unique feature of the play was the sub-titles being told in the language of the horse, who, by the way, acted with human intelligence.

There is a darker side, too, to the treatment of horses and other animals by menagerie owners and some of the Motion Picture companies. Many actors are willing to assume all sorts of dangers to life and limb, especially in daring feats of horsemanship. The actor is paid to take this risk, does so voluntarily, and very seldom does the law step in. But is the horse so willing to risk his life?

A very important test case against the Fox Film Company recently came up in the New York courts bearing on this question. In the film play the actor had urged his horse over a forty-foot cliff, horse and rider plunging into the lake below. The actor was seriously hurt, but the horse escaped unharmed. The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, however, wanted to stop the practice for once and all, and their able attorney, Thomas F. Freel, succeeded in making Moving Picture law in restraint of unnecessary risk to dumb animals.

There is no doubt that dramatic films can show the appealing side to dumb animals. "Old Faithful," one of the sweetest dog stories ever written, was "told" as a photoplay.

As I conclude this article, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is offering twenty-five dollars for a suitable scenario featuring animals and children, but bringing out the reason why it behooves young and old to treat animals kindly.

This is added testimony to the power of the Motion Picture as a crusader. Long may its usefulness continue!

EDITH STOREY

ANNA LITTLE

Big Moments from Great Plays

THIS IS INDEED A BIG MOMENT. IT OCCURS IN "CAPTAIN ALVAREZ" (VITAGRAPH). INSTEAD OF WALKING ACROSS THIS SLENDER BRIDGE, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CANYON, AS SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE, IN THE FILM THE HERO DASHES ACROSS AT FULL GALLOP, HOLDING HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS. THE RIDER RECEIVED AN EXTRA ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THIS DARING FEAT, AND IT WAS UNSOLICITED

RAYMOND WELLS WALLACE REID DOROTHY GISH

PRINCE KARL DEFENDS HIS SWEETHEART BEFORE A CROWD OF HEIDELBERG STUDENTS. "OLD HEIDELBERG" (FINE ARTS-TRIANGLE)

ELLA HALL

SCENE FROM "SHATTERED MEMORIES" (GOLD SEAL)

PHOTO COPYRIGHTED, INTERNATIONAL PRESS EXCHANGE

SCENE FROM A WAR FILM, SHOWING THE MISERY OF POLISH FUGITIVES. A HORRIBLE FATE HAS BEFALLEN THE WRETCHED INHABITANTS OF POLAND, COURLAND AND THE BALTIC PROVINCES. THEIR DWELLINGS DESTROYED, THEY WERE COMPELLED TO FLEE TO THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA

SCENE FROM "THE CHRISTIAN" (VITAGRAPH)

EARLE WILLIAMS EDITH STOREY HARRY NORTHRUP

W. C. FIELDS IN "THE POOL SHARKS" (GAUMONT)

HENRY WALTHALL AS EDGAR ALLAN POE IN "THE RAVEN" (ESSANAY)

WARDA HOWARD HENRY WALTHALL

ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL SCENES FROM "THE CHALICE OF COURAGE" (VITAGRAPH) WHERE THEY START OUT TO FIND THE LOST GIRL

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

By ROBERT GRAU

IN no business or industry which has lured the unwise, and even the intrepid, investor to tempt fate can money be sunk with greater speed or in greater amounts than in the so-called gold-laden film industry. Moreover, it is but a truth to state that the great fortunes that have been made by a few of the pioneers were earned mostly in those years when Motion Pictures were still regarded as an effective "chaser" with which to create an exodus in those theaters where the very sight of the now magic screen was sufficient to empty the auditorium.

Despite the amazing development of the Motion Picture art, which has indeed created one of the world's greatest and most lucrative industries, one may find even a greater trail of disaster, in almost every branch of operation, than has ever before been recorded for all of the precarious undertakings in the amusement field combined.

Nevertheless it is true that men without number, and not a few women, who never could have been tempted to invest money in theatricals, have harkened to the siren call of the camera man with alacrity. For every successful manufacturer of films there have been twenty to fail, leaving behind a trail of debts and unmarketed celluloid, for, be it known, it is one thing to make pictures, but quite another to have them released thru the maze of "exchange" systems, so that they may be revealed to all the people in all parts of the world simultaneously.

The "big men" of filmdom today are, with rare exceptions, the same individuals who composed two groups of allied manufacturers (now called "producers") a decade ago. One group was called the Motion Picture Patents Company, often referred to as "The Picture Trust," organized in 1908 and composed of the Edison, Vitagraph, Kalem, Lubin, Selig, Méliès and Biograph brands of film. This company stands today practically the same as at its inception. All of its members "got theirs" long before the tremendous onrush of theatrical men, who were late in recognizing the existence of a new Klondike.

BILLIE RITCHIE (UNIVERSAL)

The second group of manufacturers also started in 1908 and was composed of a half-dozen "Independents" who fought the Patents Company at every turn and made their impress ultimately so emphatic that there is today little choice between the two groups which, as an entity, represent at least eighty-five per cent. of film productivity.

The Independents were to a man unknown in the amusement field a decade ago. In this group were Carl Laemmle, who had been in the clothing business on a small scale; J. Adam Kessel, Jr., and Charles Baumann, who were the first to screen Western life with cowboys and Indians; David Horsley, who converted a disastrous nickel theater into a film factory and recently sold a part of his holdings to the Universal Film Company for $280,000 in real cash; Edwin Thanhouser, the only showman in the group, who also was paid a fortune for his interest in the same company which he has just returned to as its head; Harry T. Aitkin, a successful business man, now head of the Triangle brand of films; Patrick A. Powers, who was really the first to release the picture plays that sounded the death-knell of melodrama in spoken form, and one or two others still allied with the industry.

These Independents indulged in a warfare against the Patents Company and among themselves, that has had no parallel in film history. The old-time pitched battles in the circus field would be in line for Carnegie peace medals compared with the strife in picturedom from 1908 to 1911. But somehow the final outcome resulted in two big corporations now known as the Universal and the Mutual brands of film. It is fair to state here that the Universal is the largest producing concern in the industry, with its growth progressing at an amazing pace.

The Universal releases a dozen brands of film, for which there are no less than thirty "stock companies" of photoplayers. The majority of its output is filmed at Universal City, in Hollywood, Cal., but it has four or five big studios in and about New York, including the famous "Imp" plant in which Laemmle started to produce for the screen in the year 1908.

The Mutual, like Universal, was the holding company of a group of important producing organizations, such as the New York Motion Picture

Company, which began making films of Wild West life, but which is now a massive affair distributing thru Triangle Corporation, intrenched at Santa Monica, Cal., where one man—Thomas H. Ince—reigns. This man Ince is regarded as the Wonder Boy of Movieland. Six years ago he ventured into a Western studio, drawn thither in sheer desperation because he was without a place of shelter for his wife and baby. Ince was offered $5 a day, the regulation price. He accepted instanter. In a few months he was directing photoplays at a living salary. Today Ince is producing the photoplays over which half of mankind is raving. In his film city, called "Inceville," his earnings are one hundred thousand dollars a year. Ince has just joined the new Triangle combination.

The Mutual Company also releases the Reliance and American brands of film, and the former began to assume a far more vital status in the industry in 1913 than previously, because of the advent of D. W. Griffith as its artistic head. Mr. Griffith, like Mr. Ince, suffered all of the hardships characteristic of the stage calling, before that day in 1910 when he applied to the Biograph Company for a chance to show his caliber and was engaged as an "extra" at $3 a day.

The influence of Griffith in the development of the new art is almost beyond appraisal. He lifted the Biograph Company's productivity from "the chase" type of films to heights not dreamed of in these days. In a year's time he became the strongest arm of the growing industry, completely revolutionizing the output, not only of the Biograph Company, but also of the competing producers, most of whom at the outset regarded him as a visionary crank. The Biograph Company has always been the most conservative of film organizations, refusing to reveal the names of its players and directors, and this policy it still partly maintains, tho full publicity methods now obtain in every other film company. This publicity policy has created entirely new conditions in the film industry and has had more to do with ending the gold-laden period of prosperity for the manufacturers than any other development.

Why? Because the day that the idolized favorites of the screen were no longer nameless—that day began the greatest boom for actors, directors and authors in amusement history. Instead of paying actors $5 a day, in the same manner that artists pay models, the film magnates were forced to mete out salaries according to the fame and drawing power of the individuals. Thus theatrical methods began to alter the aspect of the photoplay production.

When Mary Pickford began with the Biograph Company she was just as clever as she is today, but she was known only among a few devoted "fans" as "Little Mary." Such a thing as a salary written in three figures for a week's work was unknown as recently as four years ago. A year ago the Famous Players Film

SCENE FROM KALEM'S "DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN"

Company paid Miss Pickford $500 a week, and this year was forced to pay her an increase of 400 per cent., or $104,000 a year. In almost every important film organization there are today players receiving from $100 to $1,000 a week. Most of these, too, are the same men and women who started in the days when publicity of names was prohibited.

With the advent of abnormal salaries for players came the demand for a higher grade of directors. Some of the directors of photoplays are now "boomed" as heavily as the stars. There are scores of these directors who receive in excess of $250 a week, and some of the most successful are men (and a few women) who never directed a spoken play.

When Griffith left the Biograph Company he took with him to California, to join the Mutual organization, several of the players whom he developed to stellar candidacy. Immediately the heads of the Mutual concern began to exploit all their chief players as stars. Automatically their weekly salaries were quadrupled, and one young lady, who began with Griffith as an "extra girl," has just joined another film concern at a salary which a cabinet officer might well envy.

Griffith himself is held in the millionaire class today. His annual income from the Mutual Company is said to be $100,000, but Griffith is heavily interested in a separate company, allied with the Mutual, thru which such of his productions as "The Birth of a Nation" are released, and no one can estimate what his earnings are at this time.

Aside from these pioneers, who, as a rule, made their fortunes in the heyday of the nickel theater, the greater portion of the money which goes into thousands of box-offices all over the world now goes eventually into the coffers of the salaried element. Some of the old-established producers still earn profits, but failures are as common these days as they were in theaterdom when "tie-walking" and "fly-by-night" were common terms.

Almost every theatrical producer has had his fling in the Motion Picture arena, but the number who have lasted a year may be counted on one's two hands, while those who still produce for the screen are still fewer. Yet not a week goes by that a new company is not organized. It is a strange fact that in Wall Street stock is sold in such companies without difficulty. The gold-plated lure of the camera man is indeed compelling.

SCENE ON AN OCEAN LINER TAKEN FROM AN EDISON PHOTOPLAY

Out of all the hundreds of film enterprises launched in the last two or three years by theatrical men who were reluctant to enter the field in the early "boom" years, there are today perhaps five at most who prosper, such as Famous Players, started by a one-time exhibitor, Adolph Zukor, who had the rare discernment to induce Daniel Frohman to join him. This company's success started a perfect stampede from Longacre Square. Every bankrupt showman was lured into the "game."

Next to Famous Players, the most successful of the newcomers was Jesse

JAMES, THE LUBIN MONKEY, ENTERTAINING MARIE DRESSLER AND ACTON DAVIES

L. Lasky, who lost his fortune thru the *Folies Bergeres*. Lasky had made his money as a vaudeville producer, and he is one of the very few showmen to enter the newer field seriously, intrenching himself with capital and affiliating with such men as David Belasco. Also, the Lasky productions have added no little prestige to the artistic development of the entire industry. It was Lasky who induced Geraldine Farrar to bestow of her artistry for the screen, altho there are many experienced film men who believe that such engagements as that of the diva indicate the near approach of that day when the famous name will cease to conjure, for it is conceded that not one in twenty of the stage celebrities have "made good" in pictures. The number of these to appear in a second production is of even smaller proportion.

GEORGE BEBAN IN "AN ALIEN" (N. Y. M. P. CO.)

About a year ago there came into the Motion Picture field a man with an idea, by name Louis Selznick. From whence he came no one seemed to know, but in a few months this man has shifted the scenes in the camera man's domain at almost every turn, creating, from a small, independent film organization, what is now conceded to be the mightiest institution in all picturedom.

Selznick is the head of the World Film Company, capitalized at two million dollars and including among its officers such men as George B. Cox, of Cincinnati; Congressman Joseph Rhinock, Lee Shubert and William A. Brady. The stock of this company is actively traded in on the New York curb and in the principal stock exchanges of the country. A feature of the company's business procedure, which Selznick believes has been its greatest boon, was the introduction of profit-sharing in almost every branch.

No one can predict, for even the immediate future, in this aspect-changing industry so persistently referred to as being "in its infancy."

Nearly all of the accepted stars of the screen came to their goal meteorically. Some never had the least stage experience; for instance, Anita Stewart, who, three years ago, was new even to the screen, but is now earning a salary paid to few Broadway stars. The same is true of Alice Joyce, who never trod the boards in the flesh. Yet, if she wished to convert her fame as a screen-star into cash by way of vaudeville, her pay-envelope each week would contain a sum that would excite the envy of a grand-opera diva.

No better illustration of the strange distinction between stage and screen can be pointed to than the astonishing experience of Charles Chaplin, a comedian who, as recently as two years ago, was wont to appear in the vaudeville theaters, where he was not even featured. If he was even paid more than fifty dollars a week on the stage, there is no record of it. Now this same Charles Chaplin, who a year or so ago made his début on the screen, is the highest-paid man in all picturedom.

John Bunny, his predecessor in the esteem of the movie public, left but eight thousand dollars at his demise. Chaplin, who is a mere youth, has to reckon with the possibility of some obscure player, with a new method of creating laughter, appearing in the film arena as unexpectedly as he did and becoming famous overnight.

The Motion Picture as Blanche Ring Sees It

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

LATEST of the stage stars to succumb to the lure of daytime work in the out-of-doors and nights free from work of any kind is Blanche Ring, the rollicking, musical-comedy favorite who, more than any other, has seemed able to influence cold American audiences to sing, whistle, hum and dream choruses of such songs as "I've Got Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes."

She will appear in the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company's Paramount picture, "The Yankee Girl," based on her stage success, for the "first time on any screen," before the winter is far gone.

Miss Ring, like a great many other people of the stage, had paid little attention to the Moving Pictures and had never entertained the least idea of ever entering them, but she says:

"I will admit that when Mr. Morosco first made me the offer, I was a wee bit interested because of his work in the theater. I knew that his manner of doing things would speak well for any film in which he would place me. Yet it was only after he had shown me the difference between the film of yesterday and the photoplay of today, that my eyes were opened to the possibilities of the elaborate screen play.

"That such improvement could take place in so short a time is most remarkable, and I can readily believe Mr. Morosco when he says that in the next five years the improvement will be even more marked.

"The most interesting visit of my life was spent in the fairyland Mr. Morosco calls his studio. Here an immense plant, altho running day and night, is kept spic-and-span at all times. The snow-white dressing-rooms, with every modern improvement, were the first things that won my approval. What a contrast they were to the average stage dressing-room! The big stage, with the wonderful California sun streaming thru the frosted glass windows, shedding a soft, mellow light, proved another inducement to an engagement before the camera. It is no wonder that the screen has appealed to so many. Until seeing all this I had not understood what the

great attractions were. But the strongest appeal to me was the fascinating outdoors where my chief activities would take place. There in the mountains I could work under the open sky; among the trees and flowers—in many cases camp out overnight. What an incentive to work! Why, it sounded more like an invitation to a picnic than anything else.

"It was here that such stage folks as Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff, Cyril Maude, Maude Allen, George Fawcett, and others made their initial entrance into Motion Pictures, and they seemed to be none the worse for it, in fact seemed to be enjoying it immensely, so I didn't see any particular reason for holding off any longer.

"Now that I have crossed the Rubicon I can hardly wait to go back and try again, for my experience acting in this picture has not only proved a pleasure to me, but has taught me many things that will be a help on the stage, and my only regret is that I didn't enter the pictures long ago, for the screen is the greatest school of acting there is, because it ruthlessly holds the mirror up to flaws in one's technique; and there is a technique in Motion Picture acting, just as there is on the stage. The pictures give more scope for one to show versatility and require a deep study into the intricacies of a part. I can only hope that the great photoplay public which I have not reached before, on seeing me at Paramount theaters will keep their thumbs up for me and come to see me in whatever other pictures I am fortunate enough to make."

To reach many people to whom she had never played when on the stage was another reason that Miss Ring consented to appear in the Moving Pictures. It is needless to say that after seeing this stage favorite in the screen version of "The Yankee Girl," she will become to this great picture public a popular photoplayer, and her appearance in other pictures will be anxiously awaited.

In this Oliver Morosco picture many stunning gowns are worn by Miss Ring, who is noted for her beautiful stage frocks. With them she wears her famous pearls and her celebrated Canary diamond pendant. In her smart riding-costume, which she wore out in Pasadena, and when, in her stunning bathing-suit, she enjoyed the surf at Santa Monica, Miss Ring was admired by an enthusiastic crowd.

"And Thereby Hangs a Tale"

A Literary Coincidence

CHAPTER I

(From the October Supplement)

PHOTOPLAYER WOCHY

By L. N. COLLIER

'Twas Williams and the Kerrigan
  Did Cruze and Clayton in the Shay;
All Wilson was the Pauline Bush,
  The sky was Betty Gray.

"Beware the CourtenayFoote, my son,
  The AliceJoyce, the GertMcCoy,
The EarleMetcalfe, the Richardson;
  Beware them all, my boy."

He took his Briscoe sword in hand,
  Long time the Wilbur foe he sought;
Then Ostriched he the Sterling band
  And Baggoted in thought.

And as in Pickford thought he stood,
  The CourtenayFoote, with eyes aflame,
Blackwelled out of the BillGarwood
  And Traversed as it came.

Oh, ArtJohnson and Morrison!
  His Briscoe sword went snickersnack;
He left it dead and with its head
  He Henry Walthalled back.

And hast thou slain the CourtenayFoote?
  It is quite Bayne, my Boardman boy.
"Pearl White! Lil Gish! Honk! toot-toot!"
  He Gordoned in his joy.

CHAPTER II.

To the Editor:

Your amazing capacity for sprinkling scintillating good-nature thru sixteen hours—soon to be twenty-four—per day of question-answering is doubtless strained to the limit sometimes.

But from your personal experience, can you cite an equal to the following disposition-souring coincidence?

Enclosed is a poem called "Photoplayer Wochy," by L. N. Collier, clipped from October issue of Motion Picture Supplement, out today.

Also enclosed is a poem called "Moviewocky," by the writer, laboriously typed just three weeks ago with the view of submitting to your Magazine on completion of some other copy.

Also enclosed, for fear constant digging into movie lore may have dimmed your recollection of the real "Jabberwocky," is a copy of that poem.

May I presume upon you enough to ask that you compare the three? And then, that you try to estimate my suddenly embittered spiritual condition?

Of course, I think my effort innumerable reels ahead of the feebly plagiaristic thing which unaccountably got printed first. And, of course, too, I may be wrong.

Only I aint.

Would the Editor likely think the coincidence genuine and odd enough to secure me part of the golden reward that might have been?

Respectfully,
Lambdin Kay.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 16, 1915.

CHAPTER III

JABBERWOCKY

By LEWIS CARROLL

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch!
Avoid the Jub-jub bird and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch."

He took his vorpal blade in hand,
  Long time the manxsome foe he sought;
So rested he by the tum-tum tree,
  And stood a while in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling thru the tulgy wood
  And burbelled as it came.

One, two! One, two! And thru and thru
  His vorpal blade went snickersnack!
He left it dead and with its head
  He came galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!"
  He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogroves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

CHAPTER IV

MOVIEWOCKY

By LAMBDIN KAY

'Twas selig, and the ritchie hales
  Did gish and garwood in the bayne;
All nansen were the barriscales,
  And the glaum crews markswain.

"Beware the Moviewock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch!
Avoid the baggot bird and shun
  The mersereau panzersnitch!"

He took his ogle blade in hand,
  Long time the keystone foe he sought;
So rested he by the pickford tree
  And stood a while in thought.

And as in bosworth thought he stood,
  The Moviewock, with eyes aflame,
Came steppling thru the lasky wood
  And trunnelled as it came.

Big U! Big U! And thru and thru
  His ogle sword went hughie-mack!
He left it dead and with its head
  He came cunarding back.

"And hast thou slain the Moviewock?
  Come to my arms, my bushman boy!
O ostriche day! Kaybee! Pathé!"
  He blackwelled in his joy.

'Twas selig, and the ritchie hales
  Did gish and garwood in the bayne;
All nansen were the barriscales,
  And the glaum crews markswain.

SCENE FROM "D'ARTAGNAN" (INCE-TRIANGLE)

REAL HEROES OF THE REELS

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IN the good old days, when Horatius held the bridge and Curtius leapt into the Roman chasm, there were no Motion Picture machines, more's the pity, to grind out fade-aways of Curtius and close-ups of Horatius.

And even in these days of the all-seeing camera eye, there are scores of heroic deeds, of patiently self-sacrificing acts, performed by the film-folk, which never reach pictures nor print. And many of these acts are quite as thrillingly picturesque, quite as full of heroic unselfishness, as is the "canned" heroism of the photoplays.

MAE MARSH

Is your favorite reel hero ever a real hero? Does your best-loved screen heroine ever perform deeds of self-sacrifice which the camera never discovers? It may be so.

Mae Marsh, "the little sister" of "The Clansman," or "The Birth of a Nation," as the big Griffith film has been rechristened, is in reality a big sister. There are a half-dozen younger brothers and sisters at home, and to these Miss Marsh is giving the opportunities which she herself never had. To the brother, who shows signs of being an electrical genius, she is giving the best technical training available; and the sister with the lovely voice is receiving an excellent musical education. And little Miss Marsh herself is bravely studying at night, after her day's work before the camera, those subjects which the

ordinary girl is taught in the high-school grades. She is a brilliant student, however, and doesn't find the tough algebraic problem, or the Latin conjugation, nearly so hard as the rest of us would.

J. Warren Kerrigan has several times performed acts of spectacular heroism, tho you cannot drag the stories of his exploits from himself. Anna Little records that once, when they were motoring along a narrow mountain road, a children's picnic party loaded on an auto truck turned a sudden curve in front of them, and Mr. Kerrigan took the outside of the road, inches from the edge of a precipice, tho he was entitled to the inside place.

At another time, the handsome film actor saved the little son of Marshal Stedman, assistant general director of the Universal, from drowning in Lake Michigan, where the child was bathing alone.

"It was last summer, when we were in Chicago," said Mr. Stedman. "We had a cottage on Lake Michigan, and my boy ran away one morning and went in bathing alone. Mr. Kerrigan was on the beach and happened to notice Bennie struggling in the waves; and, tho fully dressed, the actor rushed into the water, swam to my boy, who was drifting further and further fro n shore, and dragged the little fellow safe to land."

Lois Meredith, star of Oliver Morosco's "Help Wanted," both on the stage and in the films, and who is now identified with the Rolfe Company, is but nineteen years old, and supports her four younger brothers and sisters. Her mother is something of an invalid, too, and Lois spends many a long, weary night hour watching by her side, even tho the

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

LOIS MEREDITH

day has been full of hard work before the camera.

A veritable fire heroine is Myrtle Stedman, of the Morosco-Bosworth Company. She was spending her vacation last summer with her father in their mountain cabin in the Sierras. One day the maid took a day off and went down to the valley for supplies, leaving her little girl in the cabin. Miss Stedman's father went off hunting, and Miss Stedman herself sought a shady nook at some distance from the house and was reading, when she suddenly smelled smoke, always a frightful thing in the California mountains, which are so often swept by conflagrations. She ran toward the cabin—saw smoke issuing from the windows—opened the door, to be greeted by an almost overwhelming burst of smoke—called the name of the child whom she had left within, and, receiving no answer, rushed into

HENRY WALTHALL IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

the cabin and seized the little girl in her arms; then, leaving the little one on the grass outside, she hurried within and managed to partly extinguish the flames with some patent fire-extinguishers which her father had provided only the week before. In the midst of her labors, even as her clothing and hair were being singed, the maid returned, brought up water from the spring and helped finish the good work.

There is nothing spectacular about Henry Walthall except his screen work. Nevertheless, the hero of "The Birth of a Nation" "The Avenging Conscience," and of "Ghosts" is noted for his gentle and helpful spirit and for his acts of unpretentious kindness. Among other unselfish deeds, he and Mrs. Walthall once took a man who had been pronounced a hopeless dope-fiend into their own home and kept him until he was cured. The man had once been an actor and had done some small service for Mr. Walthall which the latter never forgot.

Two hapless youngsters, deserted by a recreant camera man of the Reliance studios, have been adopted by George Siegemann, also of "The Birth of a Nation" fame. Mr. Siegemann is planning great things for the future of the two little ones.

One day last winter, down in Mexico there was a terrific battle, one of the biggest of the Carranza-Villa conflict. When the smoke cleared away at nightfall, many wounded soldiers were left fainting on the battlefield. As the moon came out, an athletic figure

MYRTLE STEDMAN

stole among them, administering to the needs of the sufferers until morning. Romaine Fielding was the name of the athlete, who is also a physician. He chanced to be in Mexico at the time and near the scene of battle, and in the night, having gained a physician's passport, he risked his life to help the wounded soldiers, tho they were all unknown to him.

Mary Alden, who plays the negro mistress of Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," is very fond of children. All the helpless waifs who drift into the Reliance studios appeal to her, and many a youngster has found a happy home thru Miss Alden's unselfish efforts. In fact, Miss Alden says she loves all creation except two trained ducks belonging to her husband, Wray Physioc, of the Biograph. These creatures she insists on his keeping at the studio. She relates, too, in her own amusing way that she sees when any one has acting talent and knows how to make actors out of bad chauffeurs and poor cooks.

Mary Pickford is one of the most open-handed of the film actresses. She regularly visits the orphans' homes in Los Angeles, plans picnics for the children which she herself attends, and romps like a youngster. A few weeks ago she sent a carload of toys to the Catholic Orphans' Home, and later her manager had a screen set up in the sick ward and gave a showing of Mary Pickford in "Cinderella" for the small invalids.

It is related that when Mary as a child was "out on the road," no matter how strenuous her life, she never forgot to write home about her sister Lottie's rubbers and her brother Jack's flannels.

Mabel Normand, star of the Keystone, is absolutely fearless. Down at Balboa, Cal., the company was taking some scenes, last winter, on a wild stretch of coast where the sea has eaten into the high cliffs and left them ragged and rugged. At the close of the day the company packed up and returned, but Miss Normand, having her own car with her and desiring to stay to view the sunset, lingered. Seated on the top of a lofty cliff, the girl watched a little sailboat in which three young boys were beating back to shore after several hours at sea. Suddenly a little gust of wind caught the boys napping, and the craft veered, shuddered and capsized. The distance from Miss Normand's rocky perch to the sea was fully sixty feet, and the water was punctured with sharp rocks. Without waiting to consider these dangers, the little Keystone queen tore off her woollen sweater and plunged into the swirling waters far below. Somehow she struck in deep water and started swimming, strong and sure, toward the struggling boys. Two of them could swim, but the third was helpless and was fast weakening. Miss Normand reached him just in time. The frantic youth grasped at her; but fortune was with her, and the boy seized her shoulder, leaving her arms free. Even so, the brave girl was near exhaustion when she reached the base of the cliffs, and before she succeeded in getting safely across the cruelly ragged rocks with her burden she was cut and bleeding in many places.

A few weeks ago a number of snakes were being used in a Keystone two-reel feature in which Raymond Hitchcock, Miss Normand, Mack Sennett, and other Keystone stars were working. The owner of the reptiles, a slow-witted carnival showman, brought one exceedingly poisonous reptile with him merely to show his ability to handle the more dangerous species of snake. Those used in the picture were, of course, harmless. All were left in a locked property-room overnight. Miss Normand was late in dressing after the day's work was completed and was one of the last of the company to go to the garage for her car, having to pass the property-room on the way. As she approached she saw several little children, whose homes are near the Keystone studios, playing, and near them the large snake which the owner had exhibited

GLENN MARTIN AND MARY PICKFORD IN AN AEROPLANE IN "A GIRL OF YESTERDAY" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

ROMAINE FIELDING

as his most dangerous specimen and which had escaped. For a moment Miss Normand was stricken dumb: then she grasped a heavy rod which lay near-by, and, warning the children to run for their lives, she struck at the reptile and missed it. It immediately showed fight, but the plucky young woman kept her nerve, and, after a hair-raising minute, during which she narrowly escaped being bitten, she dispatched the reptile. Then she fell in a faint? No, she did not! She hunted up the owner of the snakes and assured him in very ladylike but emphatic language that if he brought anything more dangerous than angleworms near the studio again she would bring their cold-blooded young lives to an immediate end in the same manner that she had made away with the menacing member of his troupe a little while before. Miss Normand is an everyday heroine, too, who helps support her family.

Blanche Sweet, of the Lasky Company, is another fearless film star. During the making of "The Warrens of Virginia" many of the scenes were taken in the Lasky foothill studio, which contains some fifteen hundred acres of wild country. Miss Jeanie MacPherson, the clever girl who helped write the scenario, one day started off a-horseback to find a location for a particular scene. Miss MacPherson, by the way, is no coward herself. She was gone many hours, and finally Miss Sweet declared she knew something had happened the girl, and nothing could keep her from going in search of Jeanie. The company became alarmed later as Miss Sweet did not return. Finally a search party was formed, which late at night found both girls in a gulch where Miss Mac-

LILLIAN WIGGINS

Pherson's horse had thrown her. Miss Sweet was covered with scratches from cactus and brambles, but no word of complaint escaped her as she helped the men place Miss MacPherson, who was just regaining consciousness, upon one of the horses.

Cleo Ridgely, also of the Lasky Company, is the girl who rode across the United States on horseback. That alone was a brave enough feat. But at least once during that trip she risked her life for the sake of others. It was in Colorado and a cloudburst had swollen the Grand River. She and her party pulled up camp and hastened to the hilltops. Then she remembered a family camped half a mile below her whom she had passed that day, and, refusing to be dissuaded, she rode thru the pouring rain alone to aid them. She found the family in dire need, two of their horses fallen into the river and much of their camping supplies swept away. She assisted them in packing up and mounted two children back of her on her horse, making two trips to higher ground and aiding the family to a place of safety.

Anita King, of the Lasky Company, is a very picturesque heroine. Carey King, the noted automobile racer who died a few weeks ago of tuberculosis, was Miss King's husband. Last year when Carey was unable to race in the Arizona contest, Anita pluckily raced his car for him. She had had no time to get acquainted with either the car or the road, and on a piece of bad road she met with an accident which laid her up for several weeks.

Another instance of Miss King's bravery occurred when she was in Mexico City a couple of years ago and nearly lost her life trying to save that of a Mexican girl who was working for her and whom Huerta's troops

CRANE WILBUR

CLEO MADISON (UNIVERSAL)

suspected of being a spy. Miss King placed herself between the girl and the soldiers; they threatened to shoot, but she would not give in until they overpowered her. The girl was taken from her and shot before the actress' eyes.

Donald Crisp, of the Famous Players, has a military title in the English army. He fought all thru the Boer War and was promoted to the rank of color-sergeant for distinguished service. During the thick of a battle he dashed forward almost into the enemy's ranks and carried a wounded officer from the field unaided, receiving several wounds during his progress and arriving fainting at the rear of the English lines. Mr. Crisp also saved Mabel Normand's life one day when he leaped into the rapids near Cuddebackville, New York, to rescue that brave young woman who, the scene from her picture finished, had somehow overturned the boat in which she was seated.

Dorothy Gish proved herself a heroine last Thanksgiving Day, when she was run down and her foot crushed by an automobile as she was crossing the street. She never lost consciousness during her trip to the hospital, and, tho in agonizing pain, her one thought was for her mother. "Dont worry mamma with this! Dont worry mamma!" she kept repeating. "Just tell her I'm a little faint, that's all. Poor mother, she'll be so frightened!"

Miriam Cooper, of the Reliance, one of the best actresses in pictures today, a girl in whose dark, sweet eyes lie depths on depths of sympathy—a girl who, when she is not acting, is often seen sitting apart sewing—this girl has for the past winter been feeding and clothing the two children of "Madam," the negro woman who works in various capacities at the Reliance-Majestic studios. No one knew this until a few days ago. How did I learn it? Never mind; but it's true, anyhow.

David Griffith, as everybody who knows him well will tell you, does more small acts of kindness than perhaps any other director in the world. He never turns an ancient actor away empty-handed and has many such on a regular pension list, giving them work as "extras" whenever he can.

Dorothy Davenport, driving toward Pasadena one day last winter, took chances of being killed and actually ran into a telegraph pole, to avoid running over a baby playing in the road ahead of her machine. No daring act of Miss Davenport's shown on the screen ever rivaled this simple act of heroism.

José is head of the cowboys out at the Lasky Company. Nobody knows him by any other name. He performs many a daredevil feat before the camera, but none so brave as that which he does in private life. There's a little invalid wife at home. No matter how heavy the cowboy's work during the day, no matter how he may yearn for rest, never two o'clock of the morning comes but he rises and spends the remainder of the night by his wife's bedside, for she can never sleep after that hour. No one in the company knew of her affliction. And he apologized the other day out at the studio for being sleepy!

These are but a few of the instances of brave acts performed "off-stage" which have come to the writer's knowledge, and never, please let me add, from the performer's telling them himself.

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ANITA S.—Another month has gone by, and, bless us, reader, here am I again, at the same casement of which I wilesome made mention, brewing you another mess of facts and fancies on various topics, written as the queries come piling in, from readers grave and merry, foolish and wise. Harold Lockwood now plays opposite May Allison (American).

BILLIE.—Arthur Shirley with the Dixon Company. Arthur Hoops opposite Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda." Mignon Anderson in private life is Mrs. Morris Foster. Both are with Thanhouser.

JONSIE C. T.—That was a tinted film. They tint twilight films in pink, sometimes lavender, and moonlight scenes blue. There is no difference between nightfall and daybreak, as far as I know. By the way, isn't it funny that night falls and never breaks, while day breaks and never falls? Little Mary may leave.

RUTH A. R.—I doubt if the "Trey o' Hearts" is still playing anywhere. Jack Conway is with Majestic at present. I have nothing whatever to do with the art department. Much to my pleasure.

PETER B.—Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman had the leads in both "Dear Old Girl" and in "The Great Silence." It is not necessary to give the name of the company when asking questions.

TRAP DRUMMER.—You evidently dont care for Charles Chaplin. Others think him the funniest man on two feet. Thanks.

ABE, 99.—I enjoyed yours. The reason that I answer such questions is that one of my functions i to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all. Arthur Johnson is ill.

PUNKYDOODLE.—P. C. Hartigan and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Sheriff of Stony Gulch" (Kalem). That's it, come right in. Fools rush in and get there, where angels fear to tread.

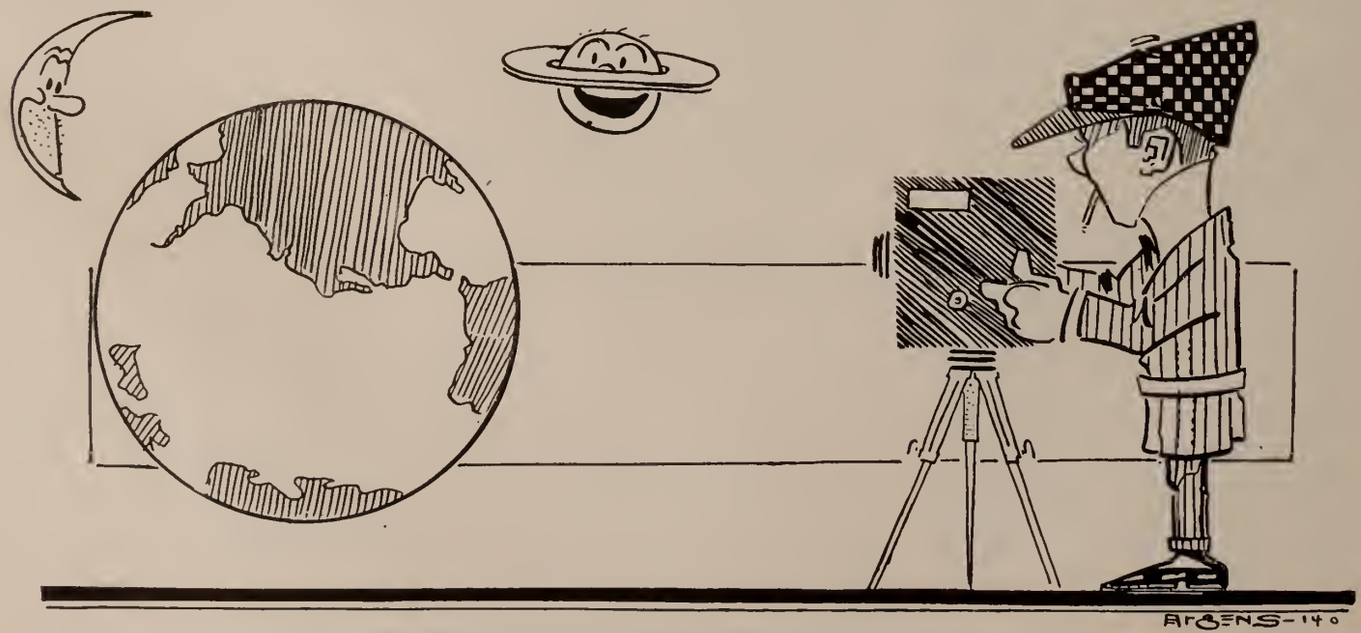
DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Elmar Linden was José, and Carl Harbaugh was Escamilla in "Carmen" (Fox). Yes; I live alone. Many of our great men (including myself!) lived alone or were addicted to seclusion, including Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau. Alone, but not lonesome. Mary Anderson is not related to the elder Mary Anderson who has been so long in retirement and who is now going into pictures.

MELVA.—Glad to hear from you again. I liked your letter because I like simple thoughts, simply expressed and simply spelt. Jane Lee was the little girl in "The Soul of Broadway." Maud Allen was her mother.

MARJORIE S. G.—Fuller Mellish was the father, and Arthur Hoops was the marquis in "Esmeralda." Harry Mestayer was Jack in "The House of a Thousand Candles." Some books dont lend themselves to photoplays and in many cases the photoplay has to be made much different from the book.

GENEVIEVE C.—Kempton Greene was Jackie, and Louise Huff was Isabel in "Shanghaied Baby" (Lubin). Ethyle Cooke was Jane, and Grace De Carlton was Mina in "Old Jane of Gayety." Ned Reardon was Luthia in "The Strange Disappearance" (Imp). Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little had the leads in "The Big Sister's Christmas."

FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was pretty long—your terminal facilities are defective. They are playing in a serial now. Arthur Acord was the hero in "Buck Parvin and the Movies" (Mutual), and he is considered champion lariat-hurler of the West.



GETTING THE NEWS OF THE WORLD. THE CAMERA IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN

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L. M.—Why didn't you sign your name? Your letter was long and interesting. Yes; Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn and is a college graduate and a clever baseball player.

FRANK E. P.—You ask "What does a ball do when it stops rolling?" So you have joined the merry throng of askers of foolish questions. "If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot?" Some of our covers are paintings from life and some are ordinary black-and-white photographs colored and made into half-tone plates. The cover on this magazine is from an original painting and was reproduced by means of the "separation" process.

BARNEY B.—A picture of Norma Talmadge in January, 1916. Wallace Reid in "Carmen" (Lasky). L. C. Shumway in "As the Twig Is Bent." Signe Auen was the fox-woman in "The Fox-Woman." She now spells it Seena Owen, which is more readable and pronounceable. Marshall Neilan in "Rags" (Famous Players).

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Sorry you did not like the Mabel Normand cover. Your letter was very fine. I live mostly on stuffed dates, extract of beef, concentrated foods, pressed figs and condensed milk, because I reside in a hallroom wherein space is scarce. I use the outer windowsill. I dont hear so much of your J. Warren now. Come and see me when you are in New York.

G. U. STIFF.—You here again with that wretched name? You ask, "Does Earle Williams' mother call him 'Early'?" Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise ho, ho! Why not get a respectable name and then ask a respectable question?

OLGA M. M.—George Fisher was the young lieutenant in "The Man Who Went Out." The average weight of a man five feet and six inches high, age from 25 to 29, is 142 pounds; of a woman, 143 pounds.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Yes, they are sisters. Charles Abbe was the brother in "The Boss" (World). So you dont hear much of William Bailey. He is still with Metro.

NED W.—I believe you refer to L. C. Shumway as the lead. George Routh was Bassell. We do not sell photographs of players that have appeared in our galleries. See ad in back of magazine—1 package containing 5 pictures for 50c. They are from different scenes.

HANZEL, KANSAS CITY.—Thank you for the clipping, but I do not agree with the authors. Persons of feeble memory, and those of unsusceptible imagination, are always prone to miscalculate the past, to exaggerate the present, and therefore to mis-see the future.

JOSEPHINE T. E.—You seem to have more respect for the opinions of our ancestors than I have. Since they came first, are they not the younger, and therefore the less experienced? Not sure whether Maurice Costello will return to Vitagraph. I fear not.

ROSE F.—Do you read the Greenroom Jottings? If so, you will see the names of the players in the stories—in other words, the casts.

I. M. A. B.—No, but there is a Billie Reeves. I dont really know of a company who will take a girl of 15. Do good, be good, and you will make good—but not necessarily in the pictures.

F. HOFF.—*Henderson's Monthly* consists of comments on my comments, which he sends me every month. Thanks for the fee. I would advise you to read the article in the Magazine on "Motion Picture Toys" in June issue, 1914.

GORDON B.—Zoe Bech was the child in "The Law of Love." Heap much thanks for all you say.

JUNIOR FAN.—That was the wrong title on that Selig. No, the Classic comes out on the 15th. That's so; the more a thing costs, the more we like it and want it.

LILLIAN G.—Thanks for calling me a philosopher. A philosopher is one who thinks all he says, but who says not all he thinks. That's me. I really cant tell you how many Moving Picture magazines there are now, but I know of at least twenty, counting the trade journals. Besides, every important newspaper now has a Motion Picture Supplement or department.

VIRGINIA V.—And you here again? You must own an automobile. So you are afraid that, since I am 74, I haven't much farther to go. Nonsense! Did not Hippocrates live to be 109, and Galen, his illustrious successor, to be 104? Three of the seven wise men of Greece lived to be over 100, and the gay Democritus went to 102. Old Diogenes was 108 before he shuffled off the coil, and Plato was 94. Zeno went to 98, Xenophon went to 90, Sophocles to 101, Juvenal went to 100 and Gorgias did not give up until he had passed his 108th birthday. If the other great philosophers lived so long, with their meager knowledge, I, with all my wisdom, ought to go a century or two yet! Even Plato did not have the nice things said about him that you people say about me; therefore, I am greater than Plato and ought to live longer. Hold on—I guess my carburetor is flooded—I stop.

MAY BRYAN, ANNIE MORGAN, ET AL., SAN FRANCISCO.—Your petition for a chat with Anne Schaefer has been handed to the Editor, and he told me that the same is under way.

MELBA H., BROOKLYN.—So you are waiting patiently to see Earle Williams with his new leading ladies. Be patient, my child.

ALLIGATORS ARE BECOMING VERY POPULAR ON THE SCREEN. AND WHY NOT, WHEN THEY CAN "REGISTER" AS WELL AS THESE? SCENE FROM "THE WHITE KING OF THE ZARAS" (CENTAUR)

JULIA S. C.—Here is the requested list of Famous Players releases: Hazel Dawn in "My Lady Incog," Mary Pickford in "The Foundling," Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men" and Pauline Frederick in "Lydia Gilmore." So Mary Pickford is your favorite, and you never tire of seeing her.

JONSIE T., GASPORT.—Vera Sisson was Nellie, and Jack Mulhall was Jim in "The Tides of Retribution." That's what they say, but practice makes some people perfect, and others perfectly ridiculous.

JESSICA T.—Gene Gauntier was with Universal last, but she is now in Sweden, visiting her sister. Mary Anderson and William Duncan in "Cal Marvin's Wife." You have got "The Battle Cry of Peace" mixed up with "The Birth of a Nation." Neither of them has anything to do with "The Battle of Nations," which was fought on the plain near Leipsic, Oct. 16, 1813, between Napoleon and the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and England. You evidently have not seen either of these films, and you have a treat in store.

MRS. J. T., CHICAGO.—Maclyn Arbuckle with Paramount. James Montgomery Flagg wrote "Is Christmas a Bore?" Lily Cahill was the fiancée in "The Failure." That was a reissue, of course.

JOHN T. M.—Yes, Jackie Saunders apparently kisses herself in that play. It is a double exposure, and much credit is due the camera man for managing it so skillfully. Lloyd V. Hamilton has returned after a long illness. Watch out for "Ham and Bud" now. Ham is himself again.

TOG-GO.—That was a boiling-hot letter of yours. You seem to have soured on everybody and everything. You ought to learn to boil within and not boil over. Miriam Nesbitt was May Orme, and Harold Meltzer was Dr. Courtney in "Life's Pitfalls."

RICHARD D., KANSAS CITY.—Jack Pickford in "The Making of Crooks." And Geraldine Farrar's next is "Temptation." Our National Pure Food Law went into effect Jan. 1, 1907.

HUBBY—I dont believe you like the Motion Pictures any more.

WIFE—Oh, I couldn't like them any more.

HUBBY—My word!

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ELSIE T. LINCOLN.—That was Elizabeth Burbridge, you say, opposite Henry Walthall in "Blind Justice." Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel. Half of the best that is in this world came because people craved appreciation. Isn't that so?

HUBBY No. 2.—I quite agree with you. Mabel Dwight was Mrs. Sufferin and Bob Walker was Mr. Sufferin in "The Sufferin' Baby." Margaret Prussing was Mary in "Mary" (Edison). Pearl White is playing in "The Iron Claw," a new serial. There is no end of serials.

AUDREY J.—You ask if Jack Dillon is married. Forbidden question. Of course I will be your friend, but you mustn't ask such questions, my laddie.

M. A. S.—Oh, my, yes; Wallace Reid has been with Powers, Lasky, Majestic and Triangle. Did you think "Carmen" was his first appearance on the screen? Bessie Learn was Bettie in "The Hand of the Law." She is now with Mirror. It is true that Maurice Costello is no longer with Vitagraph. He isn't located as yet, and he may return.

GLADYS C., TOLEDO.—Cleo Madison in "A Soul Enslaved" (Universal). So you were the thirteenth at the party and are afraid you are going to die. Fear not. The superstition which makes twelve grouped together fear another one has its origin in the Last Supper. Billie Rhodes is with Nestor.

HAROLD D., LOS ANGELES.—Stella Razetto in "Lord John's Journal" as Maida Odell. I dont care to give advice on matrimonial matters. All I will say is, that a man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one.

T. Z., SYRACUSE.—Edna Hunter and King Baggot had the leads in "Almost a Papa." So you like Jessie Burnett. She is very pretty. Her sole ambition at one time was to become a sister of charity.

JOSEPH T.—Warren Kerrigan and Ethel Phillips in "The Widow's Secret." You must learn to be more brief. He is the greatest speaker or writer who can say it in the fewest words.

PRETTY ME.—Avast! You will have to confer with your doctor. If you are satisfied you are doing well enough you will never do any better. Edna Payne and Murdock MacQuarrie in "Colonel Steel, Master Gambler." Yes, she was formerly with Lubin.

GREGORY MCC.—Tom Moore is with Lubin now. I dont know about Alice. So you really liked Earle Williams. Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips in "The Bachelor's Christmas." On the average, a person breathes twenty times a minute.

CHRISTIE T. E.—Myrtle Gonzalez and Frank Newburg in "The Bride of the Nancy Lee." Yes, I noticed that Universal have Blue Ribbon Advance Notices. Vitagraph call theirs Blue Ribbon Features. Remarkable similarity, is it not?

GORD B.—Vera Sisson was the girl in "The Tides of Retribution" (Biograph). Augustus Carney was with Mutual last. You say we should be proud of our "Civilization," and the drawing you send is awfully clever. In it civilization is represented by a ladder. On the bottom rung is a crude club, on the next rung an arrow, then follow various kinds of guns and rifles, then a huge shell, then a torpedo, and finally, on the top rung, a tube of chlorine gas! Sure the world do move!

MERRY MERRILY.—Helen Holmes is with the Signal Film Corp. Crane Wilbur in "The Mystery of Carter Breene." Frank Borzage and Neva Gerber in "Two Hearts and a Thief." You ask why do peaches and dates grow so much together in the temperate zone of New York City. Dont you know that New York is in the intemperate zone?

JACK N. L.—Belle Bennett is with Mutual. Margaret Gibson in "The Arab's Vengeance" (Centaur). Yes; Winnifred Greenwood is still with American, and I agree that she and Edward Coxen make a very good team.

GEORGE W.—Cissy Fitzgerald was Cissy Crabapple in "Cissy's Innocent Wink." Dont you remember her with Vitagraph? I am afraid you are a radical, and I love radicals. The conservative would have things go on as they are; the radical would hurry on tomorrow before today is spent. On the one side, we get the barren desert; on the other side, a field of overgrown weeds; between the two runs the road called Progress. Nevertheless, I like the radical. Discontent is the mother of progress.

ETHEL T. C.—Lottie Pickford and William Russell are playing in the Clipper brand under the American Company. Jack Pickford is with Selig, and Mary Pickford is considering whether she will sign up again with Famous Players.

ERNEST, BRIDGEPORT.—So you like Marguerite Clayton in the Eastern Essanay better than in the Western. Yes, she was very cunning and beautiful in "A Daughter of the City," and must now be reckoned with the leading players of the screen. She was formerly G. M. Anderson's leading woman.

CAMILE D.—Gladys Hulette is playing for Thanhouser. Gertrude Robinson and Alexander Gaden in Gaumont pictures.

MARIE, CALIF.—No, the Vitagraph Theater is showing five or six reels of Vitagraph pictures, and they change every Sunday. I believe that Vitagraph will not control this theater after February. The prices are from 25c up to $1.50. Yes, "The Birth of a Nation" is still running at the Liberty Theater, New York. It has had the biggest run of any photoplay ever put on.

OSCAR, SYRACUSE.—John H. Cossar is with Essanay and has been for some time. I have not heard of his contemplating a change. A Happy New Year to you all.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF MANY STAGE CELEBRITIES

LEFT TO RIGHT—OSCAR APPEL, director; MAX FIGMAN, CHAS. RICHMAN, WILFRED BUCKLAND, THEODORE ROBERTS, ROBERT EDESON, EDWARD ABELES, CECIL B. DE MILLE. SITTING—BESSIE BARRISCALE, JESSE LASKY, LOLETA ROBERTSON.

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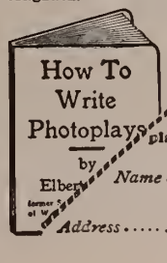

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Little whisperings from everywhere in Playerdom

So intense is the interest in the new Universal feature, "Graft," starring Hobart Henley, the company working on it is pausing only long enough to snatch forty winks and a bite to eat.

Eleanor Woodruff and Jimmie, Vitagraph, were playing tag. Jimmie had a bad cold. Eleanor fondled him and caught the grip. She then gave it back to Jimmie and is now dodging the latter's footsteps. Jimmie is a pet monkey.

After a two-months' illness, Lloyd Hamilton, the big edition of the "Ham and Bud" comedies, is back in harness.

Twenty years ago the stage version of "The Black Crook" became famous, even if a trifle shocking. The screen version by Kalem promises to be likewise.

Helen Holmes, Mutual, known to railroad men west of Chicago as "The Darling of the Rails," is now going to do some "society parts."

Harold Lockwood holds the amateur automobile record for five miles.

In "The Prisoner at the Bar" (Essanay) Warda Howard leaps into Lake Michigan. Date—December 15th. Temperature—10 degrees above zero. Wind velocity—50 miles. And yet some think that the path of a photoplay is strewn with roses.

Eugenie Besserer, Selig, in her spare moments dabbles in real estate.

Geraldine Farrar's second photoplay, "Temptation," under the direction of Lasky, reveals the secrets of grand opera. A suitable vehicle, we observe.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker, is a coming treat.

Edith Storey is looking for a new hobby. She fears her activities will shortly cease in her Society to Sew for Stricken Soldiers in Serbia, on account of the sailing of the *Oscar II* to lure the soldiers from the trenches.

"What Will People Say?" one of Rupert Hughes' most popular novels, is being released by Metro, with Olga Petrova in the leading rôle.

The first picture from the Mirror studio is "The Sin of Napoleon."

A day laborer walked off with Anita Stewart's handbag, containing dresses worth over $350. Anita is curious to know what he wants with the outfit.

Besides being one of America's foremost actresses, Ethel Barrymore is somewhat of a financieress. Her recently signed contract with Metro calls for 160,000 perfectly good dollars per year for three years, or a grand total of $480,000.

Now comes Crane Wilbur in a serial, "The Adventures of Allan Dare." He wrote it himself.

George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" is being done by Thanhouser, with Mignon Anderson in the rôle of Maggie.

First it was just plain "Mutual." Then along came "Mutual Masterpiece." Now it is "Mutual Masterpictures, De Luxe Edition." Is there no superlative degree?

Rita Jolivet, popular stage star, is featured in a story of the Franco-Austrian war entitled "The Honor to Die."

"Trumpeter's Romance" and "The Great Marathon," with an all-star cast of animals from the New York Zoo, will shortly be released by Paramount.

Samuel Ryan, a Fox star, took a fall down a steep flight of stairs in "The Fourth Estate," and, expressing his feelings afterward, said, in his characteristic Celtic: "I commended meself to the ould sod, and with determination, relaxation and precipitation, I picked meself up wid only one bruise, and that same was all over me body."

Frank Daniels plays with dolls. He is perfectly normal, however.

Social note. Henry Walthall paid a short visit to the "Raven" in the Milwaukee Zoo the other day. The bird declined to recognize his fellow photoplayer.

Fickle film flights—Gertrude Robinson and Iva Sheppard to Gaumont; Howard Millcrest and Edward Alexander to Centaur; Bessie Learn to Mirror; Vivian Martin and George Walsh to Fox, and Fania Marinoff to World.

Greenroom Jottings

Concentrated fun. In "Fatty and the Broadway Stars" appear Roscoe Arbuckle, Weber and Fields, Mack Sennet, William Collier and Sam Bernard.

From the stage to Morosco comes Hattie Williams, Ann Murdock to Essanay and Truly Shattuck to Mutual.

Naomi Childers, Vitagraph, is exhibiting a picture of her fiancé. "Of course, it does not do him justice, and he has such lovely hair," quoth Naomi.

The report that Sarah Bernhardt was dying is now denied.

George Cooper, Vitagraph, has at last reformed. In his present rôle in "Thou Art the Man," he is *not* a burglar, but an honest and virtuous man.

A. de la Plaza, a recent Mutual acquisition, is conceded one of Mexico's greatest bull-throwers.

Joined matrimonially—Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams (Gaumont).

Jackie Saunders, Balboa, has been dubbed "The Maude Adams of the Screen."

Vernon Castle, the well-known better-half of Irene, co-stars of "The Whirl of Life" (Cort Films), is to leave shortly for the war zone in company with a real aeroplane which he will sail over the enemy's country, said enemy being Germany *et al.* Irene will remain on this side of the water and make her feet support her during Vernie's absence.

Weber and Fields worked steadily for eighteen hours the day their contract expired with Keystone.

Harold Lockwood and company are on Santa Cruz Island, filming scenes for a coming American release.

May Allison portrays the attractive rôle of a pearl-diver in "Lulu of the Sulu Seas." Kathlyn Williams has a pet jaguar, "Meenie," that plays hide-and-seek.

Daikoku, who knocks anything into your life, and Abesu, the god of laughter and sunshine, are the names and missions of the two little gods that Theda Bara attributes her success to.

Richard Turner has been chosen as Anita Stewart's new leading man.

George Beban, famous for "The Alien," will shortly be seen in "The Genius," a coming World release.

William Farnum claims the distinction of being the only American actor born on the Fourth of July. George Cohan please note.

The weekly payroll of the million-dollar Annette Kellermann picture is said to be $20,000. Production started in August and is still doing. Who said these were hard times?

Moving Pictures for the blind! Heretofore considered impossible until the showing of "The Battle Cry of Peace" to an audience of one thousand blind children in Boston recently.

Mary Pickford's contract with the Famous Players, calling for $2,000 a week and royalties, expired December 31st. It is rumored that somebody has offered her $6,000 a week, and Mary is taking a month's vacation to think it over.

We have with us this evening: E. P. Sullivan (p. 15); Gladys Coburn and Roland Bottomley (p. 17); Victor Moore (p. 19); Vera Sisson, Jack Mulhall and Charles Mailes (p. 24); Glen White and Mary Fuller (p. 29).

In bringing realism into a scene in a Vitagraph story, Van Dyke Brooke and Leah Baird nearly lost their lives. Poisonous gas was being shot thru tubes into an adjoining set, and the director forgot to warn the actors of the danger.

Bryant Washburn, tired of apartment life, is building a bungalow in one of Chicago's fashionable suburbs.

Miriam Nesbitt is back at work after a two-months' vacation.

Gaumont seems to have contracted the habit of "tying their wagon to a bunch of stars." Marguerite Courtot is their most recent acquisition. Her first picture will be "His Wife's Double," a five-reel feature.

William West, the veteran Edison character actor, died in December, aged 62.

The new Vitagraph studio at Brightwaters, L. I., built for the use of Ralph Ince's company, has been officially opened.

Viola Dana, Edison, had been shedding tears all day in many emotional scenes. Her director informed her that he was going to take another scene, when she declared, "I'm all worn out from crying—and if you are going to ask me to go thru another tearful scene, I'm just going to cry, really—that's all."

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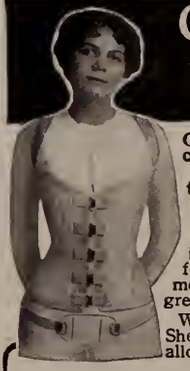

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TO satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a ***Technical Department*** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should he addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

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HOW THE MOVIES AID THE EUROPEAN POLICE

By ERNEST A. DENCH

NINE out of ten photoplays seen on the magic, white screen have crime introduced in some form or other. This will give you a comprehensive idea as to how scenario writers and the film producers worship evil-doing, altho it is only fair to say that virtue always triumphs in the end.

The least that the Motion Picture can do in return for this is to offer a *quid pro quo*, and this it has done over in Europe.

France has recognized the value of the movies more than any other nation in this wide world. When a policeman now joins the force he is instructed in regard to the right way to perform his varied duties by means of cinematograph lessons given at the police school. The film opens with a housewife breaking the law by shaking her carpet from the window and then using the sill of same as a clothes-line. Next, an auto-driver drives along the wrong side of the street-car tracks. This incident is followed by a peddler using the sidewalk to display his wares—another offense. It is then demonstrated to the recruit the right way to arrest people when requested to do so by some one who has a charge against them.

Accidents of various sorts come in for quite extended treatment, the two chief ones being applying first-aid to a person who has been saved from drowning, and the other a man who is so engrossed in reading his newspaper while crossing the street that he takes no notice of the traffic and is knocked down by an auto. This affords an opportunity to give the new hand some tips in attending to the victim before the ambulance arrives. The recruit is also shown the right way to handle a woman who wishes information, followed by some topographical facts of Paris.

The vital, instructive points of the Motion Picture are those giving lessons in jiu-jitsu and the correct manner to overpower an Apache or armed burglar. As a good conclusion, the budding policeman is taught just how to act when called in to investigate a robbery or murder case.

Passing on to England, while no official recognition has been accorded the Motion Picture, police officers from Scotland Yard and other important stations make it their business to attend Motion Picture theaters when animated newspapers are presented dealing with such important home events as Royal visits, football matches, mass meetings, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and Derby Race Day.

It is a recognized fact that wanted criminals frequent places where things like these are held, and this gives the police a clew to work upon. Their efforts, as you might expect, are fruitless on some occasions, but they are rewarded on others.

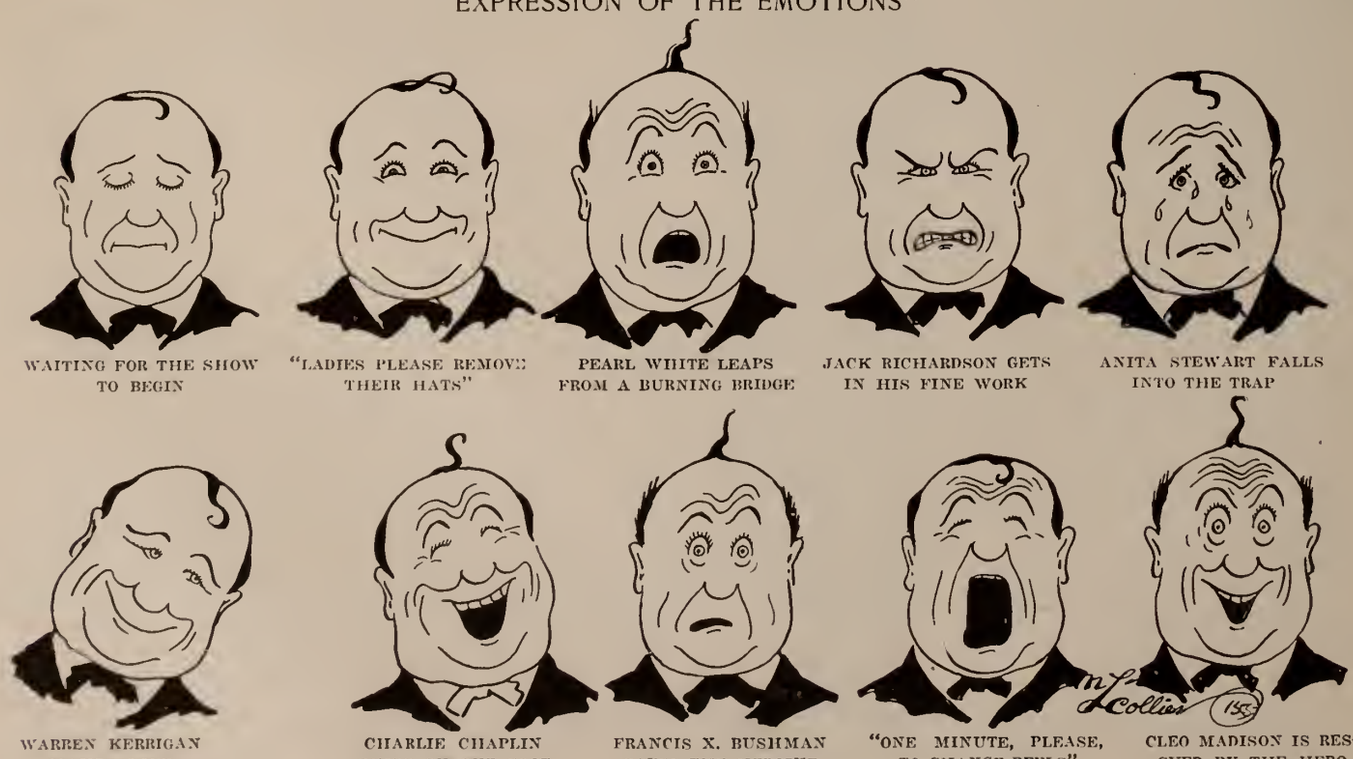
I happen to know the case of a man who had roamed the country at will for five years while being vainly sought for on a serious charge of coining. One day, however, a policeman caught a glimpse of him on the screen, watching a royal procession in the North of England, and, by tactful inquiries, was able to locate his man.

When a robbery or murder occurs in Berlin, the police authorities order the two hundred and fifty Motion Picture theaters to show on the screen the portrait of the wanted man.

At Budapest, some time ago, quite a novel use was made of the Motion Picture. It was when some desperate rioting took place, and a cinematograph operator patted himself on the back for succeeding in obtaining such realistic views of the occurrence. He had no idea, however, that, a few days later, his efforts would serve a twofold purpose.

The rioters were so mighty proud of themselves, on learning from a friend that all their daredeviltry had been recorded on the film, that they attended the favored photoplay theater in full force. This information managed to reach the ears of the police, who, dressed in plain clothes, watched the screen intently, and were able to pick out the rioters. Against the condemning evidence of the Motion Picture the latter could not make one word of protest in avoiding the criminal charges.

"EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS"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BEAUTY HINTS

By Janice Lockhart

NO beauty hint is too insignificant to chain a woman's interest. We of this generation seize upon every new discovery as eagerly as did our grandmothers or their grandmothers. No beauty secret is permitted to remain a secret any longer than it takes to tell it.

No doubt you have expected, as I have, that when discovered the Great Secret would prove to be a chemical formula. It is not. In a little instrument, no larger than a hair brush, the inventor has imprisoned a wonderful, mysterious power—a modified form of the elemental force that exists everywhere in nature.

But you are waiting for the secret. It is not so new that you have not already heard of it, but I do not know *one* woman who has yet learned the tremendous scope and power of the force employed by the vibrator.

Have you any idea how much repair work the blood in your body is required to perform? Scientists tell us that the entire human body is reconstructed and replaced each seven years. The body you lived in seven years ago is gone—not a vestige of it remains to-day.

Nature's cures are wrought through the blood. And in this day no practitioner of medicine is so bigoted as to argue that nature is not the greatest of all physicians. No curative or healing agent can do more than assist nature. And the closer its processes simulate those of nature, the more effective and speedy its benefits. Whether you suffer from consumption or blackheads, you must look to the blood for relief and help. First enrich the blood with good food, fresh air and exercise. Then transmit it by vibration to the affected parts to perform its natural function of repairing and building up broken-down and wasted tissues by carrying off the poisons and depositing new flesh-building material where it is needed.

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Adventures of a Scenario

By CORA DREW

FROM the hands of a painstaking, inspired author I started out a neat, perfect script. I bore one small clip. The mail clerk weighed me, and my author placed the required amount in stamps upon my cover. When they stamped me in the machine, I felt the clip press heavily thru my folds, and I knew the imprint was but one of many I would bear if I were destined to return home, for had I not heard the other scripts complain? I was not sure till then, for I had yet to make my first trip.

After much handling, I reached a desk in a stuffy office. I was not alone, I felt sure, tho I could not see thru the thick envelopes that blinded me; but I heard a gruff voice exclaim, "Heavens! what a pile of stuff to read, and I bet there isn't a decent one in the pile—just 'truck.'" I smiled to myself, in anticipation of his surprise when he reached me, for I was sure I could not be "truck," for several knowing ones, and one great author, had criticized me favorably, and the minister said I was a fine "uplift" story and would surely do good. I was finally torn from my cover—another clip and a slip added to my weight. Above me were the beetling brows of a big man, who exclaimed, "Shortage of stamps again!"—which I knew might be true if I were to be returned to my author. Then I was mauled—laid aside for another to read. The next person jerked over a page, prodded a quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth; and then my soul died within me, as he placed those wet, soiled fingers on my clean, white sides and turned another page, exclaiming, "Well, fairly decent, but just what does he think——" etc. I closed my ears at what followed, and prayed to be placed in my return cover and sent home. Not that; there was worse to come! I knew such a brute could not see my delicate beauty, but I was again laid one side for some other to read. I was almost dizzy with what came after, for there was such a diversity of opinions and expressions.

I heard this: "Nix—the mother isn't the one we want for lead—rats on the old dames; give us youth, be it fat, or skin and bone. Never mind that part—the director will make her act!" Then followed an argument, which ended with, "Write him, if he revises this for Pearle Penny and cuts the mother to the cook or maid, we'll give him——" and the price was so small I fainted. Back home I went, and the changes were made. While I was away, there was a change in the studio, and I arrived to hear, "O——" Again I closed my ears. "He has weakened his story by making the kid a lead—she cant possibly know the life that mother would have known. *Whose* idea was this?" It was his own, but he had forgotten it. Back I went again; now my author swore, "It's the last time I'll change a story. I'll send the original where I think brains are aboard." My associate scripts laughed at my tale, and said I had only begun the agony; but I felt I was too good to be lost, so out I went again, and this time a woman's voice said, "Just the thing for Mother Gray. She will do it beautifully, and it gives a good chance to our ingénue, who has sweet manners that go with the audiences. It's worth——" and then I knew the price was right, for there was an immediate argument, which the lady won.

Most of the directors read and rejected me, for one reason and another, and finally a young man with flowing tie and wavy hair picked me up. He looked far from strong, but he had the sweetest self of any one who had held me so far. Tenderly he turned my pages; thoughtfully he studied me. He started to rehearse, and my heart sang with joy, for here, at last, was a man with a soul. Mother Gray was bright and sprightly, and far from the old woman I expected to see, after all I had heard. I could see myself finished—the tender passages appealing as if spoken, the audiences sitting breathlessly awaiting the outcome

of Mother's efforts to restore peace and prosperity to a disspirited family —and then my director fell ill, and I was given over to another. Will I ever forget that day? First my title was changed, then everything else was changed. But I was finally finished! Mother baked cakes for soldiers. My author saw me, but he didn't know I was his. How could he, when all there was left of me was a small piece down in one corner ending as a war-drama? He still thinks they have not yet released his play. "Where ignoranee is bliss," etc. Perhaps he will read this; perhaps he'll weep; perhaps not! Anyway, I'm done for. I'm a composite, a foundling, a Coney Island tintype!

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THE HEART OF A MERMAID

(*Continued from page 32*)

BAILEY ENDEAVORED TO FIT A LARGE, CHINESE SLIPPER UPON HER SMALL, BARE FOOT

asking too much of you to lend that horribly bred, little creature one of your *gowns*. And as for expecting us to believe that impossible tale—but you must remember, Dora, that you are almost thirty, and at that age an unmarried girl has to overlook almost anything in a man. Just wait till you are safely Mrs. Dryden, and we will make short work of his sirens and mermaids and what-d'you-call-'ems!"

"Yes, mama," said Dora, powdering her nose viciously and struggling to force her six-and-a-half foot into a 4-A slipper. "If—ouch—if only that girl knew what shockingly bad form it is to tell the truth! But I am willing to believe *anything* Bailey tells me—until we are married, and then I shall believe *nothing*—absolutely nothing at all!"

Dora was a simple, unspoiled ingénue of quite the modern school.

In the dining-room the members of the party waited Algæ's appearance with varying shades of emotion. Righteous disapproval sat astride the aquiline bridge of Mrs. Wentworth's nose behind her gold pince-nez. Her daughter displayed a blank countenance above a remarkable expanse of powdery shoulder and back, while her devoted fiancé watched the doorway, apprehensively, and spoke with pathetic vagueness of the opera and Ibsen.

"Rum go!" whispered Tommie Taber to his vis-à-vis. "Old lady longing to pitch into Bailey, but counting ten before she speaks—ten million cool—and—whew! Look at that!"

In the doorway, facing them all, stood Algæ, in a trailing pink satin gown, lifted above her small, bare feet with one hand, while with the other she clutched a red-and-white-striped blanket tightly around her neck.

"The top was gone out of my dress," she explained, "just like it is out of hers"—a nod indicated Dora. "You said this morning," she added cheerfully, "that nice young ladies wore clothes, so I put the blanket round me."

"Algæ!" Bailey's voice was stern. He would not meet his future mother-in-law's awful glare, nor his graceless companions' grins—"Algæ, I thought I told you to put on your stockings and slippers before you came down."

"Why is it worse not to wear things on one end than the other?" asked the little mermaid, bewilderedly. "Are feet more improper than necks and arms? Oh"—the small, coral-red lips quivered—"oh, I shall never learn to be a human, I'm afraid!"

Suddenly she was around the table, with a patter of soft soles, clinging to Bailey's neck.

"Are you—tired of me already?" she gasped, and her sea-colored eyes grew wide with pain and terror—"then I must go back to my sea!"

The room was filled with a moaning of waters and the sharp, salt tang of the full of the tide. Before any one could stir or stop her, Algæ was gone, and a wild wind rushed, wailing, down the companionway, quenching the candles in their silver sconces. Bailey ran to the porthole and looked out into the scudding moonlight, a cry rising to his lips. One moment he thought he saw a slim, white arm rise from the spray and wave farewell to him; then a dark cloud had blown across the moon.

"Algæ! Sweetheart!" he cried out—"Algæ, come back to me——"

"Steady, old man, steady!" Tommie Taber's cynical voice boomed in his ear: "I told you to go slow on the cocktails, son!"

Bailey Dryden sat up, blinking, and stared about the smoking-room. Thru the blue haze of cigaret smoke six faces grinned at him.

"Who's Algæ, my boy?" begged the son of the beer millions, encouragingly. "Gad! we never thought it of you, Bailey, you sly son-of-a-gun."

"You find out a lot when a fellah's asleep," drawled the weary one of the fleur-de-lys; "but you'd better get over the habit before you're married, old man—take it from me."

Bailey Dryden grinned sheepishly, looking away out of the open porthole opposite to the near-by line of shore, white with the moon. A black rock rose against the sky, and, as he gazed, a figure rounded it, but not the sweet, white shape of his dream. Only a fisherwoman, basket on arm, strode along the sands with her dog at her heels. Bailey sighed and turned his eyes with an effort to the sheet of paper, lying half-covered with handwriting, on the desk before him. It was his unfinished letter to his fiancée. With a heavier sigh, he bent, manfully, over his lover's task.

"We are passing Mermaid Rock," he wrote dutifully. "It is a picturesque spot. It would make a fine magazine cover or postcard, so I will send you a snapshot of it. I hope you are well and not tiring yourself out with dress-fitting." And then, because a real sweetheart is, after all, better than the loveliest dream-mermaid—"I shall be glad when this cruise is over and I get back once more to you."

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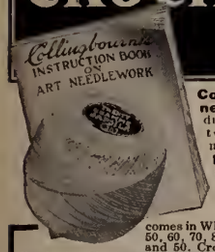

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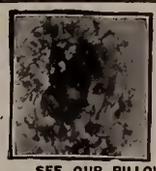

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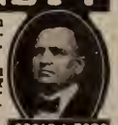

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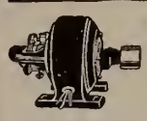

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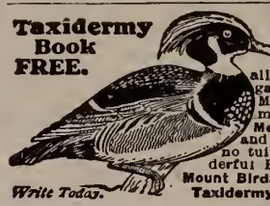

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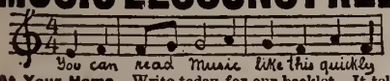

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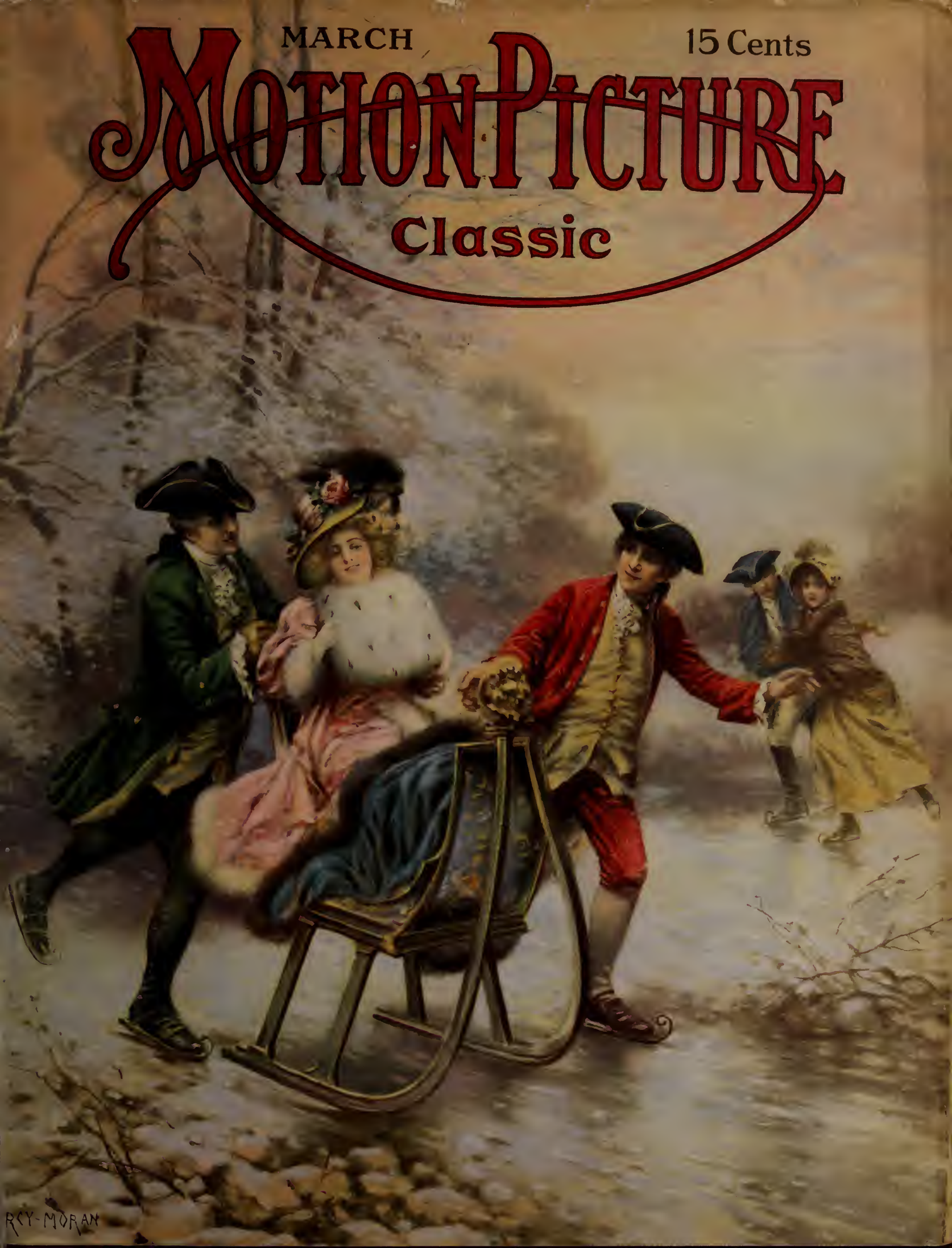

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Scene from "The Wraith of Haddon Towers" (see page 43), painted by Percy Moran, who comes from a family of painters, all of whom became famous, and Percy Moran is recognized as one of America's foremost figure painters. We are proud to be able to present our readers with this beautiful work of art, which we have reproduced in seven colors by the "offset process."

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EVOLUTION

By CHARLES ELKIN, JR.

Cut first in stone, man traced the lines of man,
And crudely imaged there his life and deeds;
Far, in the caves and mists, his art began,
And ever grew, to serve his larger needs.

The bark, the pelt and parchment knew his skill,
And colors helped his efforts to present
Things as they were, and man himself, until
He sensed the failure of his full intent.

Then Science taught him secrets of the lens;
Her mysteries of light he made his own,
Until, without his chisels, paints and pens,
He fashioned pictures from a box alone.

Yet not content, he worked his cherished plan,
Till years of labor won the long-sought goal;
There, on the screen, he cast a living man,
With all a man's emotions and his soul.

TO THE PHOTOPLAY

By BERTA M. COOMBS

Out of the hustle and bustle and turmoil,
Out of the hurry and worry and toil,
Out of the striving to do what we ought,
Out of the peace of mind, too dearly bought,
Out of the trying to make one nickel two,
Out of the tugging to make the one nickel do—
This is the way
To the Movie Play.

Out of the flurry and fuming and fret,
Out of the troubles we want to forget,
Out of our follies and sometimes our sin,
Out from our friends and sometimes from our kin,
Out of our failures and out of our sighing,
Out of our heartaches and out of our crying—
This is the way
To the Movie Play.

GALLERY of PHOTOPLAYERS

GAIL KANE
(Equitable)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
(Triangle)

EDNA MAY
(Vitagraph)

RUTH BLAIR
(Fox)

CRANE WILBUR
(Horsley)

MARIE DORO
(Lasky)

RUTH ROLAND
(Balboa)

LILLIAN HAMILTON
(Premier)

NAOMI CHILDERS
(Vitagraph)

PHANTOM ISLAND

by Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of GRACE CUNARD

UNIVERSAL

BEYOND the slim-fingered palms, the sky took on hues of rose and opal, and the gray of dawning parted and rolled back swiftly like a curtain. One moment it was night with a phosphorescent sea lisping on the level shore, the next and day was born. With a stir the forest awoke; flocks of tiny, jeweled birds fluttered from the leaves and flew chattering to the ground; white sea-gulls flashed and dipped above the water, and a beautiful shy creature with a creamy striped skin came out of the shadows with her fat cubs and rolled joyously on the sand.

Then, suddenly, panic! The gulls saw it first and sent hoarse screams of warning back to shore. The mother creature gathered her cubs and slunk into the underbrush and the parrakeets scolded shrilly from the swaying vines. A great spar with three strange, sodden creatures clinging to it like scraps of seaweed, sprang high upon an inrushing breaker and lay, when the wave rolled back, far up along the beach. Minutes passed, and the three figures lay laxly on the sunny sand, panting back to life. At last, one sat upright and put up weak hands to its long, wringing hair with a gesture that was purely feminine.

"I suppose," said Pearl Jeffries, mournfully, "that I look like a perfect fright, and I dare say not a decent hotel in *miles!*"

At her voice, the two other figures rolled to a sitting posture and surveyed the young lady with the humbleness of the civilized male who realizes that he needs a shave. Then one, the slighter of the two, gave a hollow groan as he regarded their landing place.

"What in the name of common sense did you bring us here for, John?" he queried peevishly. "Do I pay you sixty a month to be shipwrecked and landed in a beastly hole like this, without a dressing-case or even a clean collar to my name?"

"I *do* think, John, you might have managed better," added Pearl, long-sufferingly; "with all Mr. Robert has done for you and the recommendations you had, dont you think it's rather ungrateful of you to bring us to *this?*"

The second man, a tall, great-framed young fellow, got stiffly to his feet and bowed.

"Yes, Miss; yes, sir," he said softly. "Very sorry, I'm sure, sir. But now that we *are* here—if I might venture, sir, what would you wish me to do first?"

Robert Law gazed up at his valet helplessly; jaw slightly sagging as the intricacies of their situation began to dawn upon him.

"Get us dry things—Great Scott, there *aren't* any dry things!" he complained. "Pearl, that dress you have on is ridiculously unsuited to this sort of thing. Why women cannot learn to dress properly I dont understand."

"You ad-m-mired it only last evening," shivered the girl resentfully. "Of c-course, if I'd known dad's wretched old y-yacht was going to strike a r-reef, I'd have p-put on a m-mackintosh and rubbers. Dont talk so foolishly, Robert, but *do* something, cant you?"

"If I might suggest," said John respectfully, "the sun is getting very hot and I think, Miss, if you will sit where you are for an hour or so, you will feel quite warm and dry. In the meantime," he coughed behind his hand, "Mr. Robert and I will walk about a bit and see whether we can find fresh water and something we can eat."

Robert Law's pale cheeks flushed with anger. He got to his feet and drew himself up haughtily, facing the imperturbable valet.

"Really, John," he began sternly;

"do I understand you are giving *me* orders? Kindly remember, my man, who you are and who I am, and let me have no more of your impertinence."

A grim look tightened John's lips, but his voice was respectful as ever.

"Yes, sir," he purred, "and if I dont, sir——"

"I discharge you!" roared Robert, "without references. Get out! Do you hear me—you're discharged!"

"Very good, sir." John's voice shed its servility, becoming loud and furious. He took a step forward and seized the amazed Robert by his collar, shaking him violently. "And now I'm no longer in your service, you will kindly remember that I'm as good as you are, Robert Law," he snarled. "Better than you are—you whining little runt, you! We're in the South Sea Islands now—not on Broadway—and here a man's fists and biceps and brains count for more than his rotten money. Remember that, and keep a civil tongue in your head when you speak to me—do you understand?"

Robert cast a dazed look about him, seeking a prop for his dignity—but yesterday and civilization seemed suddenly very far away. He felt that his collar was awry and his hair straggling untidily over his brow and his suit grotesquely wrinkled and bunchy. Worst of all, from the tail of one eye he saw his fiancée listening breathlessly to the conversation with a queer little smile on her lips. And over him loomed his erstwhile valet, his hands, Robert noted—unbusied with military brushes or shirt-studs—knotted into two very businesslike fists. There was no help for it and he bowed to necessity.

"Yes, John," he said meekly, "yes—er—Mr. Hastings."

"All right," said John, shortly. "Now come along with me and hunt for a spring."

As the two tramped away, a silver sound rippled out on the sunny air—mocking, heartless, cruel. To the victor belonged the spoils of Pearl's laughter.

Left alone, the girl braided her hair and shook out her delicate, ruined draperies on the sand. Hungry as she was and fatigued after the last six terrible hours in the water, the situation had a piquancy that appealed to her sense of the dramatic. Her father's ingenious plan of sending his daughter on a suitably chaperoned cruise with her fiancé, in order that the young people might become better acquainted, had taken an odd twist under fate's mischievous fingers. The sea that swept over the *Belle Isle* last night had swept away with it the card parties and moonlit strolls and charming tête-à-têtes in which Robert had shone so resplendently; had swept away chaperons and comforts and even the necessities of life; had swept away, too—she was beginning to think—the ordinary conventions of society, the barriers of class distinction.

There was no doubt about it. John Hastings, the valet, had played a man's part in the drama of the last few hours. Whether it was the hero's part, she was not quite willing to decide, but it had been his courage and cheery common-sense that had kept the three of them clinging hour after hour to the drifting spar, and now—she smiled again, rather unwillingly—there was no doubt who had taken charge of their destiny on the island. How big and strong the man was, and why had she never noticed before that Robert wore padding in the shoulders of his coat and was hardly taller than she?

The sun and the low, monotonous sound of the waves were making her sleepy. It was still two hours before her maid was accustomed to rouse her with chocolate and rolls on a dainty tray, and they had danced late last night before the accident. Robert *did* dance divinely, Pearl reflected drowsily, heavy-lidded eyes on the thicket of swinging vines—and he looked very well in a dress suit, better no doubt than John Hastings would. It took a gentleman to carry off those things; but on a desert island there seemed to be no gentlemen or ladies—only men and women—*why!* what was that face peering thru the vines——

Pearl sat up, staring; then her screams tore the sunny air into ragged tatters of sound. A shout up the beach answered. The two men crashed thru the underbrush and ran to her side. Ignoring her fiancé's frantic questioning, Pearl grasped the arm of the ex-valet, pointing hysterically to the curtain of vines.

"The face!" she gasped. "I saw it looking at me—a white, dreadful face there among the leaves."

"There, there, Miss Pearl," John soothed her, and even in her terror she felt with a thrill the new assertiveness in his tone. "You must have been dreaming. There isn't a soul but ourselves on the island. But we've found water and cocoanuts and fruit, and there are plenty of fish, so we shant starve, and no doubt there will be some boat by before long. And now——" he turned briskly upon Robert, standing helplessly near-by, "you hustle around, old man, and pick up some wood and I'll knock over a turtle or too, and we'll have breakfast in a jiffy, Miss Pearl."

So began their strange life on the island that was separated from the rest of the world by more than the sea. From the first, John Hastings took command. It was he who found new articles of food to vary their unaccustomed diet, birds' eggs and breadfruit and a kind of coarse wild grain. It was he who, with the young clubman's clumsy help, put up two rude shelters of branches, thatching them with leaves and grass, and made a couch of boughs in one of them for Pearl, and it was John who, of the three of them, talked cheerily, told funny stories and kept up their hope of rescue as the eventless days slid by. The whole field of the conversation they had been accustomed to was closed now to the young millionaire and his fiancée; theaters, dances, dress and tea-table gossip were meaningless in this new world, and life had taught them no other vocabulary.

Gradually Robert became morose and silent, sitting sulkily apart, while John fished and told his stories to Pearl. And the girl met the growing admiration in the valet's eyes without disapproval, for with each day her old world and its old standards seemed remoter and less real. If it had not been for the Phantom, there would have been nothing to disturb the monotony of their life.

But the strange face that Pearl had seen on the first day returned again and again, peering elfishly at them over the top of some rock, looking out of the shadows of the holly grove, gleaming with uncanny whiteness among the hanging moss and scarlet trumpet-vines.

"The island is haunted," declared Pearl, one evening, as she and John strolled along the beach under a great golden tropic moon. "But such a sad ghost—and so old! I didn't suppose ghosts grew old, did you?"

"I'm not thinking about ghosts tonight," said John, and there was a note in his voice that set the girl to trembling. "I'm thinking about us—you and me."

He paused and stood before her, arms folded. "I cant go on like this any longer," he said somberly. "You're good to me now; you're willing to talk to me like an equal, and walk with me because there's no one to see us. Your willing even to *like* me as long as we're on this island. But any day a ship may come—and what then? It'll be a different story then."

He laughed harshly. "After all, what's the reason it cant go on after we get back? I'm as good as any man in your set, aren't I? I'm as brave as your pretty tennis players and tango dancers. I'm not bad-looking. I can soon learn the tricks of a gentleman. After all, we valets know

THE TWO MEN CRASHED THRU THE UNDERBRUSH AND RAN TO HER SIDE

what makes a man a gentleman!" Scorn rang in his tones. "And as for birth, what is it even in your world? Let a man make a fortune breeding cattle or brewing beer and people are glad enough to forget who his grandfather was! It's the money that makes the difference between me and that Robert of yours, that's all. If I had a lot of dirty money you'd dare to love me instead of him, wouldn't you?" He leaned closer to her, eyes blazing. "Answer me, Pearl—wouldn't you dare to love me then?"

The girl drew back nervously, breath coming fast between parted lips. When she spoke it was so low he could hardly catch the words.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps," and then turned swiftly and fled along the beach to her hut of leaves. Three hours later the men, smoking in silence in their own shelter, heard her terrified screams. They found her half-sitting on her couch, staring at the moonlit square of the doorway with distended eyes.

"The Phantom," she gasped; "he came in here—I woke to find him standing over me—and his hands—ugh! They were *real,* like bony claws!"

"Real!" snarled John; *"real!"* Fury twisted his face. "I'll see what d—d creature it is that goes prowling around this place. If he isn't a ghost yet, I'll make him one!"

The streaming silver light gave the world the illusion of a faded day. Plunging into the palm-grove, John caught a glimpse of something white and moving in the shadows ahead. With the growl of a beast whose mate has been attacked, he plunged forward, crashing along the tracks of the Phantom. The chase was a short one—over a stream, up a hillside slippery with fallen palm fronds, and along a steep rocky ledge that seemed suddenly to leap off into space above the sea. Just in time, John checked his steps and, clutching at the horny wall for support, lost his balance and plunged headlong into a shallow cave. At the further end, where the long fingers of the moon could not pry, a something in the dimness squealed and chattered. It had been no idle boast when John spoke of himself as brave. Now, unhesitatingly, he sprang forward and with surging relief felt his fingers close on flesh and bones.

Back and forth on the granite floor they wrestled, with soughing gurgles of breath and grunting cries. And then in a patch of moonlight John saw his opponent for the first time—an old, old man with reverend white hair and beard and frightened, childlike eyes. Frail as he was, he fought desperately as an animal fights, biting, clawing, uttering all the while shrill squeaks of rage.

Unnoticed, the struggle had brought them out of the cave onto the narrow ledge, and John saw with a thrill of awe that another step would send them both into the chasm, from which, far below, muttered the sea. Suddenly his opponent turned to putty in his hands. His strength was spent and his breath rattled noisily in his lungs. "Dont," the ghostly creature pleaded—"I mean well—I wouldn't harm——" It was too late. Driven to demoniac fury by the resistance of the uncanny visitant, John stiffened his muscles, bent his whole strength to the task, picked the old man bodily off the ground and flung him over the edge of the cliff.

"SEE!" HE SHRILLED; "SEE! A SHIP AT LAST, THANK GOD!"

John's head rang as he stumbled back into the cave and leaned, arms outstretched, against the side to win back breath for his panting lungs. Then, under his very hands he saw it—the mouldy oaken sea-chest, filled to the bursting of its crazy hinges with gold coin. With a sharp cry he sank on his knees before it, plunging his hands frantically into the hard metal, and the feel of it went to his head like the fumes of raw liquor.

Mine—mine!" he gasped hoarsely; "and the girl—money makes the man—I'll have her too!"

Shadows fell across the chest from the opening of the cave. John sprang to his feet and whirled about, crouching to shield his find. His face was distorted into new lines—hateful, vulgar, mean. The girl in the doorway saw the look and her hand went out involuntarily to Robert's sleeve. For a moment's silence the three read each other's faces, then John sprang to the girl and swept her roughly to his breast.

"Look, Pearl," he cried, "money! Money enough to make a valet respectable—money enough to make you love me! Come on, give us a kiss, my girl, I'm a rich man now!"

Pearl felt his hot breath on her face, saw his greedy eyes glaring into hers, and a shudder shook her. She strained desperately away, not knowing why she did so, or the difference between this moment and that other on the beach a few hours ago, only realizing the loathsomeness of his touch and calling out in her need for the protection of one of her kind.

"Robert! Robert!—dont let him kiss me!"

A contemptuous laugh grated in her ear.

"Robert! Robert!" sneered John; "pretty Robert, gentle Robert—brave as a lion at an afternoon tea-party! There's no use struggling or screaming, girl. I want you and I've got you and I'm going to keep you. Get out of my way, you poor, puling fool, you!"

For Robert Law, white as a corpse, was facing him, barring the entrance to the cave. Pearl felt herself set down roughly and staggered to one side, watching the two men, fascinated. She heard John's contemptuous laugh, saw him advance, great fists raised, and then in the drawing of a breath saw Robert's arm flash out and send the giant crashing to the floor of the cave. Something in the girl's breast leaped. In an instant's clear vision she knew her heart and cast herself, weeping and laughing together, into Robert's arms.

"He was only a great bully!" she cried; "but you, Robert—Robert, you are a *gentleman!*"

A soft footfall hesitated behind them and a slow, cracked voice came brokenly to their ears. Looking up wonderingly, the lovers saw the Phantom standing in the moonlight, gazing at them with eyes that were faded and timid, but sane.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a high, cracked voice. "Oh, God! tell me that you are real—not the ghosts of long ago!"

John, who had gotten to his feet, uttered a growling oath and sprang at the tatterdemalion figure. His hands twisted into the old man's beard and he shook him to and fro in a frenzy of rage.

"Oh, dont, dont!" cried Pearl; "I

"BRING HIS CHEST DOWN TO THE BEACH, JOHN, AND HANDLE IT CAREFULLY"

am sure he is harmless and in need of help."

The flash of the hoarded gold drove John on. The creature's feet again clung to the edge of the cliff, his shoulders forced back over its sheer edge.

Then the grip of Robert's fingers circled John's neck and worked in and in, a narrowing vise that centered upon his windpipe. His arms released their hold and he sank back.

Pearl took the old man's hand and patted his quivering shoulder. Presently, when his breath came easier, the tears sprang into his eyes and he spoke so that his words stumbled over each other in their eagerness.

"Dont be frightened," the old man begged—one hand went up, touching his head vaguely. "I had a—a fall and struck my—head. It was like—awakening. I think—I must have been asleep—a long time." His dazed glance swept the cave, passing over John, who had gotten painfully to his knees, until it came to rest at last upon the oaken chest. With a cry he pointed to it.

"I—remember now," he said. "The wreck—I was washed ashore alone—I and the chest yonder. But I was—a young man then."

Slow tears filmed his eyes and he turned abruptly from them to look over the sea. Suddenly he gave a great cry and lifted a shaking hand.

"See!" he shrilled; see! A ship at last, thank God!"

"Father has come to hunt for us!" cried Pearl. She drew away from her lover primly and lifted anxious hands to her hair.

"Oh, dear! I suppose I look like a perfect fright!" she sighed.

The ill-assorted group stood like carven things, while the yacht lowered a boat and its crew pulled lustily for the beach. Then by one impulse they took to their heels and ran along the sands, shouting and hallooing like crazed things.

Pearl's father caught her to his expansive chest. The boat's crew gaped at the strange quartet; and the ancient castaway threw down the chest of gold from his shoulder and fell to moaning and crooning over it.

The ex-valet stepped toward him, a red look in his eyes. "It's mine!" he cried; "I found it, I tell you."

"John," said Robert Law, in a matter-of-fact voice, "this old gentleman will be going with us as our guest." His tone roughened a bit. "Bring his chest down to the beach, John, and handle it carefully or I'll know the reason why!"

The valet stooped, lifted the chest to his shoulder and bowed. "Very good, sir," he said in sad submission; "very good, indeed."

Children of the Screen

Little Photoplayers Whom We All Love and Who Have Peopled Many a Childless Home

By PETER WADE

Not so many years ago, just before the birth of Motion Pictures, if you had not seen the adorable stage child, Elfie Essler, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," you would have been considered an undomesticated, child-hating wretch Stage children were rare finds, on account of the strict laws forbidding their appearances.

But with the coming of Motion Pictures and with the legal rights of a child to pose in a studio clearly defined, a race of "screen children" began to spring up. It seems only yesterday when the antics and baby passions of Kenneth Casey, Yale Boss and Adele de Garde delighted us, but today they have passed on to that neutral borderland 'twixt childhood and youth. The screen can claim the frisking of their little, round legs or the broad expanse of their artless smiles no more.

As the screen became less theatrical and more lifelike the demand took shape for screen children. "Show me the heart of a home," said a far-sighted producer, "and I will treble my audiences." He was right; blood and thunder and impossible perils had to give way in part to the human heart and the human touch. What more elfin fingers than those of children to play upon the heart-strings and to show ever so artlessly the human touch?

Little by little there has grown up a big family of screen children, ranging from babes in arms, who are generally unknown and loaned by the hour, to children in their early teens, like the Fairbanks Twins. There is hardly a picture of consequence into which their little feet do not toddle, and it is the ambition of uncountable young mothers "to see for just once their little Jessie or Billy doing their darling little pranks and didoes on the screen."

MARIE ELINE, "THE THANHOUSER KID"

The screen life of a child is of necessity short—they persist in keeping on growing up, you see—so nowadays it's the fashion of most studios to keep a succession of children in training.

Perhaps of the screen children who have not yet passed on, Dolores and Helen Costello have been known the longest, and they surely have appeared in many more photoplays than the "smaller fry." They live, of course, with their papa and mama, Maurice and Mrs. Costello, and, when not posing, scamper about the big Vitagraph yard, making doll's houses out of Zulu huts and playing games with all their grown-up friends in the company. Helen resembles her mother; Dolores takes after her father, and their talent for clever acting is inherited from both.

The way that Billy Jacobs happened to get into picture-land was all a mistake, or just luck, at least. His family, who were not theatrical people at all, had moved next door to the Keystone studio, and Billy, then twenty-six months "young," used to play in the Keystone gutter. One day a director needed a child badly, and, after considerable coaxing, Billy was persuaded to give his services in exchange for an ice-cream cone. That cone was the making of Billy—he became famous for his smile. But strange to say, he was naturally not a smiling baby, and the directors had to go thru all sorts of "see-the-little-birdie" antics to make him unfold his slow but contagious smile.

Billy followed the fortunes of Ford Sterling, and when his "celluloid fun foundry" closed up last year, little Billy found himself out of a job, along with the famous comedian. But there aren't enough trained screen children to go round, and Billy was besieged with telegrams. His stern parents decided for him, of course, so Billy is now unfurling his happy smile in Universal City.

There is a romance connected with

Billy Jacobs—he's crazy about his former leading lady, Olive Johnson. In the beginning of their affair, Olive looked upon Billy as a tyro, inasmuch as she had toddled thru a part on the real stage with her mother. But she and Billy were programed as co-stars as long as they acted for Ford Sterling.

BABE MARIE OSBORNE

One day, after the studio had closed down, some one found her playing unconcernedly on the street and asked her why she wasn't at the studio.

"Oh, me and Billy just got fired," she said in all seriousness, and went on with her play.

It is to be fondly hoped that when Olive grows up she will not desert the screen for the stage, but if she does, she'll have no trouble in landing as a perfectly dandy show girl. At the tender age of three she had already won a gold medal for being the most perfectly formed baby in the world.

Another chum of Billy Jacobs is Violet Radcliffe. "Vi" might well be a rival to Olive in Billy's affections, save that she is usually cast as a boy, so that Billy finds her a better pal than sweetheart. Violet is just turning seven years and is a thoroly "hardened" actress. At the ripe age of two she toured the States in "Human Hearts," each night speaking eighteen lines of real "mellowdrama." After that Violet went into photoplay and took part in over fifty plays with the Western Pathé Company. This little child of the stage and screen hopes some day to be a great actress. Violet goes to school every day in a schoolroom provided by the Majestic studio, and during recess she avows that she mothers her dolls or plays marbles and fights with the boys.

"BABY GUERIN"

SCENE FROM "ON THE DESERT EDGE"

The twin Fairbanks sisters, Marion and Madeleine, started their dual life with rosy promises of beauty, talent and brains, and under the watchful eyes of their mother they are "sticking to their promise." Their studio hours are arranged so as not to interfere with their schooling, which is performed at home under the guidance of private tutors. They have a dear old lady French teacher, who has taught them how to sing "The Marseillaise" with the purity and fervor of Rouget de Lisle and his band of patriots, and they are hammering at Latin and the classics with a patience that belies their adorable beauty. Marion and Madeleine received their first dramatic tutelage under the management of Winthrop Ames, in the famous New Theater and Little Theater, New York City. None but the most precocious and talented children could hope to begin their career in these exclusive theaters, which were supported by private stockholders.

Everything possible is done for the perfect development of the Thanhouser Twins. On rainy days they go thru a regular "building up" course in the gymnasium, and pleasant afternoons they are familiar little figures, mounted on their pet horses, Cody and Lady. They confess that it's fine to be twins, because neither one of

LOEL STEWART

them is ever alone, and in the fortress of their white twin beds they hold nightly pillow fights and wrestling matches that always end with a kiss and a loving hug.

There are all kinds of boys—good, bad, pretty and indifferent—but for just boy, Andy Clark, of the Edison Company, has earned a proud place among the children of the screen. A critic aptly called him once "The Tom Sawyer of the Screen" and it's quite too bad that we cant see him as the immortal chum of Huckleberry Finn. Andy is a full-fledged star, usually playing the title rôles in such boy classics as "Andy Gets a Job," "Andy Goes on the Stage" and "Andy Plays Hero."

"Gee!" said a small, unwashed urchin once, in an Andy audience, "dat Andy is a reg'lar guy, aw right!" And no more valuable compliment could have been paid to Andy Clark than to have the plaudits of "one of de gang."

OLIVE JOHNSON

Andy is a perfectly natural actor, who feels and does only boy things. The way he happened to get into Motion Pictures is typical of Andy.

"I was over in th' lot playin' ball," he said—"we skun out about seven o'clock, so's we could have a long game—an' in th' ninth innin' Yale Boss comes over, and he's a fren' of mine, an' he says: 'They need another boy over at the studio; come over and you can get next.'

"The game was a corker, an' I hated to leave, so I pitches the next two fellers out, grabs my coat an' follers along after Yale. I got the job, an' I've been here ever since. Gee! that was some game, tho."

Andy was asked if he expected to be a matinée idol when he grew up.

"Naw," he said emphatically, "I'm goin' to be a pitcher."

"And in the winter time, when it's too cold for baseball?"

"I'll be a doctor, 'cause I get terruble toothaches—huh!"

FAIRBANKS TWINS

BABY ZOE BECH

HELEN AND BOBBY CONNELLY

BETTY MARSH

The last time Andy posed for a "still picture" he was told to report at the studio all dressed up.

He did so, with a new white blouse that somehow showed signs of violent contact with soft and muddy soil.

"Oh, Andy," exclaimed the studio wardrobe mistress, "that blouse should have lasted you a couple of weeks."

"Aw, have a heart!" said Andy,

VIOLET RADCLIFFE

in disgust at her non-appreciation, "I slid home with th' winnin' run."

No wonder the boys think Andy Clark the uncrowned king of the screen.

Marie Eline is known the world over as the "Thanhouser Kid," so that three years ago, when two-year-old Helen Badgley became a regular stock member of the company, the studio happy family of actors were "put to it" for a new nickname. "The Thanhouser Kidlet" was the result at Helen Badgley's unofficial christening, and the "Kidlet" she's remained ever since. Helen's screen début was in "Brother Bob's Baby"—she was eighteen months old at the time, and her part was more of a toddling than a walking one. But that was Helen's long ago, and in the past three years she has been featured in features and starred in stellar rôles uncountable.

Helen's hobby is her "nursery." There she can always be found after studio hours. Each doll has a full name, a pet name and several changes of clothing, and many of the gowns are the needlework of the dolls' little mother.

Out in Inceville, Cal., chubby little Thelma Salter is queen. Her slightest wish is a command to the subservient circle of Triangle actors, and Thelma divides her busy business hours between such great personages as D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett and Thomas H. Ince. Thelma is what might be termed a natural actress—she grew up outdoors in the vineyards and orchards of Southern California and stage ancestry or training were bugaboos to her until she came within the pale of the Inceville studios.

In the well-known picture, "An Alien," she was "given her head," so to speak, and acted just like most pleasure-loving children should when

BABY JEAN FRASER

receiving a wonderful Christmas tree. The result was a charming domestic study of child life.

Little Thelma's mischievous spirit was perhaps best illustrated in "Matrimony," where she supported Julia Dean. Julia Dean, as Diana Rossmore, has taken up the life of a worldly-wise woman in order to regain the love of her husband. She is brought to her senses by observing the disastrous results of her course upon her daughter, who has become an all-too-realistic mimic of her mother's ways.

Thelma is a very bright child and is far advanced in her studies, which are conducted by a tutor.

And now we come to the youngest child—a mere baby—regularly appearing in Motion Pictures. She is Baby Jean Fraser, of the Selig Company. Very recently this little tot of twenty-four months came near to taking the stellar rôle in "Sweet Alyssum," and from the innocent babyishness of her face and form there was no appeal. She's captured every mother and old-maid heart that's seen her.

Jean is getting to be "studio-wise," as picture artists say. One day recently Colin Campbell felt a tug at his trouser knee and, looking down, discovered Baby Jean. An aggrieved look mantled her little, full-moon face.

"On'y one thene (scene) today, Jim," she lisped.

The reproach bespeaks volumes in studio terms, where popularity is often measured by the number of feet of film.

It has been the rare pleasure of the writer of this article to have ofttimes straddled starry-eyed Bobby Connelly

(*Continued on page* 70)

CLARA HORTON

AGNES VERNON IN A SCENE FROM "HER THREE MOTHERS" (LAEMMLE)

CAROLINE'S FATHER DISCOVERS HER SLEEPING OFF AN ANGRY SPELL AFTER SHE HAD LEFT THE HOUSE AND STROLLED INTO THE WOODS

Every Town With Its Own Zoo

By ERNEST A. DENCH

Illustrations from the Aglesworth Animal Pictures, released thru the Paramount Company

IF you are interested in the welfare of animals, you must greatly regret that the beasts and creatures of the forest, stream, field and air are penned up in such artificial places as zoos. While the animals do not suffer physical cruelty thru their forced imprisonment, it is certain that it causes them mental pain. The vitality of the animals suffers, too, and the breed rapidly deteriorates. Several animals do not breed at all in captivity, and the supply has to be constantly replenished from those at large. Add to this the pot-hunter, and there is reason to see why buffalos are now almost worth their weight in gold, and that it is next to impossible to obtain specimens of certain species of lions and tigers. To keep nature's creatures prisoners is directly opposed to the law of mankind, no matter how good the intention may be.

No matter how humanitarian we may be, the zoo is only a pretense made to deceive the animals into the belief that they are living under natural conditions. The introduction of rocky ponds for polar bears, and caves for bears and wolves, are but mockeries compared with their natural homes.

They also suffer considerable discomfort at the hands of visitors, who overfeed them with unsuitable food, while children like to tease them. The sense of confinement is ever present, too, and the fear of their master enemy, man. It is all these unnatural things and more that contribute to the number of untimely deaths.

After all, what are zoos really for? Mainly that we can study wild animals. But this purpose holds no ground whatever, since we could only be completely satisfied when we view them in their natural homes. Here they possess perfect freedom and are not conscious that any human being is in sight.

How, then, can the long-sought-for problem be solved? The ideal substitute is the versatile Motion Picture. Just think of the many times it has transported us to the heart of the African jungle, and even to the strange creatures in the vast wastes around the North and South Poles.

The men who film these natural history studies deserve to be praised for the courage and resourcefulness they so often display. In the case of an unsavage creature like the fox the Motion Picture operator places a dummy tree or cow near his den. As the contrivance is hollow and holes are provided for observation purposes, he can film without being seen by his "sitter." But before he commences the actual work, he generally installs a motor, in order to accustom his quarry to the clicking of the Motion Picture camera.

When, however, he is on the warpath of denizens of the jungle, he varies his plan and employs the most appropriate dummy animal. He also smothers himself with some vile-smelling liquid, which completely deceives the strong sense of smell possessed by the beasts.

Some of the most startling pictures of animals ever taken were furnished by the Paul Rainey expedition into East Africa. An entire reel is devoted to the actions and antics of wild animals on coming to a water-hole in the desert. Strange to say, the camera shows that it is rarely that animals of opposite species harm each other. At the water-hole, as the troop of elephants arrived they drank in company with lions, giraffes and even monkeys. Such realism and such an intimate study of the natural habits of animals could never be obtained in a zoo.

Now the big idea I am leading up to is this: abolish ordinary zoos and deport all their occupants to where they rightly belong; then replace them with Motion Picture zoos. From time immemorial the big cities have enjoyed the monopoly of the ordinary kind, whereas if the reformation came to pass, every small town would be in a position to boast of its own Motion Picture zoo, with films of all kinds of animals, birds, insects and fishes known to be in existence.

The present municipal zoos give us no time to study the distinctive habits of animals—a lifetime would be required for even a fair working knowledge.

Take the camel, for instance. Each year the "ships of the desert" shed their coats, and during the process

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE LAIRS ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IN CAPTIVITY. SEE THE PICTURE OF THE PENNED-UP ZEBRAS ON FOLLOWING PAGE

they look very much like a moth-eaten rug. Kind-hearted people pester the keepers with all kinds of well-intentioned suggestions leading to a cure of the afflicted animals. If the process of the camel's annual shed could be shown in Motion Pictures, it would require only a minute or so to show the various stages of the entire operation. In actuality you would have to hang around a zoo for seven or eight weeks to see the process. This is one great educational advantage of a Motion Picture zoo. Those who visit a zoo and are interested in the creatures of the air generally come away disappointed. Birds seldom show animation in captivity, except at feeding time. In their natural surroundings their wings grow longer and stronger, and they have to keep constantly on the go for the daily food supply. These sorties and migrations could be most realistically seen only in Motion Picture zoos.

Take the hornbill bird, for instance. To see him sleepily perched on an artificial branch in an aviary you could never know what a noble and self-sacrificing bird he is. When his mate enters her nest to lay and hatch her eggs, he builds a clay cell around her, leaving only a narrow slit for her bill. For the space of three months he constantly watches over her, feeding her thru the aperture. Sometimes he will not leave the tree for days at a time. Only a Motion Picture zoo could do justice to such a fine bit of feathered domesticity.

Reptile life is perhaps the most unsatisfactory of all to exhibit in a zoo. Alligators, crocodiles, and the Gila monsters of the Arizona deserts are hibernating reptiles of the lizard family. Usually, in a zoo, visitors cannot tell whether the alligators are stuffed or alive. They are naturally sluggish, and in the cold months, like snakes, go into a torpid state, during which they do not move about nor eat. Yet the alligator in his native haunts, the bayous, rivers and lagoons of the South, is often a very frisky reptile given to the sagacity of Solomon and the ferocity of Attila. Usually they lie on a half-submerged log on the river bank, with their eyes set in a meaningless stare and their big jaws wide open. Woe to the luckless muskrat or fish that comes within reach of those terrible teeth. Snap! the big jaws close, like a steel trap, and the saurian's meal is finished.

A friend of the writer has an orange plantation on the lower Indian River, Florida, and for months was troubled with the nightly disappearance of some of his finest poultry. Geese, turkeys, fat pullets were impartially selected by the thief. In desperation, my friend procured a hound and tied him up to the poultry

FIRST ZEBRA BORN IN CENTRAL PARK ZOO AND ITS MOTHER, KITTY (MUTUAL)

run. One night he was aroused by the furious barking of the hound, and, seizing his shotgun, rushed out to the run. Imagine his amazement to see the long, black, stealthy shape of an alligator making off toward the river with a chicken.

My friend raised his gun, took aim, and fired. The alligator was half-raised from the ground with the force of the buckshot, but kept on his way. A second and third shot, at close range, did not penetrate his armor-like hide. Just as his snout was wedging into the river, my friend aimed at his eyes. The full charge blinded the reptile, which turned about and lashed the water into a creaming froth with his powerful tail. Finally my friend and his darkies succeeded in slipping a noose over his head, and, by their united efforts, finally choked the predatory alligator, which measured nine feet six inches. His skin was stuffed with moss and sent on to me, and it now ornaments my den.

The wonders of sea life have not been half-revealed to us, for, in aquariums, many wonderful fish and amphibious animals are overfed and will not perform many of their natural functions.

Mr. C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., has just perfected a submarine camera which opens up to us a vast wonder-field beneath the ocean. The camera can be lowered to the ocean's bed and operated at will by the photographer, who is on the surface. By means of an inverted periscope-effect of mirrors he is aware at all times of the subjects he is photographing.

The results of this camera, when revealed in a Moving Picture aquarium, would, no doubt, hold most of us spellbound.

The quick, upward rush of a shark; the ripple of air-bubbles as he turns belly upward; the bare escape of a shoal of flying-fish from his jaws; the flight of the beautiful, little fish on the surface—this picture would mark an everyday, deep-sea occurrence from which we have not yet pulled the curtain of mystery.

The manatee is a warm-blooded sea-animal which inhabits the waters of tropical and sub-tropical America. In United States waters it is a prison offense to kill or capture one. The manatee was held in strange reverence by the Indians, and is not unlike a cow. It has a large, benevolent-looking head, feeds on sea-grasses, and nurses its young. The New York Aquarium has gone to endless pains to install specimens, but they soon sicken and die in artificial surroundings. It remains for the Moving Picture aquariums to entertain us with the "biography" of this truly American mammal.

To the liberal-minded philanthropist who desires to help

IT IS OFTEN NECESSARY TO CRIPPLE WILD ANIMALS BEFORE THEY CAN BE CAPTURED FOR THE ZOOS

procure priceless records of wild-animal life. No doubt, if properly approached, the services and some of the films of Paul J. Rainey, of "South African Hunt" fame, could be procured. Mr. Rainey's photographers took hundreds of thousands of feet of film, most of which has never been exhibited, and, properly assembled and titled, this would be a wonderful beginning for a Moving Picture zoo.

John C. Hemment's recent *safari,* or journey into the heart of Africa, has provided an added treasure-house of animal subjects for nature-lovers. The Safari Film Co. has just organized for exhibition purposes and will show six or eight reels of African game pictures. But, in their travels thru the jungle, Mr. Hemment and his companions collected over one hundred thousand feet of film, containing practically all the beasts of the African animal kingdom. Eland, water-bucks, giraffes, zebras and hippopotami are a few of their Moving Picture zoo captures.

One of their most thrilling adventures was a hippopotamus hunt, and on Lake Albert Nyanza the Safari party fished for crocodiles. Hooks as large as anchors are baited with deer meat and dropped to the lake's bottom. When a crocodile starts to walk off with his meal a small army of natives grab hold of the "fish-line"—a heavy rope—and drag the monster ashore.

The most suitable place in which performances could be given would be the public library. The funds for same would be very nominal, and could easily be provided for out of the taxes.

The library could obtain its collection by buying a positive copy of every suitable natural history subject from the producers, and with such encouragement there is not the slightest doubt but that companies would be formed to produce pictures exclusively for the Motion Picture zoos.

At an appointed hour daily the whole collection of Motion Pictures could be run thru for the edification of visitors, who would learn more in a few hours than in a thousand visits to the ordinary zoo, and at the same time find the new method the more entertaining of the two.

A Motion Picture zoo is as essential as a well-stocked library, and as the film plays such an important part in American life today, there should be no opposition, but support rather, on the part of municipal bodies. One thing we would miss—the animal smells—but, of course, we can struggle along very well without them.

There are two forms of civilization: the effete, which ignores nature; and the deep, which gets close to it.

install Moving Picture zoos in every American town there is a chance to

ANTICIPATIONS AT THE MOVIES

By RHEINHART KLEINER

The trembling legend leaps upon the screen,
And lips unnumbered spell each flaming letter;
What marvel, now, or twist of plot or scene
Shall we behold, what fancy without fetter?

What gulfs of time and distance shall we span?
What woes of flame and flood and war and battle
Shall be revealed, since history began,
And the first baby learnt to scorn his rattle?

Shall we be told of splendor and of sin,
Of ruined nations and of exiled princes?
Or, where the morning sun comes pouring in,
Of some New England mother, paring quinces?

Perhaps 'twill be an idyll, tender, true,
Of love and longing, and a hero's daring,
With just a hint of heartache and of rue,
And beauty not too proud for tears and caring.

And, after all, the picture may display—
But there! the reel's begun, the leader's ended;
Now banish every care and cark away—
The movies with regret were never blended!

Pen Impression by Carolyn Townsend

CHARLIE

EARLE II.

WEBSTER

CISSY

EARLE

RUTH

LITTLE MARY

ETHEL

GRACE

BILLIE

EDWARD

THEDA

Colton U. S. N.

by Cyrus Townsend Brady

Being a Chapter from the Secret History of the United States Navy, Now Set Forth for the First Time
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Late U. S. N.*

THE disproportion between the acorn and the oak has often been noticed, the producing cause apparently being so inadequate to the resulting effect. The same discrepancy existed in this historic episode. It began with the "bilging" of Midshipman Austen; it ended with an attempt at the destruction of the best superdreadnought battleship division of the American Navy. And the dastardly attempt was so nearly successful that those privy to it can scarcely think of it for sheer pure horror.

Of course, everybody knows all there is to know about Rouania now. Its territorial extent, boundaries, chief cities, topographical features, trade, commerce, manufactures, also its form of government and history, are all set forth clearly in geographies and histories.

But few Americans know the real character of the Rouanian people, or perhaps better of its government. Should we ever be so unfortunate as to become involved in war with them, that will speedily appear. Meanwhile, something at least may be deduced from the foul attempts of the Rouanian ambassador to blow up the fleet. How far he represented his countrymen we leave it to others to decide. Happily he failed, anyway, and the story of his failure, which was buried in the archives for diplomatic reasons, is here set forth for the first time—and for diplomatic reasons, also! More than that cannot be said.

To bilge or—stop! The word needs explanation. Any layman can find its normal meaning from the dictionary, but only the very latest define it as it is used at the Nursery of the Navy—the wardroom section that is—at the Academy at Annapolis. Normally, when a ship bilges, she is ruined. A wooden ship in that sad case is good only for firewood; a steel one, for the scrap-heap. A midshipman who fails while at the academy and who is accordingly dropped or dismissed, is described as a "bilger." He is wrecked and ruined, so far as the navy is concerned—useless! And the verb follows the noun.

To resume, to bilge or not to bilge was the question. It was a question not only in Midshipman Austen's mind, but in the minds of everybody connected with the episode, except the Rouanian ambassador and the late James F. Archer, the widely known newspaper correspondent and publicist. Poor Archer is dead now, and his perfidy may fitly be narrated as a warning. While we are condemning the Rouanian ambassador, we may as well admit that Archer, a native-born American, but with a decided Rouanian strain in his ancestry a few generations back, plays the Benedict Arnold part. Well he played it and well he paid for it.

Bluff old Captain McMasters, the superintendent of the Naval Academy, and that fine and splendid officer, Lieutenant Commander Henry Arthur Colton, the head of the Department of Mathematics at the Naval School at Annapolis, were the deciding factors in the bilging of Midshipman Austen. They did not wish to bilge him; they liked the bright, handsome, young man, who was so incorrigibly devoted to—well, girls, or rather a girl—that he neglected his studies to such an extent that he came up for examinations with the knowledge, sternly if sadly imparted to him by both the above-mentioned officers, that he would fail and be dismissed unless he passed a perfect examination—a thing obviously impossible to any middy, much more to Austen.

Opposed to these most unwilling and reluctant pro-bilgers was an array of power and influence, which would possibly have had its way with any men less sternly resolved to do their duty and maintain their honor at whatsoever cost. In reverse order, by the criterion of importance, the first was Ethel McMasters, the captain's fair and only daughter. She was the one girl in the world for the widowed old sailor. She was also the one girl in the world for the about-to-be-bilged midshipman. Yes, Ethel McMasters and Gilman Austen were engaged. That's all they could be until Austen's graduation. Stern regulations of the academy frowned wisely upon too early love affairs. Proof in point—Austen's failure, caused by greater devotion to Ethel than to the muse of pure mathematics. Miss McMasters, feeling herself in some degree the cause of the prospective failure of her

*Dr. Brady's remarkable revelations of an hitherto little known or understood episode in our history, are made with the full consent of the authorities and of all persons concerned. Of course, great care has been taken not to give the real names of the actors. Otherwise the readers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC may rely upon the accuracy of the narrator.—EDITOR.

lover, felt in honor bound to prevent it if possible. Hence her ardent appeal to her father—unavailing, be it said.

The next Advocatus Austenensis was his sister Caroline. This charming young lady, visiting her most intimate friend, Ethel McMasters, had captured out of hand the pride of the bachelors of the navy. Lieutenant Commander Colton was no misogynist, far from it, but he had been so devoted to his profession, in which he had already achieved a high reputation as a thinker and an inventor, that he had left himself no time for—philandering! Consequently, when a girl as beautiful and as clever as Caroline Austen, piqued by the fact that no girl had ever succeeded with Colton, found herself genuinely in love with him and decided to have him, he was instantly hers for the taking. Indeed, he had fallen in love with her at first sight, with all the precipitate enthusiasm of a boy in spite of his forty years.

Colton was not only a brilliant theorist, but his broad breast sported on occasion a Congressional medal of honor, granted him for an act of brilliant gallantry in the Philippines, a highly prized decoration in the service. Caroline appealed to Colton to pass her brother, whether or no; and like Ethel McMasters, in vain. It was not that Colton would not, but that he could not. The boy must pass or go. That was all there was about it. The relation between the lovers was suddenly strained to the breaking point.

Last and most powerful of the friends of Austen the younger, was Austen the elder, the boy's father. The Honorable James M. Austen held no office, national, state or city, but there was no shrewder nor more influential politician in the country than he. His influence was practically limitless. And he was the possessor and sometimes the unscrupulous wielder of a great fortune. He came down to Annapolis post haste. He interviewed McMasters and Colton. Delicate suggestions of preferment for the superintendent to be secured thru him, more open expression of willingness to receive the younger officer into his family, and finally undisguised threat even, were not able to move the two inflexible officers. If Gilman Austen failed he must go; if he passed he could stay. That was the law—that was final. They had no option. They were in

GILMAN, DISMISSED, BIDS ETHEL GOOD-BY

GILMAN HAS NOT PASSED HIS EXAMINATIONS, BUT ETHEL AND CAROLINE TRY TO SAVE HIM

GILMAN SOON LEARNS THE ROPES ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP

hónor bound. The baffled politician left, vowing vengeance.

Poor Ethel McMasters dissolved in bitter but fruitless tears. Caroline Austen broke with her lover after a scornful and quite undeserved reproach from him to the effect that he now believed she had accepted him only to further her brother's interest! Gilman Austen desperately crammed for the examination, tried it, failed lamentably, was bilged and left the academy secretly for parts unknown, first securing from Ethel her promise to wait for him on the strength of his promise to show himself worthy of her.

Consequent on the recalcitrancy of McMasters and Colton, from the elder Austen's point of view, came orders to the captain detaching him from the academy and placing him in command of the smallest and poorest vessel in the service ever allotted to an officer of his rank. Colton, as his reward, was given charge of the most wretched and out-of-date-collier in the service—the meanest and dirtiest job in the navy. All this was due to James Austen's spite-work. That gentleman had an interesting interview with his son before the latter's departure. Young Austen resented the attempt that had been made by virtual bribery to get him passed and incidentally left his father a parting message to the effect that he would never accept a commission tainted with dishonor.

Caroline Austen had been loved many times and often. Mr. James Archer was the latest and not the least ardent suitor for her heart and hand. Not the least of Miss Austen's attractions was her father's money. Archer's financial condition was desperate. Drink and dissipation, gambling and speculation, had brought him to the verge of ruin. That was bad enough, but when to financial disaster were added certain dishonor and equally certain punishment, his situation was hopeless. All this made him an easy mark for the Rouanian ambassador.

That astute person, as bold as he was clever, had conceived a great idea. We were on the verge of one of those periodical outbreaks of animosity between ourselves and Rouania, which doubtless some day will culminate in actual warfare. Conditions were more threatening on this occasion than on any other that had gone before. The Rouanian army far surpassed ours. In the case of their navy, there was a difference greatly in our favor. Barefacedly bribing Archer, whose newspaper connections and general reputation, as well as rather engaging personality and manner, when he wished to assume it, had carried him everywhere, the ambassador found in him a fitting tool and accomplice.

The ambassador got Archer completely in his power by enormous gifts of money and set him to work to find the secrets of a brand new submarine battery — Colton's invention — which revolutionized the working of submarines. Now Archer was the more willing to undertake this because he hated Colton. One day, at the Naval Academy, he had taken Miss Austen canoeing. In getting into the canoe, while Archer stood on the shore, the frail boat had upset with Caroline Austen. Archer had run for help, as he afterward declared, to get a life-preserver. Colton, who happened to be passing, had jumped in and brought her out, no great feat to be sure, but one that did not do Archer any good. And again, Archer and Colton being at the club, Archer had referred to Miss Austen publicly in a slighting way. In fact, he had sneered at Colton's proposal to her, which had taken place in a small sailboat under rather amusing circumstances. Colton, who was an accomplished sailor, had let go of the tiller to embrace the lady, with consequences that might have been disastrous but for his ready recovery. And as the result of this babbling, the newspaperman had been thrown out of the club after a personal encounter with Colton, who might have killed him if he had been let alone.

The scene shifts to the Naval Training Station. Captain McMaster's friends had rallied to his support, and despite Austen's and Archer's attempt to prevent it had got him appointed as flag captain of the *Wyoming*, the great superdreadnought carrying the flag of the Admiral, the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet. Colton still remained in command of the collier, however. The elder Austen saw to that.

Fate brought the actors in the tremendous drama together, for Gilman Austen, possessed by a love for the sea and things nautical, had determined to enlist as a seaman apprentice, in the hope that he might gain the quarter-deck through the hawse-pipe, as the saying ran. Colton's collier was ordered to coal the *Wyoming*.

Visiting on the *Wyoming* that day were Ethel McMasters and Caroline Austen. Busy about the ship, trying to see what he could find out, was Mr.

THE CONSPIRACY AND ITS DISCOVERY

James Archer. Sheltered by a gun-turret, anybody who peeped around it could have seen Ethel McMasters violently hugging a young and handsome blue-jacket in whom she had just recognized her lover. She promised to keep his secret without realizing the difficulty involved in that impulsive pledge.

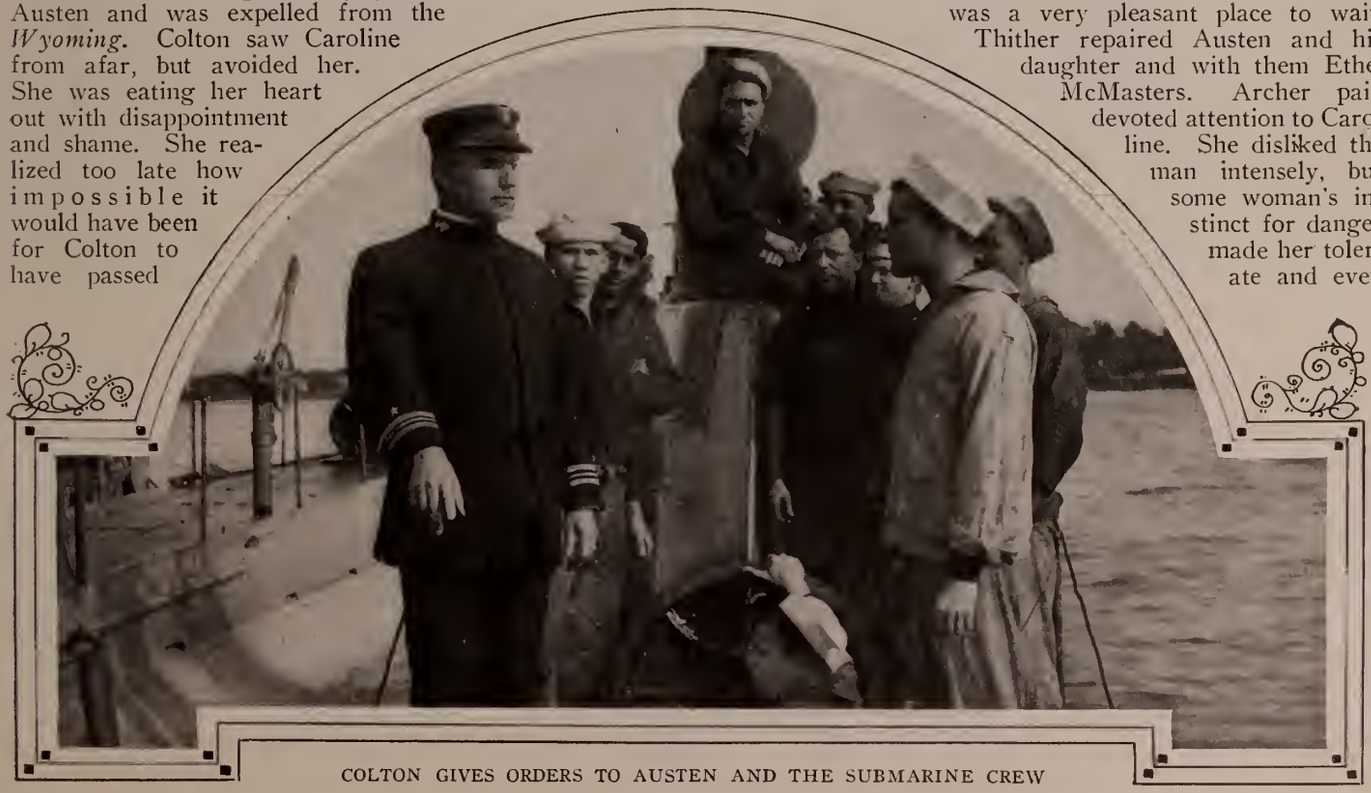
Archer was recognized by young Austen and was expelled from the *Wyoming*. Colton saw Caroline from afar, but avoided her. She was eating her heart out with disappointment and shame. She realized too late how impossible it would have been for Colton to have passed her brother—that his honor would permit him no other course than that he had chosen. Indeed, she knew she could not have loved him had he complied with her request. She realized, too, how grossly in the wrong she had been. That Colton had wrongly accused her and put a false construction upon the engagement did not afford much solace. She pined to be reconciled, but found it difficult to make the overture.

The fleet was ordered to sea for battle practice. Before it took its departure from Newport, Colton's friends, at the urgent representations of Captain McMasters, and in recognition of Colton's wonderful battery with which the new submarines were all equipped, got him assigned to command the submarine flotilla. The Rouanian ambassador was furious at Archer's failure to discover the secret of the battery, especially since Rouania and the United States now appeared to be on the very brink of war.

The ambassador and Archer determined upon a bold stroke. The fleet would return to Hampton Roads after the battle practice. The conspirators planned to mine the channel. A Rouanian merchant ship was secured, which was anchored off Fortress Monroe, with steam up, and the electrical wires from the mines ran to this ship. As the fleet steamed up the bay—when the battleships were over the mines—they were to be exploded by Archer.

The arrangements were made with great skill. The mines were planted. It was impossible for any ship to pass up the channel with impunity, if those who controlled the mines exploded them. In the confusion, caused by the explosion, the Rouanian ship expected to slip away to sea and make good her escape. No inkling of the dastardly plot was allowed to escape. Every avenue of information had been so safeguarded that the conspirators were sure that they could never be identified with the disaster. People might think what they pleased, but they could by no means connect them with the wholesale destruction of the pride of the American navy.

The pieces having thus been set, the players had nothing to do but wait for the opportune moment. The Hotel Chamberlain, at Old Point Comfort, was a very pleasant place to wait. Thither repaired Austen and his daughter and with them Ethel McMasters. Archer paid devoted attention to Caroline. She disliked the man intensely, but some woman's instinct for danger made her tolerate and even



COLTON GIVES ORDERS TO AUSTEN AND THE SUBMARINE CREW

encourage his attentions. There was something mysterious about Archer. It was something connected with the navy. She set herself to discern it.

Caroline knew that Archer hated Colton. She matched her woman's wit against his to find out what it was. Dining with Archer, after a ball at the Country Club, her suspicions were confirmed when Archer, having taken just one drink too many, in his nervous excitement over the approaching catastrophe, for the fleet had wirelessed that it would enter the port in the morning, revealed to her that something terrible was about to happen. He went further than that. Presuming upon the encouragement he had received, he attempted to carry Caroline Austen's heart and person by storm. She repulsed him with indignant scorn.

COLTON SAVES THE U. S. FLEET

"Still in love with Colton and the navy?" he sneered. "Wait till tomorrow morning and see what the navy is then and Colton, too."

Then Archer was summoned to the telephone. Before he left her he thrust his hand into his pocket and took out his cigaret case. In his drunken and befuddled condition he did not realize that in taking out the silver case he had also unwittingly displaced and dropped on the floor a folded paper. It was the happiest accident that ever happened for the United States, but it would not have amounted to anything had not Caroline Austen been on the scene and ready. As Archer left her, she seized the paper. She was horrified to discover a map of the channel, a diagram of the mine-field, a plan of the formation of the incoming warships. Underneath it was written in Archer's handwriting these words: "First squadron and battleship fleet coming in morning, October 21st." Also there were shown the wires leading to the Rouanian ship, *Mercedes*. The matter was not quite clear to Caroline, but she knew beyond peradventure that some great danger threatened the American navy, and very probably Colton personally, from these mines.

Her first thought was of Colton. She took the only automobile at the club and rode madly for the hotel. In a little while Archer came out and, in default of any automobile, took horse for the *Mercedes,* utterly ignorant that the paper had been lost and that any suspicion had been aroused.

"I must see Mr. Colton at once," cried Caroline, leaping from the automobile to the hotel porch.

Colton was not there. She learnt that he was on the torpedo boat destroyer *Benham,* the flagship of the submarine flotilla. Attended by an officer, after a brief word or two with her father and Ethel, who had come upon the scene, Caroline boarded the *Benham.* The issues to be decided were too great even for love-making. Without a word, Caroline handed Colton the paper. Colton glanced at it—realized its importance instantly.

"Great God!" he cried, "they are going to attempt to blow up the first battleship squadron tomorrow morning. How came you by this paper?"

Rapidly Caroline put him in possession of the facts.

"Archer, the infernal traitor!" he cried. "Miss Austen, if we save the fleet it will be due to you."

"I did it as much for you as for the fleet," said the girl boldly.

There was a reconciliation then and there, but Colton could not wait. He sent a messenger in a motor-boat to the *D2,* the biggest and best of the submarines, directing her commander to report to him at once. The captain and other officers had gone ashore, intending to be away all night, the messenger promptly reported.

"I will take command of her myself," said Colton.

He went aboard and got under way. His right-hand man in the undertaking on the submarine was young Gilman Austen, who had been stationed aboard her.

Meanwhile, Caroline went ashore. Day had broken. Everybody was now aware that something was up. Just what, nobody knew. In front of the hotel Caroline met her astonished father. She had just strength enough to gasp out: "The fleet, the fleet!" Then she collapsed. Events moved swiftly thereafter. The *D2* got under way, submerged, and found it could not pass under, thru or over the mines. The fleet, in column of divisions, was close at hand; the *Wyoming,* flying the Admiral's flag, was on the right of the first division.

There were but two ways of saving the ships. The *D2* could dash into the mine-field and explode them, or, without losing the submarine, perhaps the mines could be exploded from the merchant ship. The submarine, still submerged, was moved over near the *Mercedes.* Thru the periscope they saw the men on that ship staring seaward at the approaching squadron.

Colton got into the torpedo tube. He had explained his purpose to his men. Every one of them had volunteered for the dangerous duty. Young Austen had begged and pleaded for it, but Colton felt that it was his duty.

(*Continued on page 72*)

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES of POPULAR PLAYERS

You can likely count on the fingers of one hand the Motion Picture "pioneer" players who are as popular as they were eight or ten years ago.

Chief among these few is Gilbert M. Anderson, of "Broncho Billy" fame.

Mr. Anderson is a native of Arkansas. He spent his early childhood there and matured into the robust man of the present in the West. Here it was that he learnt the actual hardships of the earlier West and where he became fitted to assume the rôle of "Broncho Billy," the character who is as famous, as heroic and as well liked as Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson.

His parents were natives of Arkansas—Pine Bluff. His father was engaged in the cotton business at the time of "Broncho Billy's" birth. As a boy he left his home and went to St. Louis, satisfying a desire to "see the world." He was a newsboy for a time, but at the age of eighteen went on the stage. This was in stock. It was as a minstrel that he made his début. In speaking of this Mr. Anderson says: "I was told that I was to be seen and not heard. But I had a good voice and liked to use it. My musical taste ached for a chance to sing, and so I broke in with the chorus and sang thru the rest of the show. I was fired because of that breach of order."

G. M. ANDERSON AS "BRONCHO BILLY"

Mr. Anderson wandered thruout the country, playing here and there in good shows and now and then cheap ones. Between times he haunted the West. Years passed, and then the Motion Pictures became a practical amusement. Mr. Anderson left the speaking stage by choice and joined a film company. He worked with four different companies at first, and then realized that he could make more by entering the business himself. Just about that time he met George K. Spoor. They decided to join forces. He put up most of the money and Mr. Anderson the experience. Thus "Essanay" was born.

Ben Turpin, the Essanay comedian of the present Western company, went with Mr. Anderson at the start and took the part of everything, from actor to wardrobe mistress. They borrowed some furniture and staged a comedy which took.

Mr. Anderson was the first man to take a cinema to the Coast and stage films there. He was the first to grasp Western picture possibilities. He is a strong, red-blooded "Jack London" type of man.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

THERE are many actresses who achieve popularity because they are shy and guileless on the screen; and there are others who are worshiped because they are the very opposite. This sounds like a paradox, but it isn't; it is merely the strange meanderings of public taste. There are very few stars who possess a happy combination of the two traits mentioned and are capable of expressing either at will. Kathlyn Williams is one of these. She can be emotional to a wonderful degree and also play a strenuous, full-blooded rôle wherein sentiment may be only a suggestion and play it so well that she simply carries her audience with her. That is the test of a true dramatic artist—the human touch that gets right down to you.

Successful as Miss Williams has been among the proprieties—or improprieties—of the fashionable drawing-room drama, it is as the braver of a thousand-and-one dangers that she is best known and doubtless most beloved. Billie of "Unafraid" is said to have run the gamut of Motion Picture sensations, all the way from soaring in aeroplanes to acting a hair-raising rôle in a cage of untamed denizens of the jungle. Her strenuous work of the past few years has taken her to many regions on this mundane sphere, but, now that these big Selig features are concluded, she is looking forward to spending the greater part of her time on the Coast and is building a residence there quite in keeping with her varied tastes and intimate hobbies.

Kathlyn Williams has an ambition which, if it is not absolutely unique, is at least rather out of the ordinary run of girlish ambitions. It is to be the first successful *hydroaeroplaniste* (she coined the word). Any one who has looked into that fair Anglo-Saxon face and those fearless blue eyes can well believe that her novel ambition may yet be fulfilled. That is another phase of her versatility, and still another is the fact that she can calm the troubled spirit of a lioness with one hand and at the same time caress and smooth back the hair of a little child with the other. She is a most capable artiste and a most lovable woman. Colin Campbell, the well-known Selig director, says the latter, and he ought to know.

LILLIAN DREW, of the Essanay Company

MISS LILLIAN DREW, who left musical comedy a year ago to join the Essanay Company, was born in Chicago some years past. She prefers the photoplay to the stage, and her favorite line of work is playing heavy rôles, and those who have seen her in "Olga," her favorite character, know how successful she has been in this line.

Miss Drew is a great admirer of all things done well, particularly of clever writing, but only to the extent of reading it—all her efforts in that line have been limited to the writing

of checks to the grocer and butcher. Hobbies she has none, but enjoys doing everything, and thinks that life is worth living, especially when sleeping.

A NEAPOLITAN STREET SCENE IN "THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI," DIRECTED BY LOIS WEBER, FEATURING PAVLOWA

What It Means to Be an "Extra"

By One Who Was—For a Day. By LORETTO COFFIELD CLARKE

I TRIED to appear very "experienced" when I entered the grounds of the studio, but on being confronted with the curious glances of some hundred or more men, I lost nerve and immediately took a vacancy on a long bench. It must have been the "experienced" thing to do, for the curious eyes were turned elsewhere. I soon learnt that all these people were like myself, looking for extra work, and, from what I heard, I gathered that they were "regular extras." The majority were men, and looking very hard-up, too, and I wondered how they had the time to spend standing around in little, "watchful-waiting" groups, hoping to be called for a mob scene.

When I could breathe naturally again, I noticed the sign "Employment Office" over the doorway of a tiny building, so I made my way to it and entered. I found a very English gentleman at a desk taking down the names of the men as they entered, one by one, and I judged, from their happy expressions, it meant work. Just when my turn came he was called to the telephone, and I heard this: "No, madam, I couldn't tell you—(pause)—I have nothing to do with employing the lidies; Mrs. Brown engiges the women — (pause) — no, madam, she's nawt here now—(pause)—no, madam, I couldn't si' that she needs any girls—(pause)—I only engige the men, madam; you'd better come to the studio, madam, for we cawnt tell what you look like over the telyphone, madam." This saved me a lot of questions, and so, assuming my most "experienced" air, I inquired when Mrs. Brown would be in. He replied, "It's at two o'clock she's supposed to be here, madam, but she's nawt always exactly on the jot, madam."

I rejoined the crowd of "watchful waiters," and presently Mrs. Brown came down the walk, and, with a smile for many of the "regulars," she entered the little house and took the desk next to the English gentleman. There was no time lost by several of the young "lidies" to secure first place in the line. I came in about fifth, which I thought good for an "extra-extra." The first two were friends, and presented a newspaper article to Mrs. Brown which, no doubt, spoke highly of their work in some amateur performance. After reading it Mrs. Brown returned it, with a smile, and said, "Of course, you know your work in this line does not mean that you would do well before a camera." To this the girl replied, "Oh, I've seen so many of the movies where the stars acted so stiff, and I know I wouldn't be that way." She was told to come on Thursday morning at *six-thirty!* In order, the others ahead of me were engaged, and when I asked if I could get in the scene on Thursday, Mrs. Brown said, "Certainly—what's the name?" I told her and that was all.

Finally, Thursday morning came. I had asked the hotel clerk to call me at five A. M., which he did. It proved quite a shock to me, as it seemed and looked like midnight. Being half-awake, I returned to bed, thinking to delay getting ready until I felt a little more awake. The next thing I knew it was—*six-thirty!* That very minute I should be at the studio, and I was miles from it! I was very angry with myself and terribly disappointed. Here was I in the wild-and-woolly metropolis of the film world and letting slip the chance to tell the folks back in Kokomo, "Oh my, yes; I worked for the movies when I was out West!" Were all my preparation and hope for nothing—just for the sake of a few more winks of sleep? No; for I decided to take a chance, omit breakfast, and get there as soon as possible. Passing a fruit-stand on the way to the car, I stopped to get some apples, and, when I arrived at the corner, my car was just leaving. Oh, if I had

only not stopped for the apples! This seemed to be a morning of regrets. Soon another car came, which was market "Sunset," so I got on, and, after a mile or two, I discovered that it turned off Sunset before the studio was reached. I was given a transfer and told to wait for a real Hollywood car.

I arrived at the studio at 7.15 and was alarmed to see an auto-bus, nearly filled, with the girls all in costume. I thought it was no use, but made my way to the dressing-room, and there beheld a mob scene such as never has been produced on the screen. Mrs. Brown emerged from the midst of the same, wonderful system, had selected for me the costume that would fit me and look well, too. The costume was a green satin skirt with an overdress cut with a long train of blue pompadour silk, the waist being made of the same, all trimmed very prettily with lace. Now guess—what color are my eyes? No, you're wrong. Nobody told me what I represented, and I did not ask.

Mrs. Brown was begging the ladies to hurry—hurry!—the buses were going to leave *at once!*—not to mind making up—it wouldn't show, etc., etc. Mary Pickford could not be more particular about her make-up than prepared for it. The sun did not pierce the heavy fog until nearly eleven o'clock. Luckily, I had a warm coat.

We passed thru some very beautiful country on the way, and my right-hand neighbor was kind enough to explain to me many things I did not understand about this wonderful country. She was more concerned, however, about an eyebrow pencil she had loaned to some sweet thing who forgot to return it. After a delightful ride we arrived at our destination, and were told to "walk up to the canyon." I followed the others, who seemed to be familiar with the way. The

SINCE ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE ATTEND PRIZE-FIGHTS, BILLIE REEVES HAD NO TROUBLE IN SELECTING "EXTRAS" FOR THIS SCENE FROM "THE SUBSTITUTE" (LUBIN)

crowd in some miraculous manner, caught me by the arm and yelled, "What's your name?" I screamed back, "Naomi Higgins." She thrust a card into my hand, and I was told to go to another building to get my costume. I presented my card, and, by some wonderful system, I found myself hugging a bundle with my name and number pinned on. One glance and I knew the costume was pretty, and I rushed back to the dressing-room and was soon out of my street-clothes and into the gown. It fitted me perfectly, which might have been an accident, but was not, for since then I have learnt that Mrs. Brown is a real detective in selecting types, and when she "engiged" me she was making a note of my height, coloring and weight, and, by that these extras. Every eyelash must be properly beaded, every curl just so. Every "extra" feels as important as any star could possibly feel.

I had plenty of time to enjoy the apples while waiting for the others to be ready to get into the buses. The men were the last ones out of the dressing-rooms. Perhaps their make-up is also important. There must have been more than a dozen buses and auto-trucks crowded with men and women. The word was given, and we started. From fragments of conversation I overheard, I surmised we were going to a mountain-pass some two hours' or more ride. That sounded jolly, and I was agreeable, which mattered not. It was very cold, and as none of the women had been told of the ride they were not "canyon" looked for all the world like the space left in a nice, high chocolate-layer cake after a middle slice had been cut out. I was told that this "pass" was not natural, but had been cut thru the mountain for a movie "location."

The camera men were already there, with a high platform built up for their operations. We were all herded down the pass to the far side of a knoll which was remarkable for its ruggedness, and the director's assistant sorted the crowd as best he could by costume. The "cannibals" came first, followed by "early Christians." To the layman it might appear that reversing the order would prove more realistic. Strange to say, most of the "early Christians" were being played by Jews. I did not envy the assistant

THIS SCENE, FROM "PEER GYNT" (MOROSCO), WAS ONLY A "FLASH," BUT IT TOOK A DAY TO TRAIN THE "EXTRAS" TO DO IT PROPERLY

director, for there was every kind of a character represented, from "cannibals" to "monks." Mary Magdalene was there, as well as Nero, Brunhilde, Marie Antoinette, Launcelot, and other less prominent armored knights, kings and queens galore, court ladies and gentlemen of many periods, peasants from all European nations (except Ireland—I wonder why?), Colonial dames, Dutch lassies and lads, Johnny Redcoats wearing the Revolutionary War uniforms, cowpunchers, silk-hatted gentlemen, and many, many more types. I was grouped with the French court ladies.

After the crowd was arranged with some semblance of order, we rehearsed coming up over the knoll with our arms raised high, backs of hands to camera, and our eyes also raised, "appealing to Heaven." It is not considered essential that the extras know the reasons for the "business," so we

NEGROES ARE FREQUENTLY USED AS "EXTRAS." THEY CAN BE ATTIRED SO AS TO REPRESENT A VARIETY OF STRANGE PEOPLES. THIS SCENE IS TAKEN FROM "STANLEY AMONG THE VOODOO WORSHIPPERS" (MUTUAL)

just "appealed" silently, without knowing for what. We were also cautioned to keep three feet apart, for which I was very thankful because of my train, and the director's assistant expressed the opinion that if we would do it right it would "look like a million people on the screen." Well, we came over the knoll some hundred or more times, only to be sent back to come up again.

It must have been in a fit of abstraction that I took my hair down to be like other girls in the same kind of costume. This mountain-pass is carpeted with rocks and stones of every conceivable size and shape, and deep, dusty sand. Every time we came over the knoll our trains and stumbling feet raised a lovely cloud of dust, which we breathed and choked on. It settled on our hair, got in our eyes, and very soon the velvet robes of the Elizabethan court ladies were covered with dust. The make-up suffered sadly. But none were in so pitiable a condition as the monks, who had loose sandals, without stockings, on their feet, and the gravel and dirt was a constant worry to them.

At last the rehearsal was pronounced good enough to start the "shooting." After the first groups had passed out of the scene on either side of the camera, the "shooting" ceased until they could be sent down to the other end of the line to make it look more "like a million people." Then a few more feet of film would be "shot." Many times these little snatches were taken twice, which necessitated our returning to the starting-places and raising more dust. The sun, having come out in its accustomed Western glory, was adding to the discomfort of the hundreds who were trying to sit or stand in the little patches of shade while waiting for further orders.

In the course of an hour or more I found myself near the camera. At least I was not obliged to come over the knoll again, and, with "both arms raised, backs of hands to camera, eyes appealing to Heaven," I was ready for the shout: "Action!" I looked back, and there was a burly soldier on my train, both feet firmly planted. I shooed him off, and again took position a few steps ahead. A "dairymaid" in the rear saw the empty space made, so jumped in front of the soldier, and, looking back, I found her on my nice pompadour train. I asked her to kindly step off, at which she replied, with some heat, that I should carry my train on my arm. Well, hardly that, when both arms were aiding my eyes in an "appeal" for rain, or—something. As there was no train on her costume, I suppose she could not see the sense of having any in the scene at all. I reasoned that the director or costumer or designer wanted those trains on the gowns, and, having them there, wanted them used, and we would not have both arms raised if one were to be used in carrying our trains. I reminded the "dairymaid" of the order to keep three feet apart, and she grudgingly stepped off the train.

Position again, and then the cry, "Action!" Once more we started toward the camera, and most of the time I was "appealing," most earnestly, "to Heaven": "You're on my train! Get off my train! Get off! Get off my train!!!" Nearly always the appeal was answered; but, just when I was close to the camera, a little old man of about seventy years, who seemed to have been given all the left-overs in the costume-room, topped off with a silk hat—he didn't know what he represented, and no one else could tell him—began to do the "Castle-canter" up my train. His ears could have been no more use to him than his eyes, for he refused to "get off" at my earnest appeal. Gradually I felt a tugging, then a ripping sound, and lo! I stood before the camera in the green satin skirt minus the overdress of pompadour silk. Oh, woe is me! to have such a thing happen just when my ambition was about to be realized, for the pet vanity of every "extra" is to be seen, and I supposed I would be in the "cut-out." The "shooting" ceased just at this moment, and we were told we had done very well and, if we would be nice little "extras" and go down to where the buses were, we would be given lunch. Wonderful word—lunch!

There was no polite hanging back, or "You first, my dear Gaston." That mob of hungry, tired and dirty humanity rushed, scrambled and collided with each other in their mad haste to get there first. However, even there the wonderful system was in evidence, and no lunch was given out to those who did not stand in line—women on one side and men on the other side of the wagon. A box-lunch was given to each person and a pint bottle of milk. That milk was like nectar of the gods to those parched and dusty throats, and a "Flemish peasant"

COWBOY "EXTRAS" ARE NOT HARD TO FIND IN THE WEST, WHERE THIS SCENE FROM BOSWORTH'S "FATHERHOOD" (UNIVERSAL) WAS TAKEN

drank all the milk before opening her lunch-box. In the boxes was a goodly lunch—three sandwiches (one of cheese, which later I regretted), a piece of pie, cake, a little paper-case of potato salad with a sliver of a wooden picnic-plate for a fork, and the three p's—a peach, a plum, and a pickle.

Everybody sat under the trees, in groups of queens and cannibals, monks and peasants, soldiers and prophets, and ate and drank and *rested!* There was not much conversation until the last crumb was gone. We were soon told the work was finished and to prepare for returning at once. The beautiful ride, I thought, would make up in a measure for the hardships of the "Hard Road to Jordan," for that was the name of the photoplay. I can vouch for the hardness of the road, and was glad to know it was only a day's journey to Jordan.

Our driver went like the wind, slowing down for neither bumps, railroad crossings, sharp turns, nor other reasons. I had developed a wonderfully thumpy headache while traveling over the "hard road," which was unrelieved by the lunch, and this ride, with the hot wind rushing by my head, I thought would burst my ear-drums. I could not talk with the "early Christian" sitting next to me. I could only sit and hope the ride would soon be over and I could get out of the green satin skirt and get some rest and peace. And then was the time when I regretted the cheese sandwich, pickle and milk combination. Oh, how sorry I was for all the sins of my past life! How earnestly I "appealed to Heaven" that the studio would soon appear on the horizon! And a court lady had the inspiration to sing and suggested that all join her! This suggestion was not met with much enthusiasm, and I was grateful, for the first song selected was one of those "weepy" ones that make one think of home, and, as mine was several thousands of miles from me, it was the last thing I wanted to think about.

All in good time a shout from those in front, and I opened my eyes to see in the distance the large sham structure that is to be a castle, or a fort, or something, on the grounds of the studio, and which to me has become a landmark of Los Angeles. I never was so thankful to put my feet on solid ground before in my life.

Passing by the stage, on my way to the dressing-room, I saw several hundred men and women, in formal evening dress, being placed in an Embassy Ball scene, with all the foreign diplomats and their wives. Our own good President Wilson was there, with Mr. Bryan on his right side(O shades of the past!). All these lovely ladies and gentlemen looked very strange to me, very useless and of no account in their spic-and-span orderliness, and my curious stare was returned by haughty glances from them in their superior dignity and restful cleanliness. I was made to feel very suddenly every grain of dust that was on my costume, in my hair, every discomforting hot wind I had breathed, and the pickle and the pie and the *cheese sandwich!*

I hesitated no longer, but quickly went back to the dressing-room, and, as our bus was the first in, we had the room to ourselves. I was in my street-clothes in ten minutes, had returned my costume, and was on my way out of the grounds when I overheard a "cannibal," who arrived in a later bus, inquire, in a very "eat-em-alive" voice, if he were going to be paid *then!* "Paid"? To be sure, we had been doing this all for pay. This was an item I had lost sight of in the many experiences of the day. And then I heard the English gentleman, who "had nothing to do with the lidies," explaining that the "extras would nawt be paid until tomorrow, as the books with reports would nawt be turned in until then, you know." I wondered whether I would be alive by "tomorrow."

As such things happen, I discovered myself conscious, on Friday noon, "in my bed, my—bed, my beauti-ful be-d!"

ALL OF THE REGULAR "EXTRAS" HAVE TO ACT AS SOLDIERS, SOONER OR LATER, BECAUSE WAR-DRAMAS ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND. THIS SCENE IS FROM A 'KALEM PLAY

THE "ONE AND ONLY"

By BETH MULLANE

Charlie need not worry
  About the arguments and talk
As to whom belongs the glory
  Of the famous "Chaplin walk,"
Or the "turning of the corners,"
  Or the awful, "vacant stare,"
Or any of his drollery,
  That is all beyond compare.

I say he need not worry,
  For, since he first began,
You cant even fool the "kiddies"
  On their little "movie man."
Just to give you one example:
  At the show, the other night,
Sat two dirty little urchins—
  They were critics, too, all right!

When the screen showed up a picture—
  A rattling, slapstick stunt—
From behind I heard a whisper,
  Then a most disgusted grunt;
Then, "I t'ought you said 'twas Charlie
  Dat we're a-goin' to see.
Dont ye t'ink I pipe de diff'runce?
  Charlie Chaplin—hully chee!"

PICTURESQUE SETTINGS AND CAREFULLY DONE LOCAL COLOR MARK THE UP-TO-DATE PHOTOPLAY SCENE FROM "THE END OF THE ROAD" (MUTUAL)

"Ham" and "Bud"

By HECTOR AMES

TWENTY-TWO years ago an impudent-faced, undersized youngster made his appearance in the field, over in Brooklyn, which served as a ball-ground for the boys who lived in the neighborhood. A ball-game was about to start. All that was lacking was umpire, and, since umpire-baiting was a popular form of amusement at the time, none of the youngsters present evinced the slightest desire to act in that capacity.

The leader of one of the teams—a sturdy, well-built boy of twelve—spied the newcomer. Because of the latter's size, he looked easy to lick, and so he was appointed arbiter.

It was apparent from the start that the stranger was to have hard sledding. Sure enough, trouble raised its grinning head with the very first decision he was called upon to make. A youngster sliding for home was called out. With one accord, his teammates headed for the luckless umpire.

The latter, however, put up a surprisingly good fight—so good, in fact, that he aroused the admiration of the leader of the band. The latter, wiping his shirt-sleeve across a bleeding nose, halted the attack, and declared the little lad duly elected to his gang.

BUD DUNCAN

Now, all this is of particular interest to photoplay patrons, because the principals were none other than Lloyd V. Hamilton and Bud Duncan. And the friendship formed at that time was destined to eventually prove a powerful factor in dispelling some of the worries and woes with which this old world is afflicted.

As "Ham" and "Bud," Hamilton and Duncan are known wherever Kalem's famous "Ham" comedies are shown. It was Hamilton who told of the manner in which he and his little chum chanced to take up Motion Picture work. Here is the story, just as he told it.

"You see," Ham began, "I suppose the law of opposites had as much to do in cementing the friendship between Bud and me as anything else—altho the bloody nose he gave me, when the gang attacked him because of a poor decision he rendered, helped considerably.

"Bud is about knee-high to a grasshopper, while I am well over the six-foot mark," Ham continued, laughingly. "He hates what I like, and I despise what he is strong for, and so we agree perfectly.

"But, to get back to our first meeting, the boys put Bud thru the usual initiation. Have you ever witnessed the sizing-up process which takes place when a new boy makes his appearance in the neighborhood? The most merciless cross-examination ever conducted by a district attorney is mild in comparison with that of a bunch of youngsters who want to get a line on the newcomer.

"Well, Bud was compelled to undergo the usual third degree. Everybody in the gang felt of his muscle and put a thousand and one questions to him. Finally, one of the boys, who proudly boasted of the fact that his father was a prize-fighter, asked Bud what *his* father did for a living.

"'My father's a ventril'quist!' Bud replied.

"Right then and there he became the envy and admiration of the crowd. Why, every one of us had ardently longed to be a ventriloquist ever since one of our number had seen one at a variety show. And now, right before

us, was the son of so wonderful a person!

"Bud and I became warm friends from the start. We took bites out of the same apple, played 'hookey' from school together, and fought each other's battles. Of course, with the coming of Bud the thoughts of every boy in the neighborhood turned towards matters theatrical.

"Then, one day, Bud's father gave us a couple of passes to a 'Jekyll and Hyde' show. The performance impressed us both so deeply that we decided to stage it ourselves. We let the other boys know, and, before long, all arrangements had been completed to produce 'Jekyll and Hyde' in a cellar under the cottage in which one of our crowd lived. This chap consented to grant the use of the cellar upon condition that he be given a part. So I told him that he could be the victim who is choked by Hyde.

"We charged one gunnysack or two bottles for reserved soap-box seats, and one bottle for general admission. The performance commenced when the house was filled. Now, the show would have been a grand and glorious success but for one thing. The mother of the boy I was choking came down into the cellar while this scene was taking place. She broke up the performance, to save her son's life!

"Altho our first histrionic attempt was more or less of a failure, Bud and I weren't at all discouraged. The

desire to tread the boards obsessed us. And then, one day, about two or three years later, Bud excitedly told me that people were wanted for the mob-scenes in a Shakespearean production about to be given at a theater not far from our homes."

Hamilton grinned.

"This time it was *my* mother who broke up the show," he chuckled.

"You see," Kalem's famous comedian continued, "she was a member of the church and wasn't very strong for theaters. Of course I didn't dare to tell her that I had been taken on as a super and that I was to carry a spear in one of the early scenes. Consequently, it was with a feeling of terror that I heard my father urging her to take in the performance with him. My heart went clear down to my shoes when she finally consented.

"Nevertheless, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to pass up my chance of going on the stage, even tho all I had to do was carry a spear.

"The night of the performance came. I stole out of the house and hastened down to the theater. The show started, and I could see my mother seated out in the third row of the orchestra. For a time she failed to recognize me, but finally I felt her eyes riveted upon my face.

"I can imagine the horror which filled her. I can picture all that passed thru her mind. The next instant she rose in her seat, pointed her finger straight at me, and declared: 'Lloyd Hamilton, you get into your clothes and go right home!'

"But even this failed to quench the desire to be actors that burned within Bud and me. At that time the 'brother' act craze was at its height, and so we teamed up and played at entertainments and other private affairs.

"Even as is the case in the 'Ham' comedies today, people laughed the moment we appeared. The difference in our sizes was responsible for this. Bud hadn't grown an inch, while I had shot up like a weed. And, because we took to the business like ducks to water, we couldn't help but make good.

"Later came a chance to join a burlesque troupe. This experience proved of immense value to us. You see, the people who patronize burlesque performances like rough stuff. The harder I knocked poor Bud about, the better they liked it. If you will take notice, this is exactly the case in the Motion Picture comedy field today.

"We eventually graduated into vaudeville, playing theaters from coast to coast. About a year ago we played Los Angeles. One of Kalem's comedy directors saw our act, and shortly afterwards we joined the Kalem forces.

"One of the reasons which, in my opinion, has helped us make good in the 'Ham' comedies, is the fact that Bud and I have played together so many years that we can safely introduce funny business not contained in the original script, knowing the other will play up to it.

"What generally happens is this: Our director, giving us a general idea of the business which takes place in the scene, orders us to go ahead and make him laugh. If we succeed in doing this, we know that our work is funny. And it's a pretty safe bet that the photoplay patrons will be of the same opinion.

"To what do I attribute the wonderful popularity of the 'Ham' comedies?" Hamilton concluded. "Simply this: Bud and I have originated a style of our own. We do our best to keep our work free from anything which might be deemed offensive. To our minds, these are the two things which every person who desires to succeed in the photoplay comedy field should never forget."

AM I ALONE?

By A. JERROLD TIEJE

Where are the pictures I held most dear?
The glad grotesques of the haunted vale:
Dragon and griffin and Thing of Fear,
Throated with fire and of triple scale?
Where, too, the knights whose cheeks, ash-pale,
Told not a whit of their courage sheer,
Spoke not of swords oversharp to fail?—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

Where are the pictures I held most dear?
The men who slid up the ninety-foot wall;
Clown and barmaid, peasant and peer,
Thrown not just one, but ready to fall
Scores of times should the scene not pall?
Here's ho for the comics at which "they" sneer
(They who "uplift" and smile not at all)—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

Where are the pictures I held most dear?
Avaunt, ye novels that Frohman arrays!
Sorry, indeed, is this "dramatized" cheer
(For novels are novels and plays are plays).
Let me not yawn thru a five-part maze;
Give me the pictures that show me the mere
Folly and farce that my boredom allays—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

L'ENVOI.

As well might I ask, like Villon the frail,
Where are the snows when the roses appear!
Yet still be my quest, as was Lancelot's Grail—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

The Wraith of Haddon Towers

(American)

By GLADYS HALL

THE Finite and the Infinite! The curious warring Duality of Man! God and the Flesh! Christ and the Devil! Heaven and Hell!—The answer?

Philip Drummond lay back in his steamer-chair, limply. His tired, disillusioned eyes seemed to probe the fathomless seas—his mouth was the mouth of a man who has smiled and been struck. He might have been one of us who seek an Ideal—find it—and know it to be brass. Or one who, laboring tirelessly, achieves, at last, a tower of mud. His was the face of a man who has striven mightily and gained—futility. The game had not been worth the candle. He had bitten into the toothsome sweatmeat of life and had spat forth—sawdust.

As a matter of fact, Philip Drummond had grown from a sensitive, unhappy boyhood into a sensitive, keenly intelligent man—a man of flesh, with his spirit aching within him. For what, he did not know.

He had followed the call of his blood and married an airy, lovely confection of flowery skin, gold hair, and tantalizing eyes—and within a year she had trampled upon his sensibilities, wounded him variously, quenched forever the fire in his blood, and sent him hurtling into the deepest regions of himself.

He continued to live with her because—well, just because it never occurred to him to do otherwise; just as it had never occurred to him to rebel during his abused childhood. And she was his wife. And he had loved her.

She continued to revile him and bedevil him, and be jealous of him because—well, because she was a woman, and his wife, and it never occurred to her to do otherwise. He was certainly a defenseless victim and she harried him mercilessly and carried on outrageous flirtations behind his guileless back. One of them, in fact, had passed the treacherous limits of flirtation.

Then came the telegram from his uncle, Lord Drummond, in England, and he had taken the first outgoing steamer, leaving his serenely untroubled wife to her own devices—and the perfervid embraces of her paramour.

On the steamer, for the first time he felt alone with himself—alone with the soul that ached and persisted within him—that seemed to clamor for recognition, for concrete *token* of

recognition—that seemed to urge him to admit all others of the shadow company.

So potent had been this astral self during the past year that Drummond had taken up the serious study of psychic phenomena and had become one of its most rabid disciples. He believed also in the reincarnation of man and the eventual merging of the many lives.

Dreaming there on his voyage, he thought much of his pet theory—to the effect that if a soul in the astral world is in love with a reincarnated being, the astral soul can be summoned and will appear only before the vision of the one reincarnated. He believed, further, that this love must transcend the earthly, that the faint walls of flesh must be abolished, before the spirit's clean blue flame might merge.

Somehow, it was a comfort to Philip Drummond—this ghostly belief. The flesh had ever deluded him—left him with a gall taste in his mouth. Something within him cried incessantly for something forever beyond him—he hungered for the unknown.

Haddon Towers was a fine old baronial estate. Gray, and ivied, and ancient with a royal antiquity, it loomed darkly among its trees. Its dim corridors and turreted rooms had echoed with the travails of England's finest blood, and sheltered their deaths at last. Love had moved serenely down its halls—and Passion, too—hate and murder, and deeds too dim for speech; and thru it all the blood-strain had persisted—proud, overbearing, essentially English.

Drummond felt the thrill of ancestral pride as he was motored along its winding, elm-sheltered drive. Here, *here* was where he belonged; where he had *always* belonged. This was his home; the home of his people. His heart was here, and his British spirit. He wondered vaguely why he had ever affiliated himself with America—its newness—its lack of dreams—its glitter of *nouveau riche*. He wondered more than all how he had ever come to marry Clara. He thought suddenly how out of place she would seem here. Why, she would be like some cheap and flashy gem in an exquisite, antique setting. His life, he felt, was a hocus-pocus of painful inconsistencies—if not incongruities. He wanted the things of the spirit—the soul, the flowers of the mind, the essence of man that is a separate thing from the body. And he was living with a woman to whom the body was religion—a kiss, life's consummation—and flirtation her code and creed. He shuddered.

Lord Drummond was on his deathbed. Philip saw plainly that his hours were numbered. And he felt swiftly, poignantly regretful. He had not given the aged noble a thought in years, yet it came over him now that here, in this feeble body, was housed the one kindred spirit on earth. They had drawn their being from the same elemental strain—the blood of the kingly Drummonds ran thru their veins. They acknowledged a common ancestry. Their spirits would go, at last, to the same forebears.

The Baron was almost beyond the powers of speech. Life was even then giving his hand into the ready hold of death. But he made a superhuman effort when Philip came to his bedside.

"You are—the last of the Drummonds," he gasped jerkily; "my title and all that I—die—possessed of—go to you. But, Philip—Philip—there is another bequest—the wraith—of Haddon Towers. In the east wing, Philip. She—the wraith—was a direct ancestor—Dorothy Drummond—she—loved her cousin Philip. Her father favored Sir Berton Gregory—she—she and her cousin Philip were—murdered. I give her into your charge — poor, restless shade — the wraith—of Haddon — Towers — I — ah!"

The room in the east wing was kept tightly closed. None of the servants would enter it, and it was in complete disuse. Here, the day after Lord Drummond was interred among his forefathers, Philip went to await the problematical appearance of the wraith of Haddon Towers. Now that he had this opportunity to really sound his theories, he was doubtful. It seemed too vastly incredible a thing—too potent with unguessable realms—too mystery-fraught. Yet he knew, somehow, that if this restless one from out the spirit lands should come to him, a great want within him would be filled. Always he had hungered for a substanceless, nameless something. Lately, he had come to believe that his answer did not lie in this world, but the next.

The room in the east wing was paneled in misty gray, and touched by the dim fingers of dust. Faded tapestries, all but patternless, half shrouded stained windows. A harp, palpably rusted and pathetically voiceless, stood in one corner. Near-by was a tall, closed escritoire. There were a few chairs in the room, and a table—that was all.

Yet Philip felt, as he entered, that this room was inhabited. There was about it the indefinable, inexplicable sense of a *presence*. It seemed to him as if, centuries ago, a woman had dwelt in here, wearing a vague perfume, and touching the harp to golden melody—and it seemed as if, the centuries thru, the perfume clung to the wistful air—and the last note of the harp trembled and moaned.

Philip dropped into a chair, facing the harp. His eyes stared straight ahead of him. Then, suddenly, he gasped and leaned forward convulsively.

A *woman* had taken her place by the harp—a woman garbed in whitest white, with dusky, unbound hair and a face that seemed to lay itself against Philip's naked heart.

She touched the rusted strings and a melody throbbed into the air—a melody that Philip, listening, knew was not of earth. A melody that passed profoundly the sensory ear and smote upon the soul—a melody that pleaded for the annihilation of the cumbering flesh.

Philip's dry lips moved, and, curiously enough, the warm blood ran thru his veins again. A sob racked him. This—this was his answer—the solving of his endless riddle—the touch divine on the raw wound of his life—this melody from the courts of Christ—this woman—a woman, still beyond the confines of the flesh.

"Who—" he breathed; "tell me—"

The music stopped and the woman came near to him.

"Dont you know me, my beloved?" she breathed; "can it be that you do not know me?"

"Ah, tell me——" breathed Philip again; "forgive me my blindness—*help* me to know."

"I have waited so long, Philip, my beloved. I have hoped you might know me, even with your eyes."

"Yes, even with my eyes. Remember that, whoever you may be, they are earthly eyes—they—they see not!"

Something ineffably sad touched the wraithly lips. "They see not——," she asserted mournfully. "Ah, Philip—Philip—my spirit's love—my earth's mate—I have watched you thru cycles of endless time—sobbing over you even in Heaven—sobbing—and groveling at the feet of God—for you—for your unseeing eyes—your heedless ears—your tongue of man—for all the crass, blind errors of your stumbling flesh.

"And now, after all your incarnations—all your brief deaths—now, at last, you have come to a want of me. You have not known it for want of me, but it has been that—urging you—calling you——"

Philip nodded, tensely. "Tell me why," he said eagerly, "why I have been born again; why I have lived these other lives and you have stayed among the dead. Is this not strange?"

A WOMAN HAD TAKEN HER PLACE BY THE HARP—GARBED IN WHITEST WHITE

The dim lips smiled with a mothering, tender sweetness. "Beloved by me," she answered him, "when mortal men err upon earth; when they come to die, still bearing the earth-taint upon them—still victimized by the body-greeds—slaves to the lesser vices—they cannot enter straightway into the sight of God. Instead, they are sent again to earth and given a new life to live—a fresh page to write upon—an opportunity to become more of the spirit—ready for eternity. You, oh, my love, were of these."

"And you——?"

"I was permitted to remain, but, because my weak body was forged in chains of desire—desire of *you*—because my blood clamored for you and my spirit was not content, I was forced to watch you thru your several incarnations—forced to see you live, and grow, and learn, and love. Forced to see you suffer, so needlessly—to see you glad, with a gladness in which I held no memoried part—until, at last, my body's dross was purged away and I can come to you in the spirit with only the love of God within my heart." Philip's fascinated eyes were riveted on the ethereal, delicate face. Then he shook his head stupidly.

"I believe you, whoever you may be," he whispered, "but *who* are you? I—forgive me—I do not remember."

The ghostly visitant drew nearer and an ephemeral perfume touched him. He looked up at her eagerly—at her lovely face, seen as behind a veil—the humid, glorious eyes; the soft, dusky hair; the curved, soft mouth; the divine nobility of the long-lined, slender form—and a fierce desire shook him. Desire that mocked all previous material longings as the sun-heat mocks the earth-fires—desire that ran in subtle blue-points of flame, thru every vein—desire that was the zenith, the exquisite consummation of all the desires of man for woman. It swept over him deathly-sweet, dizzying, swooning—and the mad thrill of it leaped to his eyes. As if in instant understanding the vague mouth curved mournfully and Philip found himself gazing into blankness.

Three days later he saw her again.

"I have been waiting for you," he said simply. "I am sorry."

"Try to know," the shade said softly, "that there is love of keener ecstasy than you have ever known beyond your arms' embrace—your lips' caress—your eyes' desire—a love that is beyond all power of finite minds to guess."

"I believe," he whispered; "now *tell* me—about us—who you are—I beg?"

"Over a century ago," the wraith began simply, "I was your cousin Dorothy. You were my cousin Philip—Philip Drummond. We loved, Philip—a love that was born in an English spring and nurtured in English lanes. We loved as you have not loved since—not during all your lives on earth. I loved so strongly that the bad in me was purified by very reason of it.

"They were golden days, oh, my beloved—days when we clung, lip to lip, breast to breast, instinct to instinct. We were to be married, Philip—but my father forbade it. He favored Sir

"I BEGGED MY FATHER ON MY BENDED KNEE FOR LENIENCE, BUT HE WAS IMMOVABLE"

Berton Gregory—a man whose attentions seemed as so many insults to me. And that very Sir Berton Gregory lives today, Philip, and is near to your life. Beloved, he is Claude Hope."

"Claude Hope! My wife's lov——!"

"Yes, Philip; the very same—and our—murderer!"

"Murderer! The——"

"Oh, hush, my beloved; remember to whom you speak——"

"Dorothy—mystical, wonderful——"

The white hand was raised and the distant voice continued: "We were forced to meet clandestinely—it was winter then, and we skated together on Lake Sweetbriar, that tiny gem set in wooded banks a mile away. It seemed that our loves' rhythm matched the rhythm of our bodies as we swung over the ice on our curl-tipped, gleaming skates—the stinging wind from the downs and woods in our faces—midsummer love in our hearts——"

Philip gripped his chair-arm. "I am—remembering," he choked. "Oh, Dorothy—I—remember——"

"I was forced to become betrothed to Sir Gregory," she continued; "I begged my father on my bended knee for lenience, but he was immovable—and the betrothal was consummated.

"From that time on, Sir Gregory constituted himself my guardian and keeper—jealous, vengeful, vicious.

"We stole our meetings—you and I—grasping our fleet, surcharged moments to our bleeding hearts—loving with the terrific abandon of a love repressed.

"One day—it was springtide again—we met in these very woods. You were importunate that day—my poor beloved—and I was weak with longing. Forgetful of all but our mighty need—heedless of everything but our hunger for each other—we clung together—and behind a tree was Gregory.

"When we parted he stole upon you—and killed you. I heard the scuffle—your moan. I ran back to our trysting place, and you were there—dead—the life-blood leaving my heart—my heart—in your breast. I think I died in that instant, tho I lived two months or more. But I loved you, Philip, beloved, with a love that had become my very life—such a love as even eternity cannot quell nor abate.

"After your death, Gregory made my life horrible. With the torturing memory of your dead lips before me, his kisses repulsed me to the breaking point. His amorous advances sent me into revulsions unspeakable. I felt that I was harrowed beyond endurance and I longed for the sweet peace to which you had gone.

"It became my habit to wander about our old haunts—our trysting tree—the stone bridge over the river—the orchard where primroses grew and

"GREGORY WAS WATCHING AND——"

mingled their breath with the apple-blossoms.

"On one of these walks, Gregory followed me. He professed love, yet he seemed possessed to torment me—to taunt me—to make of me a light thing. This day he followed me to the bridge over the river. How many, many times we had stood there together—hands tightly clasped—gazing down at our reflections in the still waters! How many times we had wished we might be one with the tidal waters—one with the winds, and the stars, and the flowers—the vast elementals from which we felt our love was derived! Come with me now; I want you to be there while I finish the tale."

Philip followed her with the rapt stare of a sleep-walker. Her substanceless form passed door and stone and tree as tho they were not, and yet, when she turned to smile at Philip, it warmed his blood to the pulsing point.

Over the bridge they leaned together—as they had leaned a century ago—with all a century's differences between them, and the unthinkable barrier of separate worlds.

"My body lies in those waters," the wraith was saying; "my troubled flesh at peace. He pursued me to this very bridge. We struggled here, violently, abusively. I fell, and drowned, and my spirit soared to those worlds where I have awaited you since—still triumphant in my ageless love, my beloved—still waiting for your soul's last gaining."

They returned to the room in the east wing, in silence—so silently that Philip felt almost incorporeal himself.

His heart was aching with a vast yearning, and as he looked at her he knew suddenly that he craved no fleshly touch of her—nor any other worldly thing. His wife, gold and rose and pearl, was a pitiful, sawdust toy, to be prayed for and forgiven. He wanted neither food nor drink nor human touch, nor anything save the nameless thing that had haunted him all this last life thru and had become known to him at last—his soul's love.

"Dorothy," he whispered, "I feel—if you cannot come to me—I must soon come to you. Ah—God—be merciful—my love—my—love——"

"I am Lady Drummond!" shrieked an unmistakably New Yorkian voice, "and I wish to see his Lordship—at *once*. My—phew!—this is *musty!* We'll have to do the fox-trot with some of *these* relics!"

The new Lady Drummond peered about the sacred, baronial hall disdain-

(*Continued on page* 69)

"WHEN WE PARTED HE STOLE UPON YOU—AND KILLED YOU"

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS WEST

RAISED among the Sioux Indians on the plains of North Dakota, William Hart drank deep of the spirit of the West. In that land of sagebrush and mesquite, riding across the desert and down thru canyon, he grew strong and tall like the red men among whom he lived.

He knows the West as it actually was in the frontier days, when "a Colt was the court of last appeal." Only the men who have lived those days can feel the spirit of them. By William Hart's portrayal of this real Western character he has won a secure place in the affections of the Motion Picture public.

His appearance on the screen marked a new epoch in Western pictures and one welcomed, for the followers of the screen were weary of the overdrawn and false representations of the West, and to William Hart is due the credit for bringing the attention of the public back to the Western drama and away from the problem story to which they had turned from the lurid sort of pictures into which the Western plays were deteriorating. His characters are studied from real life—the life of the rugged men beyond the Rockies.

In the opinion of this true Westerner, the Western drama will never die. He says, "The eighties and early nineties, when the frontier was making its last stand, was an era of action and romance, and then the West gave to America its greatest drama and that which will live because of its red blood, for the red corpuscle appeals to the anæmic just as it does to the normal person."

William Hart's first venture into the East was when a lad of fifteen, he went to New York to perfect himself for an examination for entrance to West Point. Halfway from his Far West he came before he changed from the moccasins, that he had always worn, to shoes. It had always been his ambition to be a United States Army officer, and tho the educational advantages of the Far West were few, his father, a college graduate, saw that his son made the most of his opportunities. At his examination he passed a perfect physical test and his average in his grades was high enough to allow his entrance, but the proper influence, that was then so necessary, was not his, so his ambition to be an army officer could not be realized.

It was then that William Hart's stage aspirations commenced. New York offering no opening, he sold the trophies he had won in athletic contests in the West, and with that money bought passage to London. There he secured a job carrying a spear, but that not being to his liking and having a longing for America, it was not long before he returned to New York.

More fortunate was he this time and managed to get an engagement with a German tragedian who played repertoire. This experience proved valuable to the young actor, and he quickly advanced. His advancement, tho, was all in experience the first year, for tho the old German would each month tell him that his salary was increased, at the end of the year he was drawing no more than he had received the first month.

When but twenty-four years old. William Hart was playing big parts with well-known people of the stage, and soon he was starred. It was for his portrayal of his original "Cash" Hawkins in "The Squaw Man" and his strong, convincing acting in "The Barrier" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" that he was asked to play Western character rôles for the screen.

It was the call of the West, and he answered; the mysterious charm of that wonderful country "where a man makes friends without half-trying." The West that has left its mark upon him: in his face of rare force, in the ruggedness of his character and in the gentleness of his manner—real force.

LOUISE GLAUM

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

LOTTIE BRISCOE

H. M. MITCHELL

MARY PICKFORD

EDWIN AUGUST

VIOLA DANA

IRVING CUMMINGS

EDITH STOREY

ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

December 26, 1900.—Lottie Briscoe (late Lubin) was having a jolly good time of it as an interpreter of a boy's rôle, being wholly in sympathy with that hapless youth, Claude, the consumptive one of "The Two Little Vagrants," wringing tears from more than one tender-hearted person assembled at the Opera House, Titusville, Pa., and little she cared that the day before she was in Warren, Pa., with the day following this booked for Franklin, in the same State.

January 13, 1906.—Viola Dana (Edison) was at this moment one of the numerous stage children who ultimately became screen stars, at this time playing the part of the boy, Little Heindrich, in "Rip Van Winkle" (billed, of course, under her real name of Viola Flugrath), in which Thomas Jefferson was starring, this day being the lure at Staub's Theater, Knoxville, Tenn.

January 14, 1910.—Howard M. Mitchell (Thanhouser) was acquiring a goodly knowledge of unadulterated melodrama, playing the juvenile rôle in one of Theodore Kremer's brain children, this one bearing the illuminative title of "The King of Bigamists," which had settled down for a half-week's visit to the Gilmore Theater, Springfield, Mass.

January 15, 1911.—Louise Glaum (Triangle) was acquiring nothing if not experience, playing a round of ingénue rôles with the stock company at the Imperial Theater, Chicago, and she was specially elated today at the opportunities afforded her in the sympathetic rôle of the Indian girl, Nat-U-Rich, in "The Squaw Man."

January 16, 1912.—Roscoe Arbuckle (Keystone) was playing comedy parts of every kind and description with the Ferris Hartman Opera Company, which was in the midst of an indefinite engagement, at the Grand Opera House, Los Angeles, Cal., the bill at this particular moment being "The Campus."

January 17, 1908.—Harry B. Eytinge (Edison) was the personification of serious dignity as John Harmon, cashier of the Commercial Bank, in "The Burglar and the Lady," in which James J. Corbett was starring, a delectable dramatic dish, served to the patrons of the Bijou Theater, Pittsburg, Pa.

January 20, 1908.—Edwin August (World) was enjoying an unusually agreeable engagement in the support of Digby Bell, who was starring in "Shore Acres," in which Mr. August played the young physician, Sam Warren, this day beginning a week's stay at the Lyric Theater, Buffalo, N. Y.

January 21, 1901.—Mary Pickford (Famous Players) appeared for the first time on any stage upon this very date, the momentous occasion being with the Valentine Stock Company, at the Princess Theater, in her home town, Toronto, Canada, when she played the leading rôle of Mignon in "Bootles' Baby." One unfeeling reviewer had this to say of her performance: "Little Gladys Smith, who played the child's part, had not been thoroly drilled, and in consequence the play was uneven, something unusual with this company." Tut, tut! and well, well! What's that? Why, didn't all of you know that Mary Pickford of today was Gladys Smith of yesterday?

January 23, 1911.—Irving Cummings (Centaur) was floating upon the top wave of popular success, as leading man of the Benton Players, at the Majestic Theater, Indianapolis, Ind., and upon this particular date he must have been a sight for the gods, masquerading in skirts, as Lord Fancourt Babberly, the bogus aunt, in "Charley's Aunt."

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS

BRYANT WASHBURN

VIVIAN PRESCOTT

AUGUSTA ANDERSON

EDGAR JONES

OWEN MOORE

MARY MAURICE

MAUDE FEALY

ROMAINE FIELDING

January 24, 1898.—Augustus Phillips (Edison) was at this time playing important parts in the support of Edna May and Cecil Spooner, who were at the head of their own repertoire company, offering bargain rate drama, ten, twenty and thirty cents, this day opening a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Cumberland, Md., the bill being "The Judge's Wife."

January 25, 1904.—Vivian Prescott (Universal) was having a perfectly gorgeous time of it, whooping things up generally in the soubrette rôle of Mag, a Bowery waif, in "In Convict's Stripes," which, we are told, was "a smart story of Southern romance," and it is to be devoutly hoped that the play entertained the audience upon this occasion, at the Yosemite Theater, Stockton, Cal.

January 27, 1913.—Augusta Anderson (Biograph) was plodding hopefully away, somewhat submerged but most ambitious, for was she not acting under no less a personage than David Belasco, being that haughty creature, Lady Molineux, in "A Good Little Devil," at the Republic Theatre, New York?

January 31, 1902—Edgar Jones (Metro) was a sure-to-goodness Broadway actor, appearing upon the stage of no less a famous edifice than Wallack's Theater, but it is to be presumed that you would have had to have been fairly familiar with his features in order to discover him in either part which he played this day, Victor Papin, a lackey, in "A Gentleman of France," and as one of the guests at Lady Sneerwell's in "The School for Scandal," of which just a special matinée was given, Kyrle Bellew being the star of both plays.

February 1, 1903.—Edith Storey (Vitagraph) was probably quite firm in her determination to be the legitimate successor to Sarah Bernhardt, tho the day must have seemed remote at this time, when she wore pigtails and short skirts, this as little Australia Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a play then only a few months old, being the attraction this night at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia.

February 3, 1909.—Bryant Washburn (Essanay) was probably taking life rather seriously at this time, being one of the faithful souls who supported the artistic undertakings of Donald Robertson, in Chicago, upon this date appearing there in Fullerton Hall, at the Art Institute, as Lieut. Wilson in "The Miller of Boscobel," a drama, written by no less a person than Hamlin Garland.

February 4, 1908.—Owen Moore (Triangle) was ambling comfortably, so to speak, about the map, playing upon an average of six towns a week, this in the support of Mildred Holland, with whom he played Fabio in "A Paradise of Lies," this night affording pleasure to the patrons of the Andes Opera House, Fostoria, Ohio.

February 6, 1905.—Mary Maurice (Vitagraph) was a most impressive dowager, Mrs. Matthew Van Austin, an aristocrat, in "A Midnight Marriage," which Hal Reid classic this date began a three days' engagement, at the Academy of Music, Scranton, Pa.

February 9, 1901.—Maude Fealy (Kleine) certainly gave every indication that hers was to have been an especially brilliant career on the stage, at this time being leading woman with William Gillette, with whom she was Alice Faulkner in "Sherlock Holmes," appearing at the Broad Street Theater, Philadelphia.

February 10, 1909.—Romaine Fielding (Universal) was enjoying a brief hour's triumph in a Paul Armstrong failure, "The Renegade," in which he played the rôle of an Indian chief, Thunder Hawk, and tho William Farnum (Fox) was featured in the leading rôle, Chicago theatergoers would have none of it, where it was on view at the Studebaker Theater.

February 11, 1905.—Ford Sterling (Keystone) was ably portraying the heroic virtues of Burleigh Mayor in "Under Southern Skies," a rôle far removed from those with which he has won screen fame, appearing upon this date at the Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

February 18, 1906.—True Boardman (Kalem) was playing a wide variety of juvenile rôles as a member of the stock organization at the Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco, this Sabbath day rounding out a week with two performances of "The Black Crook" (in which he played Karl), which, to say the least, is an odd sort of bill to include in a stock repertoire.

February 20, 1905.—Victoria Forde (Nestor) completely captivated the audience by her childish ingenuousness as the little girl, Marie Madison, in "A Wife's Secret," which gave many a thrill to the patrons of Blaney's Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, at which time in her career Miss Forde, as against the dignity of Victoria, was known as Dolly Forde.

February 21, 1908.—Charles Clary (Lasky) even to this day loves to talk about the picturesque, showy opportunities which were his as Will Leveson in "The Road to Yesterday,"

FORD STERLING

VICTORIA FORDE

CHARLES CLARY

TRUE BOARDMAN

DONALD HALL

JANE GAIL

EARLE WILLIAMS

MARY FULLER

FRED MACE

ALAN HALE

with Minnie Dupree, and he put forth his very best efforts this night, at the New Grand Theater, Sioux City, Ia.

February 26, 1906.—Edward Coxen (American) was putting up an especially brave fight to win recognition behind the footlights, fulfilling various "jobbing" stock engagements in and about San Francisco, and great was his pride this day when, with the Bishop Players, at the Majestic Theater, he found himself cast for the minor rôle of Zal, a Moorish slave, in "The Proud Prince."

February 27, 1911.—Donald Hall (Vitagraph), whose busy stage career embraced musical plays almost wholly, was a vastly handsome figure in the part of De Liege in "The Girl in the Train," in which Frank Daniels was starring, this night being the attraction at the Valentine Theater, Toledo, Ohio.

February 28, 1910.—Jane Gail (Cosmofotofilm) was the proud possessor of a Broadway engagement, appearing at the Lyric Theater, in the rôle of the maid, Susan, in "The City," and as she was the general understudy for the other women in the cast she spent much of her time sitting about hoping that something would happen to one of them so that she might be called upon to save the performance.

February 29, 1908.—Earle Williams (Vitagraph) was endeavoring to do his best in portraying the villainies of that wicked fellow, Lennox Sanderson, in "'Way Down East," and at the Mishler Theater, Altoona, Pa., where this date the company completed a three days' stay, fair women trembled and brave men turned pale when he hurled at the heroine, when she besought him to make an honest woman of her, that soul-destroying line, "Oh, those were my wild oats."

March 1, 1909.—Mary Fuller (Universal) was a most attractive figure as the young heroine, Texas West, in "Texas," with which she was making quite an extensive tour, this day opening for a week's stay at Wells' Granby Theater, Norfolk, Va., tho maybe some of you may not have recognized her under the more romantic name of "Claire Fuller."

March 2, 1911.—Fred Mace (Keystone) was thoroly in his element in the rôle of the blustering old Colonel Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier," singing with great gusto that happy lyric, "Thank the Lord, the War is Over," much to the joy of those gathered together this night at the Auditorium Theater, Denver, Col.

March 7, 1905.—Gladys Hulette (Thanhouser) was gamboling away in the land of comic opera, playing the rôle of the child, Nannette, the youngest of the ten daughters of the Widow Frimousse, in "Wang," in which De Wolf Hopper was starring, appearing upon this occasion at the Lynn Theater, Lynn, Mass.

March 8, 1913.—Alan Hale (Lasky) was flourishing successfully as a member of the cast of a leading Broadway success, being the dancing master in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," in which, of course, Viola Dana (Edison) had the leading rôle at the Hudson Theater, New York.

March 9, 1910.—Courtenay Foote (Fine Arts) was bending all his energies towards making a success of a new rôle, John Deering, in "The Detective," a play produced by William A. Brady, which, however, had only a short career, being seen this night at Rand's Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

March 10, 1910.—Marion and Madeline Fairbanks (Thanhouser), whom we all know and love upon the screen as those inimitable youngsters, the Fairbanks Twins, were happy, carefree members of the organization at the New Theater, New York, this night gamboling about in the large group of children used in "The Piper," and ready to appear the following matinée in "The Blue Bird."

March 11, 1895.—W. S. Hart (Triangle), who was nothing if not a devotee of the classic drama in his early stage days, was playing rôles in the support of Madame Rhea, who was starring in repertoire, consisting of "The Parisians," "The New Magdalen," and "The Lady of Lyons," this day opening a week's engagement at the Coates Opera House, Kansas City, Mo.

March 13, 1905.—Billy Quirk (Harvard) was devoting his happy comedy energies to the drama's uplift thru the medium of a play called "Pals," in which the eminent satellite, James J. Corbett, was starring, this date beginning a week's stay at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, and tho our young hero was playing the part of George Wall, a college chappie, he was billed then under the dignified cognomen of William A. Quirk.

March 14, 1910.—Clara Kimball Young (World) was displaying a distinctly new side to her talents at this moment, gamboling brightly in the realm of musical comedy, creating the soubrette rôle of Rosalie in "The Skylark," which received its first production upon any stage this night at the Columbia Theater, Washington, D. C.

EDWARD COXEN

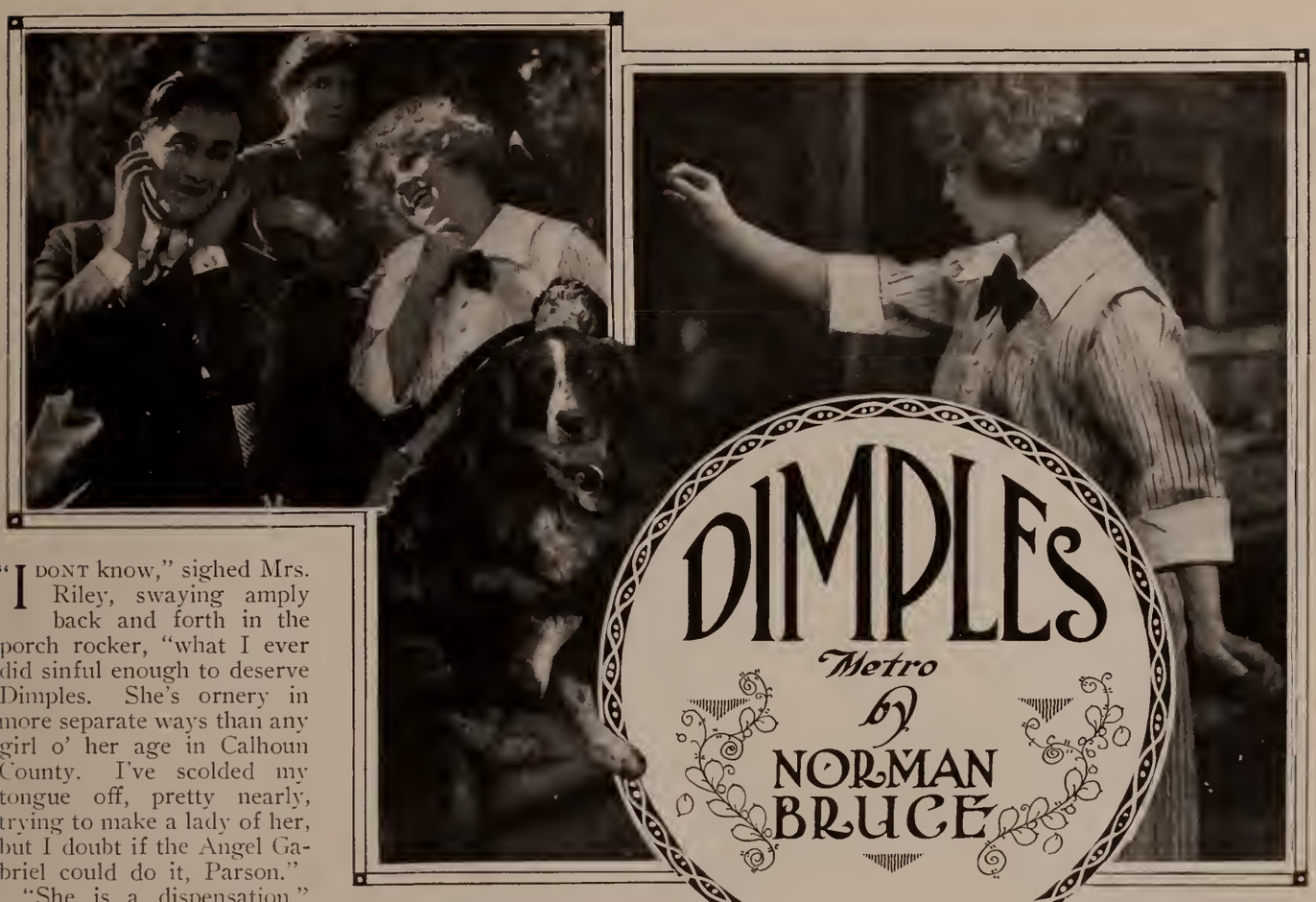
COURTENAY FOOTE

W. S. HART

BILLY QUIRK

CLARA YOUNG

MARY FULLER, ONE OF THOSE ARTISTS WHO CAN FORCE REAL TEARS FROM HER EYES



DIMPLES

Metro

by

NORMAN BRUCE

"I DONT know," sighed Mrs. Riley, swaying amply back and forth in the porch rocker, "what I ever did sinful enough to deserve Dimples. She's ornery in more separate ways than any girl o' her age in Calhoun County. I've scolded my tongue off, pretty nearly, trying to make a lady of her, but I doubt if the Angel Gabriel could do it, Parson."

"She is a dispensation," sympathized the minister's wife, "but it must be a comfort to you to realize you're doing your duty by her, Mrs. Riley. In the midst of my earthly trials"— she cast a glance at her husband that plainly showed she included the good man in her category— "Washington, my dear, what *are* you looking at, pray?"

Parson Ford hurriedly withdrew his admiring glance from the small, blithesome figure dancing under the dappled shadows of the apple-trees.

"A dispensation undoubtedly," he agreed, "and yet a remarkably pretty— er—child."

"Child! Humph!" sniffed the aunt, "she isn't as young as that scand'lous rag doll of hers. Parson—Dimples is sixteen. At her age I was quilting my fourth quilt and making as good bread 'n' pies as my own mother, and look at her! Hair down, skirts up, dancing *with a doll!* She lugs that critter round with her, morning to night—sleeps with it in her arms. I'm just waiting my chance to pitch it into the fire some o' these days!"

Unconscious of the fate hanging over her playmate, Dimples danced on, under the apple-trees, with the grace of a pink gingham nymph or a hoydenish dryad. Her snarl of curls caught the sun in its flying meshes, her cheeks reflected the pink of the apple-blooms. In an innocent bacchanal, she flung her slim young arms above her head and bent her rounding body to the rhythm of unseen Pan-pipes on the spring breeze, intoxicated with the heady wine of living.

Fifteen springs lay behind her, squalid, dingy springs, crawling with sodden skirts from the débris of a slum winter; springs in which the only signs of the season had been the flash of blue city pigeons by the attic window and the jingling music of the hand-organ man far below. But now —now the grass was fragrant and vibrant under foot, and the world, in spite of Aunt Emma's shrewish tongue, a vivid green and golden place to live in. Therefore, Dimples danced, and flung herself, breathless at last, at the foot of the old vine-covered wall.

"Oh, Hortense!" she gasped, snatching up the doll and laying a warm cheek against the staring rag face; "maybe it's wicked—but aren't you glad my father died? If he hadn't, we'd never have come here; we'd still be in that awful old attic with the cabbagy smells and the squabbly sounds and the dreadful men and women——"

Memory drooped at her lip-corners. "Of course, if we'd loved him," she sighed, "but he didn't want to be loved, and I guess maybe I didn't know how——"

She lifted her head swiftly at the sound of heavy footsteps across the grass, and the reasons for her nickname flashed into her cheeks in bewildering array. Her aunt and the minister's wife, whose cheeks could boast no such frivolous adornments, regarded her with the virtuous disapproval of plain women looking at a pretty one, but the parson's gaze was distinctly charitable.

"Dimples," said Mrs. Riley sharply, "where are your manners? What do you suppose people will think of a great girl like you sprawling in the grass with a doll? Haven't you a particle of proper pride?"

The girl sighed; then, with feminine intention, held the doll out to the minister. A spark of mischief made twin imps of her eyes.

"This is Hortense," she introduced her gravely; "I've loved her so much that sometimes I dont believe she is a doll any longer. I'm almost sure I've loved a soul into her sawdust."

The parson made haste to evade the theological issue. "Hortense?" he repeated kindly. "I thought dolls were always named Betty or Mabel or Rose."

"She is Hortense after Horton, the man who gave her to me," explained Dimples, and again memory tugged at her lips, saddening them. "My father didn't believe in dolls or flowers or anything that cost money.

"DIMPLES, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE PEOPLE WILL THINK OF A GREAT GIRL LIKE YOU SPRAWLING IN THE GRASS WITH A DOLL?"

so Horton pawned his watch and bought her for me. And after father died and I was going away, he told me never, never to lose sight of Hortense, for she would prove a friend some day——"

"There! there!—that will do," interrupted Mrs. Riley testily. Her dead brother was a sore point with her, having considered him all her life a wealthy man, only to be left at last with his penniless girl and her disreputable rag doll as legacy. "A good daughter wouldn't speak so of her poor dead father." She turned helplessly to her visitors. "You see how she acts," she complained; "I declare I'm half afraid to have boarders this year for fear of what she'll say!"

"Have you got anybody engaged to come?" The minister's wife was obviously relieved to change the conversation. She attached a bony and determined arm to her husband's elbow and drew him away along the orchard path. Suddenly interested, Dimples held her breath for the reply.

"One, a Mr. Robert Stanley, from Atlanta," her aunt said; "he's coming next week. Well—I guess—he never haggled a bit over the price o' the room——"

Their voices trailed out of hearing beyond the low-hanging boughs. Left alone, Dimples clasped her hands around her knees and rocked meditatively to and fro.

"Mr. Robert Stanley!" she repeated the name over several times, liking the dignified swing of it on her tongue. "I wonder whether he's young and whether he'll play with me? Somehow—lately—Hortense has seemed a little—a very little *like a doll!*" Sudden terror sprang into the wide, blue eyes, and she snatched the rag creature to her round young breast, covering the flat, inanely smiling face with frantic, frightened kisses. "No! no!" she gasped. "No—I didn't mean that, dear—I *mustn't* mean that! If I did, it would mean that I was *growing up!*" She sprang to her feet and flung out eager arms, as tho to clasp the whole sunny world. "Grown-up people are so solemn," she cried passionately; "I dont want to be like them—I want to be happy and sing and dance and play."

At the first glance it seemed evident that Mr. Robert Stanley came under the obnoxious classification "grown-up." He was a tall, dark man, of the type that women find fascinating when combined with a reckless manner and the reputation of being "a devil of a fellow." But Robert Stanley's strong, stern features wore a look of settled gloom and there were deep-cut lines about his jaw and chin that are only chiseled by the master sculptor—Sorrow. He ate and drank, silently, whatever Mrs. Riley set before him, without a glance at her or at the small, golden and blue figure across the table, and spent the intervals between meal-times in his room with the door inhospitably closed, or wandering about the country lanes and meadows—"as tho," Dimples confided to her doll, "he had lost something and couldn't find it."

Meeting him one morning in the woods, she could not resist the naughty impulse to put the idea into words. The man was roused suddenly from his bitter musings by a clear, childish voice singing at his elbow.

"Leave them alone," trilled Dimples mischievously, "and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."

Robert Stanley stared curiously down at the vivid little figure swinging flower-wise on the top rail of the rustic fence. He had the odd sensation of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened in an unfamiliar place. For two months the world of his thoughts had occupied his entire mind, leaving his body to go about its business mechanically, and he could hardly have ex-

DIMPLES INTRODUCES HORTENSE TO ROBERT STANLEY AND FORCES FROM HIM HIS FIRST SMILE

plained for the moment how he came to be in this woodland glade at all.

"I beg your pardon," he said, slowly; "did you speak to me? And *what* will come home wagging their—their—er—tails behind them?"

"Your sheep, of course," laughed Dimples, "or whatever it is you've lost. You *have* lost something, haven't you?"

"I have lost," said Robert Stanley with a mirthless laugh, "precisely everything." He leaned one elbow on the fence rail, fixing the lovely upraised face with somber eyes. The impulse to talk, which is a symptom of the crisis of grief, was upon him. "I have lost a flock of silly things called ideals, and a few fantastic hopes, and a witless ambition, and I have lost my courage and my faith in goodness and my peace of mind."

"Gracious!" Dimples was staring at him in wide-eyed perplexity, swinging Hortense by one shapeless arm. "Where did you lose all that? I think you must be pretty careless with your things!"

"I trusted them all to a woman," said Stanley grimly, "and she tossed them to the winds, that she might fill her hands with another fool's love."

Dimples revolved the answer in her mind for a moment of silence and her face took on the piteous look of a child afraid to open her eyes in the dark lest she see something terrible. She reached out a small hand and patted the rigid arm at her side.

"Leave them alone and they'll come home," she quoted. "Do you know what I've been wondering ever since you came? I've been wondering how you'd look if you smiled!"

Robert Stanley felt a strange lifting of the spirit—a moment's parting of the fog of bitterness that let the girl's smile like a friendly sun-ray into the darkened house of his heart. Such a bright, winsome face she had—so young and candid. It would be a sin to shadow this joy in life with Louise's faithlessness.

"You queer little, dear little thing!" he cried suddenly. And Dimples saw what he looked like when he smiled.

The days after this were sweet with their growing companionship, tho at first the man thought only that he was amused as at the pretty antics of a kitten. He followed Dimples' joyous lead with a sense of one holidaying from a grief to which he must return sooner or later, thrusting the thought of the miserable home-coming from him resolutely, but conscious always that it must be.

Robert Stanley was not a man of light loves and purposes. From childhood he had expected to marry Louise Abbot and the expectation had grown into his being and become a part of him. Indeed, so certain was he of her that the shock of her faithlessness had been almost that of a man confronted with a wife's dishonor. The curly-haired, smooth-tongued rival, who had sprung up from the Impossible on that terrible day at the club, had openly declared that Louise was marrying Robert for his money alone. Stanley had knocked the fellow down and gone from the club straight to his home, where he had penned a test letter to his sweetheart, telling her of the loss of his fortune and offering her release.

And she had accepted her freedom with indecent haste.

When a limb has been amputated they say the empty place where it was once, aches as sorely as the lost member itself. It was this way with Robert Stanley. With merciless cruelty Louise had cut out of his heart forever all love he had ever had for her, but the lack of it remained an unhealed wound; so he had placed his fortune in his lawyer's care and come out into the country to find forgetfulness, if possible. And he had found Dimples.

She opened freely to him the treasures of her ardent young soul; prattled of her dreams and told him the cramped, piteous story of her past, with the miser father in the attic above the slums.

"He didn't love me," she told him wistfully. "He didn't love anything but his money. Nobody ever *did* love me, except Hortense."

"Money?" Robert asked curiously. "So you are an heiress, are you? Well, a woman evidently has to have money to be happy. It is lucky your father left you some, so you wont have to marry to get it."

"Oh, I haven't any money," Dimples laughed cheerily. "After father died it—went. I dont know where, but we didn't find any at all. Old Horton helped me hunt, and so did Craig, but I didn't like Craig. He was a prize-fighter and his eyes wouldn't look at you 'cept when he fought."

She tossed the subject from her and flitted elfishly ahead of him, poised for flight.

"Beat you to the stone wall," she cried and sped Atalanta-like away.

"She is only a child," thought Robert Stanley half sadly, "but if she ever grows to be a woman"—his breath caught in his throat; was it possible he was beginning to fall in love with this child of dolls and laughter and fairy dreams?—"what a woman she will be!"

That night, for the first time in three months, he drifted off to sleep, taking with him a round, sweet-colored girl-face, pricked with tiny dimples, smiling gallantly with full, warm child lips below wonder-filled, azure eyes. And in his dream he learnt what she would be like when she was a woman. Toward morning he woke to a new-created world, and lay trembling thru all his great length at the revelation of his dream. A great longing was upon him to tell Dimples of his love—to take her in his arms, gently, that he might not frighten her, yet strongly as a man must, and kiss the dreamy eyes awake and teach the red, full girl-lips to whisper woman words.

"I could make her love me," he thought, exultantly; "I *can* make her——"

Across his musing sprang suddenly from outside the window a high, clear song. He leaped from bed and ran to the casement, looking out into the wet, clean spring dawn. There, under the apple-trees, in the faint rosy light, Dimples was dancing with her doll and singing a wild, glad little song, without tune or words, as in the young days of the world the spirits of the streams and forests must have sung to greet the sunrise.

Passion filled the man's heart—and pity. "She is so young," whispered the diviner voice; "would it not be a sin to cage that free, happy spirit in the bars of a human love? Leave her—let her be a child a little longer, for she is happier so."

"Innocence is not happiness," passion reasoned. "True joy knows tears and sighs before it is complete. That is the way of the world."

"SUCH A PRETTY DAY," SHE CRIED. "I THINK SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL MIGHT HAPPEN ON A DAY LIKE THIS."

But he did not leave the window that framed for him the child-woman of his dream.

Dimples looked up a few moments later and ran to meet him, cheeks aglow with gladness.

"Such a pretty day," she cried. "I think something beautiful might happen on a day like this."

The man's soul leaped, but he held his arms stiffly at his sides and did not trust himself to look at her. "What would be the most beautiful thing that could happen, Dimples?" he asked, abruptly.

"The most beautiful thing?"—she flung back her bright hair eagerly—"why, that would be to have some one love me, of course!"

"And whom—" his voice fumbled strangely on the words—"whom would you rather have to love you, of all the world?"

There was no hesitation in her pure young gaze. The pink of her cheeks did not deepen, nor her lips quiver, as she answered sweetly, "I would rather you."

"Dimples! Sweetheart!" His arms went out, but she eluded them with a trill of elfin laughter and darted away, dropping Hortense in her flight. Stumbling after her, he tripped on the ugly rag thing and a ripping sound tore across the air.

"Oh!" shrieked Dimples; "you have hurt Hortense—see the big hole in her side—oh—oh——"

For from the gaping wound in the doll's body sifted a handful of crisp, rustling bills with yellow backs and ponderous Roman numerals. The man and girl, all else forgotten in the moment's amaze, stared at each other over the limp rag thing.

"Money — father's money," said Dimples at last, slowly: "Horton must have hidden it there so Craig and the rest wouldn't find it. I remember now he said—oh, I remember lots of things!"

She covered her face with shuddering hands. "I dont want it—it is ugly and hateful and cruel," she wailed. "It kept father from loving me——"

Robert Stanley was counting the bills methodically. "Ten thousand dollars," he said. "Dimples, you're a fortunate girl."

He held the sheaf of bills out to her and his eyes narrowed.

"Money will do everything—anything in the world," he said deliberately. "It will get you pretty clothes

and jewels and good times; it will get you love and friends; it is the greatest force in life, Dimples. Take it and buy the world."

Still she hesitated, eyeing the proffered bills distrustfully—and at the crucial tick of Fate, a messenger boy, on a bicycle, wheeled under the trees.

"Couldn't get any one at the house," he explained over the yellow envelope in his hand. "You Mr. Robert Stanley, mister? Aw' right—sign here, please. Thank yuh, boss; thank yuh."

He whirled his machine about and disappeared, trundling it before him. Robert Stanley tore open the flimsy envelope—a low whistle brought the girl's eyes to his graying face.

She caught her breath, hands fluttering to her breast. "Is it—bad news?" she faltered.

Stanley tossed the scrap of paper to her, laughing harshly. "Only that I am ruined!" he rasped. "Howards is yelling for me to send money to cover my stock margins, and I dont happen to have a cent in the world that he hasn't got already, that's all!" His haggard eyes softened at the distress in her face. "There, there, little playmate; it's nothing. Dont worry for one minute about me, but just take your money and have a glorious time planning what you are going to buy with it, like a princess in a fairy tale. I hope you'll choose for one thing a velvet gown all rosy white, like the apple blossoms, and a necklace of diamonds as bright as dewdrops, and a hat with a white plume as fluffy as the little cloud up there."

He was talking brave nonsense to cover the sick misery in his heart that had told him in a flash of understanding what this misfortune must mean to him—the giving up of his new, dear dreams of love, the lonely years——

Dimples took the roll of bills with a sudden crow of joy. "Oh, how lovely!" she cried, clapping childish hands; "it's like Cinderella, isn't it? I never dreamed money would buy such dear, beautiful things—oh, oh, I must run tell Aunt Emma and perhaps she'll take me to town today."

Her pink skirts fluttered out of sight under the low branches, and the man was left to fight this second, bitterest battle alone. His lips smiled grimly to remember that she had had no word of sympathy for him in the midst of her bubbling joy.

"Only a child," he thought sadly. "Thank God I did not make a woman of her before this came!"

It was late afternoon when he turned his face homeward on the restless miles of tramping thru the woods and over the hills. The stern lines had come back to lips and jaw, but there was a kind of patient, dogged peace in his eyes—the peace that is won from hours of suffering.

DIMPLES RESOLVES ON A METHOD OF SPENDING HER NEWLY FOUND FORTUNE

A wine-glow of sunset swam in the still air, touching the new leaves of willow and ash with a prophecy of the autumn to come. There was autumn in Stanley's veins, the autumn of shriveled hopes and withered dreams—he walked heavily like an old man.

Then from the misty veil of willow branches above his head floated a tender little song, like the voice of spring.

"Leave them alone," sang Dimples gayly, "and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."

Robert Stanley stopped short, looking up to where a tangle of gold gleamed among the pale green leaves.

"Dimples!" he cried—"what are you doing up there, you reckless child?"

Her bright face smiled down at him thru the parted branches.

"I've been to town today," she told him. "You'll never guess what a lovely thing I bought with my money. Want me to come down and show you, Mr. Solemn Man?"

Robert Stanley's fingers clenched till the nails bit into the flesh.

"No, no!" he said hurriedly; "stay where you are—dear. I dont think—I couldn't quite bear to have you come down just now."

"Then I'll tell you up here," said Dimples, sweetly. "I just took that money and borrowed the messenger boy's bicycle and rode into town, and"—she drawled the words tantalizingly, delighting in the man's bewilderment—"I sent it to the telegram man in town to buy margins and things with—and he did."

"You poor little fly-away!" he croaked lugubriously, "I fear you've flung your inheritance into the fire."

But he hugged the thought of her sacrifice to himself and over and over in his brain beat the words: "The precious little woman; the staunch little heart!"

Then over him came the conviction that, wherever he should go, his evil star would bring its misery upon all who gazed upon it. He, the good-hearted, the clean-minded, and latterly the morose, was a blighter of women.

At any rate, the contagion of his presence should be missing from the glorious little elf-woman who poised above him. He was not fit to kiss the soles of her feet, nor even the hem of her knee-top skirt.

The bright eyes above him read the groveling of his soul in the indices of hard mouth-lines and down-drawn brows.

He must leave at once and put her away from him forever. The words of his parting struggled to form themselves into a semblance of happiness.

"Some day, Dimples," he said, in a

curiously harsh voice, "when you are grown-up and married and have forgotten me quite, I will send you a beautiful new doll. with a trailing court-dress of silk and hair that hangs in a golden net like yours, and you'll laugh and show it to your children and name it Roberta."

He caught one last look at her swaying on the tree-limb, and, waving his hand galliardly, turned back thru the woodland path.

"Thank God it is all over," he communed, "and, dear God, send her a man in time who will be worthy and strong and will be good to her."

"Rob-*ert*—*Rob*-ert!" a high, full voice cleft the woods, "*please* come back and help me down."

Stanley stopped and turned.

"You wouldn't let me tell you the rest," she began. "After I sent Hortense's money, I waited to see what would happen. We played at being great ladies and I rode her about in state on the baggage truck.

"Then the ticket man came out with a yellow envelope for Robert Stanley."

"SWEETHEART—COME DOWN TO ME"

A yellow square fluttered down from the tree and Stanley tore it open. His eyes could scarcely hold the swimming words:

Margins covered. You are amply protected. TODD.

"Dear, merciful God," Robert cried, "what bounty you have sent me thru this glorious child!"

"It's all come home, wagging its tail behind," sang the young voice above him; "and *now* cant I please come down?"

"Dimples!" Robert Stanley's voice was hoarse. "Dimples, look at me! Why did you risk your money to save me—*why* did you, Dimples?"

But she would not meet his eyes, and suddenly a flame of crimson dyed her cheeks from throat to the sweet line of her hair.

"Dimples!" he cried, and suddenly he knew that she was a child no longer, but a woman—his woman.

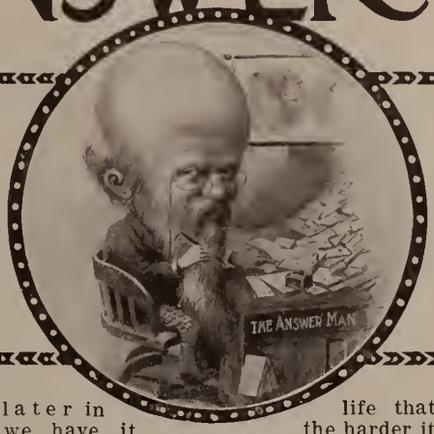
"Oh, yes—yes, my sweetheart—come down to me now. I've waited for you so long!"

She bent to him, an echo of the old mischief in her swimming eyes.

"I've forgotten how to climb trees," she whispered. "I guess you'll have to—to put up your arms, Robert Stanley—and lift me down!"

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.



MYRTLE T. D.—Lulu Glaser was Lulu, and Tom Richards was Tom in "Love's Pilgrimage." So you think that Ralph Ince shot his bolt when he did "A Million Bid." While that was one of his first great features, he has done other good ones since, and I expect there are many more to come.

MARY B., CHICAGO.—Franklin Ritchie is with Ince now; he left Biograph. Ormi Hawley, Earle Metcalfe, Octavia Handworth and Kempton Greene in "Race Suicide." Yes, it was done by Lubin, but it is selling as a State Right.

TINY TINY.—You write so well that you should go into the business of writing patent medicine advertisements. All you have to do is, first, convince the reader that he has the disease, and second, that it is curable. That was Eleanor Woodruff.

DOE-DOE.—So you liked Marguerite Clark very much in "Mice and Men." You thought the uncle would get her. A good many would like to have seen that, no doubt, but it came out very nicely. Will tell you later.

DOROTHY P., BRONX.—Fania Marinoff in "Whirlpool of Life." She was very emotional in that dismal play, and Holbrook Blinn was also splendid. I am truly sorry for you. Love is like the measles; we can have it bad but once, and the later in life that we have it the harder it goes with us. No relationship questions.

JULIUS T., BUFFALO.—Harry Carey's latest was "Graft." He is still at it, and has been ever since he left Biograph, where he was the champion burglar. Hobart Henley and Jane Novak also in "Graft" (Universal). Leah Baird has been playing opposite Maurice Costello. You evidently did not see "Tried for His Own Murder."

MADAME JENEAU.—This is much too much. You want a list of all the companies, their business managers and the leading directors. You will excuse me, please, it's time to lunch.

THEODORE L.—Ethel Barrymore is with Metro. Vivian Rich is still with American. I dont agree with you. Come, cheer up, Theodore, and get your share of honey; the world is full of it. Bees gather honey even from the bitterest flowers. Caroll Halloway is with American. Yes, she was with Lubin once.

JONSIE T.—I haven't heard whether Maurice Costello has signed up with any company or not. Yes, the Fox photography is usually very good; hut, in fact, hasn't the photography in all pictures advanced in the past year or so? Let us hope that we shall see even more progress in 1916, and not progress in photography only.

DUTCH W.—Of course Harry Northrup can dance. You ought to see him! Dont know where the Ne Moyer sisters are at present. Mrs. Costello isn't playing.

JOY 450.—Sorry, but we haven't either of your questions.

LEWIS J.—Lots of car scenes are made in the studios.

DADDYDEAR'S GIRL.—So you want Helen L. R.; Rhodisha; The Pest; Anthony; Flower Evelyn G., and a few others to come back. It seems they have all gone back on me. Perhaps they read only the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

FRANKLYN T. B.—Ah, ha, I have you, Sir Franklyn. I have seen that verse before. But since others may not have, I repeat it here:

Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet
And this is true without deceit.

Which is perfectly true—if properly punctuated.

EDNA GRACE.—Grace Cunard and Jack Holt in "Her Better Self" (Universal). Miss Cunard also directed.

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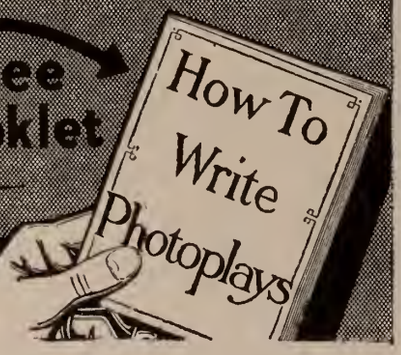

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ESTA T., DENVER.—Jewell Hunt was Nell, and Garry McGarry was Johnny in "By Love Redeemed." That was Wilfrid North as David Dane, and Lillian Walker as Alice Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Danger." Wilfrid North produced this picture, also "Green Stockings," which is his masterpiece.

WALDO W., TENNESSEE.—You will see the Fairbanks twins in "The Burglar's Picnic." So you are sorry Marguerite Courtot left Kalem. Her first Gaumont will be "The Dead Alive," and she will play a double rôle.

ANNA NILSSON, FORMER KALEM STAR, NOW FOX, WHO IS NOW BACK AT WORK AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

MADGE T. B.—Raymond Nye was General Tremont, Franklin Ritchie was Marcel and Louise Vale was Sophia in "The Woman of Mystery." Madge Kirby and Gertrude Bambrick in "The Skating Rink" (Biograph). Please give me not flattery, but appreciation.

DONALD T. C.—So you haven't seen Mary Anderson since she has gone West. I believe her next will be "The Hoyden," opposite Webster Campbell.

HELENE ROSSON, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN STAR, WHO HAS JUST RECOVERED FROM A RECENT ILLNESS

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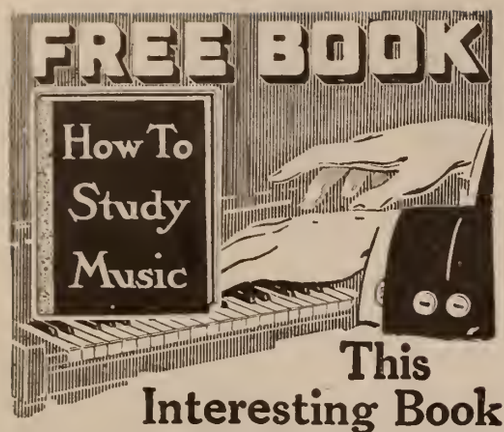

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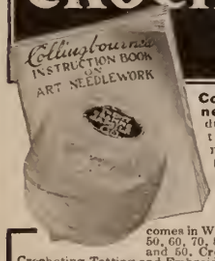

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TOOTLES.—Jack W. Kerrigan remains with Universal for two more years, so fear not. Yes; Naomi Childers will continue to play for Vitagraph. She played in "The Ruse" with Harry Morey.

JESSICA.—Yes, that's so. I suppose I might do better than $8 a week working for some other magazine, but I would rather get only $8 and be sure of it than get $100 in stage money and not know what week is going to be the last. I would rather ride on an ass that carries me than on a horse that throws me.

GYPSY, BALTIMORE.—Watch out for "Artie" with Ernest Truex and Dorothy Kelly. Yes, I remember him very well in "Good Little Devil." Oh my, yes, Edith Storey is as busy as a bee. She is still playing in the "Jane" series, and her last was "Jane's Husband."

MARTIN T. B., BROOKLYN.—Alexander Gaden and Gertrude Robinson in "As a Woman Sows." Ethel Jewett, of Edison Company of five years ago, is and has been with Thanhouser since she left Edison. She played in "Pete's Persian Princess" (Falstaff).

MRS. T. C., HALIFAX.—You write an awful long letter, my dear. I thought this was the month of February in which women talk least. I understand Leo Delaney has left Vitagraph, also about ten others. See Greenroom Jottings.

SARAH T. B.—Flora Finch is in "A Night Out" (Vitagraph). Release date, January 31. She isn't playing. Yes, I think something should be done to prevent people coming in in the middle of a reel and disturbing everybody. The early bird catches the plot. And the late bird spoils it.

EVERYBODY.—With deepest regret I announce the death of my friend, Arthur Johnson. This is a great loss to the industry. He was a fine player and man.

YVONNE CHAPPELLE AND MALCOLM WILLIAMS IN "THE IDOL OF THE STAGE" (GAUMONT)

PRETTY JULIA.—I simply wont tell you how to get into the pictures, because I dont know. Read the Answer Lady's article on this subject in the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

FRANK S., CHICAGO.—So you like the tall players like Lockwood and Rawlinson. That's all right in these cases, but you know that tall men are often like high houses, wherein the uppermost rooms are worst furnished.

JESSIE T. J., CANARSIE.—So you think Rosemary Theby is combing her hair too ridiculously. I shall have to take this up with her—the subject, not the hair. Some of these new coiffures dont agree with our pretty maidens. I must admit, tho, that Harry Myers is regaining his "girlish figure." Did you see him in "Man and Morality"?

ARNOLD R., IONE.—Cleo Madison and Edward Hearn in "Her Defiance" (Universal). Of course Cleo is kept busy. If you send for her photograph be sure to enclose a stamp for return postage. Never ask a favor of anybody without paying the freight thereon.

MARY T.—Genevieve Hamper and Robert Mantell in "Green-eyed Monster" (Fox). Yes, there is the Selig-Tribune and the Hearst-Vitagraph.

MABEL L., DORCHESTER.—Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo in "Mary Page" series. Elizabeth Burbridge playing in "The House of Revelation" (Essanay) with John Lorenz.

ANNA LITTLE AND HERBERT RAWLINSON IN "A CHORUS GIRL'S THANKSGIVING"

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MOMSIE, GASPORT.—No, we have no jitney buses around here, but we have public conveyances called taxicabs which have a gas-meter attachment that registers miles for feet. George Kleine Exchange will release the Griffith-Sennett-Biograph reissues.

MELVA.—Why dont you try Universal? You ask what queen was compelled to drink out of a cup made from her father's skull. Rosamond, daughter of Cunimund, king of a German tribe, who was killed by Alboin, who then married the beautiful Rosamond. She afterwards had her husband assassinated. I'm quite sure that's right. I happened to remember this, and dont know where I can confirm it. Your plot sounds original.

ELSIE T.—Yes, there are stars everywhere now, but you say you would rather see the old-time one-reel pictures, and six different plays. Much obliged for the new tooth-paste. All my teeth are as sound as a dollar (Mexican).

TOOTSIE T.—I think you ask too much. The more I do for some people, the more they want, expect and require, and the less appreciation is returned. Much helping creates much helplessness. You must look those things up yourself. I refer you to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

FRANCES.—Margarita Fischer is with Equitable. So you liked Mary Miles Minter in "Barbara Frietchie." The next Bushman release will be "Red Mouse," coming out February 21. *Good-bye* is a contraction of "God be with you."

VIVIAN, BROOKLYN.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison in "The Secret Wire" (American). Neva Gerber and William Carroll in "Getting In Wrong." Oh, yes, Theda Bara is certainly wonderful in Vampire and siren plays.

NICHOLAS T.—There is a bond of sympathy between us, Nick, but you cant expect to raise money on that kind of a bond. I never lend. But I sometimes borrow. Ella Hall is still playing in California.

SOCRATES.—Yes, we should be very proud of our "civilization." I wonder what the cannibals would think of us if they could take a peep into Europe. That reminds me of a cartoon I saw recently entitled "The Ladder of Civilization." On the bottom rung was a crude club, on the next an arrow, then followed various kinds of guns and rifles, then a huge shell, then a torpedo, and finally a tube of chlorine gas! Sure the world do move!

IRENE C.—Marshall Neilan is now with Selig. He has been with Kalem, Selig, Lasky and Famous Players, and is now back with Selig. Edwin August, I affirm upon information and belief, is with World. At least, he was yesterday.

ENID, KANSAS CITY.—Emily Stevens is playing on the stage in New York at the present time. Ann Murdock is playing in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (Essanay), Richard Travers opposite her.

JOHN W. N., SYRACUSE.—See here, friend, I am an Answer Man and not a physiognomist, but I will try and answer your questions. You ask if it is not true that impulsive persons usually have black eyes. I think so; if they haven't they usually get them. Blanche Sweet is playing in "Ragamuffin" (Lasky). Yes; Bessie Learn has left Edison, and is now with Mirror. So has Gertrude McCoy.

HARRIETT.—I have never met King Baggot, nor has he paid us a visit. But I have seen the bronze busts of Mr. Baggot. We have one here. Marin Sais will have the lead in "The Social Pirates," the Kalem serial.

TULIPS.—L. C. Shumway in "The Convict King." That's a Western Lubin.

VIRGINIA, TORRINGTON.—How are you this bright, snappy day? Yes, my dear, I live alone in a hallroom. Nobody could ever live with me; besides, great minds love solitude, little ones company; the eagle flies alone, sheep flock together. Let me hear from you again.

REGINA B.—You ask if I ever go over on Broadway. Of course I do. I am a familiar figure on the Great Blight Way. Alice Brady is still playing.

JUSTINIA.—See ads. for postal cards of players. We dont sell them. No, we dont state salaries.

BLONDY.—Move on; never wait for me to meet you on the corner. It's too cold these days. So you are glad Florence Lawrence is back. So say we all of us. Mabel Normand is, just now, over at Fort Lee, N. J.

When our dear grandmamas were girls,
They'd smile and smooth their pretty curls.
Look in the mirror then and say
"Oh, will he think me fair today?"

Today the girlies everywhere,
In the mirror gravely stare;
"Am I fair enough," they say,
"To be a movie star some day?"

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"The first time I met Mary," continued Commodore Benedict, when the laughter had subsided, "she told me she was twelve years old when she was really sixteen—and I kist her. So when she was here recently I said to her: 'Mary, you told me you were twelve years old when you were here before. If I had known you were sixteen, I probably wouldn't have kist you!' 'Oh, that's all right,' Mary promptly assured; 'I didn't mind it!'"

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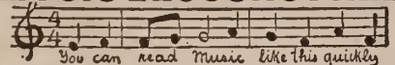

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Winners of the Construction Puzzle

In the first issue of the Classic (then Supplement) we printed a Construction Puzzle, offering five prizes for the best solutions submitted. We received many thousands of answers, among them many beautifully decorated designs. We finally gave ten prizes instead of five, and the winners were as follows: Mrs. Lida H. Updegrove, Wrightsville, Pa.; Leland T. Carner, 177 W. First St., Fulton, N. Y.; John J. Leonard, 183 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.; Mrs. J. F. McKinstry, Gainesville, Fla.; A. J. Farwell, 345 Barbour St., Hartford, Conn.; Katherine O. Leary; Mrs. G. W. Schlung; Helen McKisick; Miss M. H. Bennes, and T. C. Rogers. The correct answers were:

Anderson, Costello, Pickford, Washburn, Walker, Fielding, Prescott, Joslin, Wilbur, Baggot, Brower, Fuller, Talmadge, Kerrigan, Lockwood, Commerford, Storey, Stonehouse, Williams, Moreno, Dunaew, Roland, MacBride, Lawrence, MacDermott, Newton, Finley, Connelly, Jacobs; Gordon, Cooper, Panzer, Larkin, Relyea, MacQuarrie, Farrington, Arbuckle, Dunbar, Brooke, Northrup, Lytton, Norman, Horton, Sterling, Morrison, Stuart and Clark.

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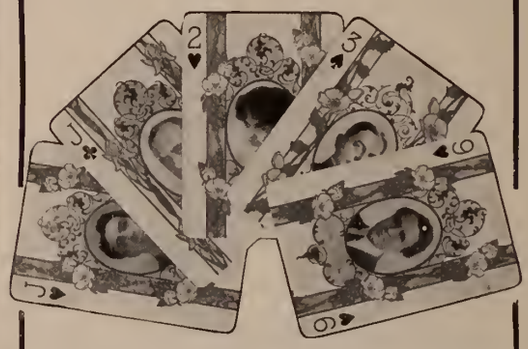

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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

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Dainty Marguerite Courtot has a fad—collecting tennis racquets! What for? Why, to play with, ye witless ones. And she is adept at the game, mark that.

The Mutual Traveler has been working in the Minnesota woods at a mild little temp. of twenty-five below.

Carl Laemmle sends out some snappy, humorous "straight-from-the-shoulder talks" to his Universal exchange men and exhibitors. They bring a laugh. The last one was addressed to "Old Bill" Shakespeare, and hinged on that famed one's saying, "The play's the thing."

Our good old friend "Elaine" is cutting quite a swath in Porto Rico. Record audiences are reported on it all over the island, and there are divers namesakes, such as hats, cigars, scarfs, etc.

Oh, fans! Kathlyn Williams' favorite flowers are American Beauty roses. Get your vases ready, Kathlyn!

Wheeler Oakman is a disciple of classical music—and in particular latter-day Italian opera.

Edith Johnson is strictly tailor-made *en promenade.* No frills nor feminine fripperies for *her!*

William N. Selig, president of the Selig Polyscope Company, believes that within the immediate few years every schoolhouse will have a Motion Picture camera. Hurry ye, O small, unwilling feet on paths of learning!

Six hundred cadets from the Naval Academy at Annapolis make their début in a coming Vitagraph feature—supported, incidentally, by a flotilla of torpedo destroyers.

Kathlyn Williams has made, unwittingly, a first enemy in Tilly, one of the elephant herd. Tilly made known her animosity by trumpeting mud all over Kathlyn's shining six-cylindered cabriolet.

Fritzi Brunette is learning to cook! She knows the old route to the male heart! And her director broadly asserts that she's a star at boiling water.

The Pittsburg Screen Club, composed of Moving Picture actors, has decided to give ten per cent. of the profits of its forthcoming ball next month to the Actors' Fund of America.

Two flivvers are about to collide head-on. A bearded figure rises from a trench between the machines and announces, "Boys, there aint no war; the soldiers all went home last Christmas." See "Peace at Any Price," a Vitagraph comedy.

Miss Lucille Taft, of the Gaumont Company, amused herself the other day by looping-the-loop in an aeroplane over Jacksonville, Fla. Milk-and-water pastime, *n'est ce pas?*

Ruth Roland believes the Chicago doctor did right in allowing the deformed babe to die. Miss Roland has some very deep, very sound, and very gravely sweet views on the subject.

Latest reports indicate that the players from the Coast studio of Vitagraph were snowbound and in serious difficulty in Bear Valley, California.

Speaking of "art for art's sake," Donald McBride, after spending a sleepless night with a severe toothache, was cast for the rôle of a painless dentist.

Maisie, the pet collie that appeared frequently with William Duncan, is dead.

Besides being used for hair restorer ads., bald heads are quite the demand in the studio. Here's the reason. The hero or heroine is wounded. Surgeon about to shave head to operate. Cut! Enter baldy and doubles in the rôle. Result!—the hero and heroine still retain their wondrous locks.

Well, if you *must* know, those stocking fillers in "Green Stockings" belong to Lillian Walker.

The closing episode of "Stingaree" leaves the hero behind prison bars.

Rose Melville, the original and only Sis Hopkins, she who has a funny-bone in every part of her body, has become a Kalem star.

Helen Gibson has challenged all other players to duplicate the stunts she performs in "The Hazards of Helen," weekly Kalem release.

"If I wanted to take it easy I would prefer working in straight drama, for comedy is hard work," says Bud Duncan.

Thomas Santschi has an excellent baritone voice, which he uses once in a while at the Selig studio, between scenes.

The yearly epidemic is again upon us, viz.: the crusade against the term "movies." Please! please! Mr. Reformer, give us a rest. "Movies" has come to stay.

Frank Daniels, successor to Sidney Drew, will be seen in some one-reel comedies released by Vitagraph.

Arthur Johnson is dead! It is with sorrow that we announce the passing of one of the world's most prominent stars.

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Greenroom Jottings

Edith Storey has discarded her famous "5.15," and now rides in a six-cylinder creation, solid yellow in color. We suggest she christen it "Sunbeam."

Gertrude McCoy, Estelle Mardo, Ione Bright and Margery Green are with Mirror Films. The latter in support of Nat Goodwin.

A strong trinity from the stage to the screen are, Adele Blood, Edwin Stevens and Montagu Love. They will appear jointly in "The Devil's Toy," adapted from "The Mills of the Gods." The Premo brand has the honor.

Ah! at last. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and others of Mark Twain's brain children will be seen on the screen under the chaperonage of the Lasky Company.

Fannie Ward has purchased a $50,000 house in Hollywood, Cal., where she intends to reside permanently.

We beg to inquire, *Who* is "The Grand Old Man of the Movies"? Every studio claims to own him, but as there is only one, we seek enlightenment. We thought it was W. Chrystie Miller.

Mignon Anderson, Thanhouser, is said to possess the most elaborate dressing-room in the profession.

Charlotte Burton, American-Mutual favorite, is suffering from an attack of deafness, due to a dynamite explosion in the taking of "The Thoroughbred."

Mary Anderson, Western Vitagraph, has just married, and she didn't even tell her mother, who read of it in the newspapers.

Alice Brady, star of "The Ballet Girl," World Film, claims that she is the only actress upon the screen who is a born and bred New Yorker.

Helen Holmes, besides supplying thrills for the screen, recently gave her company a fright, when she rescued some valuable negatives of "The Girl and the Game." In an aeroplane she transported the film over some dangerous flood country and thru mountain passes to the nearest transportation point.

Governor Johnson, of California, is an ardent fan.

One thousand children take part in the gnome village in the Fox new million-dollar production. Little Jane Lee is among them.

The exodus:—Tefft Johnson, Leo Delaney, Mother Anderson, Garry McGarry, Zena Keefe, Harry Fisher, Robert Gaillord and others—from Vitagraph.

Virginia Pearson, the twenty-year-old beauty and direct descendant of Daniel Boone, has joined the Fox forces.

Annette Kellermann is recovering from injuries sustained by being dashed against a rock in the waters of Jamaica.

The World Film Corp. owns the only sea-going studio ever planned.

Beverly Bayne was recently informed that she had won the popularity contest conducted by the Minneapolis *Journal.* It's getting to be a habit with her.

Bessie Barriscale, Kay-Bee, is the authoress of a book of poems.

Grace Cunard is still chafing under her retention at the hospital, for injuries sustained in "The Broken Coin."

If William Garwood is not taking dinner with a friend, he is taking a friend to dinner. He hates to dine alone.

Henry Walthall can impersonate any character except a giant or a baby in long clothes.

Myrtle Stedman's beautiful voice has made her so popular that she has been compelled to limit herself to charitable meetings only.

The Y. M. C. A.'s thruout the country have gone in strong as exhibitors. The churches, led by the Methodist Church at Bayshore, N. Y., will probably follow.

So realistic was a fire scene staged by Vitagraph recently, that the fire department was called out.

Our $10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "The Serpent" (March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE); second prize to the author of "The Wraith of Haddon Towers"; third prize to the author of "Dimples."

Pres. Wilson was the guest of honor at the Motion Picture Board of Trade's first annual dinner at the Biltmore Hotel, Jan. 27, J. Stuart Blackton presiding.

Lillian Drew has found the secret of beauty. "Be a vegetarian" is her advice. Lillie and the butcher aren't on speaking terms any more.

G. M. Anderson will no longer be known as "Broncho Billy." He is adopting a new character.

The newest fad—"Silhouette Photoplays." On the Paramount program.

Triangle has suffered another fire. This time in the Fine Arts studio. Loss about $25,000.

Mae Murray, Lasky star and one-time danseuse, recently became lost in the Western desert, but was found after several hours' search.

Florence Lawrence, everybody's sweetheart, is back again.

Following Ben Wilson, Charles Ogle and Mary Fuller, Augustus Phillips is now with Universal.

Harold Lockwood has just accepted a flattering offer from Metro, and Murdock MacQuarrie has signed with the Signal-Mutual.

House Peters is now with World Film.

Robert Leonard and Ella Hall have forsaken thrillers and serials for comedy.

We have with us this evening, Bert Wilson, Dorothy Davenport, Jay Belasco, Francis Ford and Bobby Mack, p. 17; Charles Wellesley, James Morrison and Charles Richman, first picture; Zena Keefe and James Morrison, second picture, and Eleanor Woodruff and Zena Keefe in bottom picture, p. 29; Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, p. 45, and Mary Miles Minter and Thomas J. Carrigan, p. 55.

The Wraith of Haddon Towers

(*Continued from page 47*)

fully, then wheeled sharply on the astounded relic of a butler.

"Well!" she snapped, "is his Lordship—er—*receiving* today? If he's not, dont both-aw—dont both-*aw!*"

The butler remained Britishly solemn. He was far too staunch a subject to have acquired a sense of humor.

" 'is Lordship is hin the east wing, my Lady," he announced; " 'e spends most of 'is time there hof late."

"Oh, indeed!" Lady Drummond twirled about on her smart heels and flapped her abbreviated skirts as she made for the east wing. "His Lordship is seeing *ghosts,* I suppose," she sneered.

Some one was talking in the east wing room, and Lady Drummond applied her shell-pink ear to the keyhole unscrupulously.

"Ah—God—be merciful——" the voice was saying; "my love—my love——"

"Philip!" shrieked his wife, wildly; "Philip—it's I—it's Clar-*a!* I've come to surprise you! Phil-*ip!* Whom are you *daring* to talk to like that? Oh, some one help—let's break open the door!"

The room was quite empty—save for the calm, dead body of Philip Drummond in his chair by the fireplace.

And up above the stars—beyond our life's aches and pains, our petty cares, our puny griefs—two loves were made as one—and smiled upon by the Great Lover of us all.

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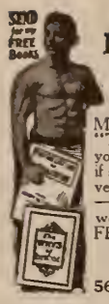

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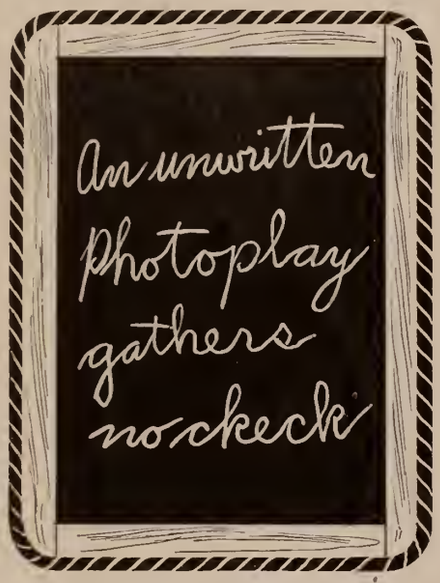

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Children of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 21)

THESE ARE GROWN-UP CHILDREN—"LEVY'S SEVEN DAUGHTERS"

GEORGE STONE

across his knees and to have told him giant and hobgoblin tales. And, oh! how still he would sit and how those starry eyes would shine, just like a glow-worm in the night! Bobby is a remarkable little bundle of bronzed, wavy hair; big, soft, brown eyes that suddenly light up electrically, and a pouting, good-natured, whimsical mouth—all set upon a sturdy little figure. He is absolutely unspoiled and not a bit self-conscious.

When scenes are being taken before a crowd and the actors become temperamental, Bobby is as unconcerned as if at home in his playroom.

He has a tremendous respect for his director, and when his eyes are not watching his mother, who is his "coach," he is following every move of the man behind the camera.

Surely every one knows the pictures that Bobby made famous—the fun, the frolic, the pathos of "Sonny Jim" have made him a screen immortal.

Bobby sheds real tears in the pathetic parts, but frankly confesses that his mother "has to get him started."

In a way the children of the screen are "gods set apart"; they are born with stage feeling, are precocious far beyond their years, and often earn larger salaries than most grown-up actors. Few that I have ever met are cursed with "stage manner"; they are artless, cuddlesome, roguish, tireless—just like other kids.

Lack of space, not lack of interest, forbids a review of all the dear pageantry of the children of the screen. There are Clara Horton, Carmen De Rue, George Stone and tiny Zoe Bech, Kathie Fischer, Catherine Lee and fairy Mimi Yvonne. We can hear their treble voices at the roll-call of their names. And every now and then some beautiful, dazzling child flashes on the screen before us and is gone, unknown. Either the poverty or modesty of their parents keeps them anonymous. Like the butterflies after whom they are fashioned, the child life of screen children is short and full, and then they pass on—little shadow creatures that we used to know and love only in fairy books.

"I Hear You Calling Me"

By RUTH ROLAND

"WHAT'S in a name?" Miss Roland thought there was a great deal in hers not long ago and tells the following little story about it:

"We had gone to Santa Barbara to obtain settings for a Roman picture we were then producing. A wonderfully beautiful estate had been loaned to us. I never saw such loveliness before. It was a dream-place—flowers, winding paths, fountains and wonderful statuary brought from Italy, and a huge Roman plunge that made you wish you had lived in the old Roman days when such luxuries were almost common. We had finished some scenes, and I was not to be in the following, so I gratefully picked up my parasol and my sewing (for it was very warm) and strolled off to a shady nook, and had just begun sewing, when—'Ruth, Ruth,' came a voice. I replied, 'I hear you calling me,' and scrambled my sewing together and fled in the direction where we had last been working. No one was there, but again the voice, 'Ruth, Ruth,' so I rushed in the direction I thought the voice came from. Still no one could I find, and finally gave the hunt up. I have said it was a very warm day, and I was just getting a little bit—well, cross, when again came the voice, 'Ruth, Ruth.' This time I knew exactly where to go, but when I arrived there was no one to be seen. Finally, after many more calls, I saw the company a little way off and hurried up to them. They all looked at me in a puzzled way when I burst in upon a scene.

"'Well, what is the matter?' I was asked.

"'Didn't you call me?'

"'No,' and some one remarked something about the heat.

"'But you did call me,' I replied.

"Just then the caretaker came strolling along with a bright-hued parrot sitting on his shoulder, and just as he stood opposite me he screeched, 'Ruth, Ruth'—the parrot, I mean—and every one laughed. The caretaker explained that his little girl's name was Ruth, and that she and the parrot were great chums. This explained the mystery. The parrot and I became very good friends, but the company, taking ingenuity by the horns, changed my name for the time being to avoid further marathons in the gardens."

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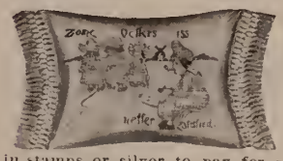

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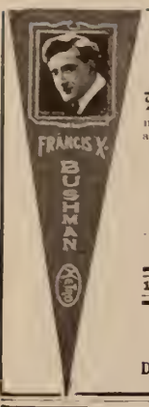

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I am offering for a short time—to readers of this magazine—"Motion Picture Acting" for only **fifty cents** a copy. Enclose either stamps or money in an envelope with your name and address. My book will be promptly mailed and just as promptly returned if you are not satisfied. I guarantee this to you and to "Motion Picture Classic."

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MANY ARE THE GOOD THINGS
that will appear in the APRIL MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, among them being the following:

"Their Homes on Wheels"
By Peter Wade. Seven pages of pictures of leading players in their automobiles and an interesting account of their doings.

"A Visit to the Lubin Studio"
By Marie Roy

"What Are They Saying?"
$250.00 to be awarded to those who can correctly put words in the mouths of the players.

"Cartoons that Move and Act"
By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg A.B., M.A., M.D., showing how those moving drawings you see on the screen are made and how the ludicrous little characters are made to perform such ludicrous antics.

Here are only four items mentioned out of some thirty or forty, and we have by no means picked out the best. It is the largest and best of the Motion Picture publications, and always has been. Watch for it on March 1st or thereafter. You will recognize it by observing that it is the handsomest cover on the newsstands—a beautiful painting of Marguerite Snow. Price 15 cents.

The Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAVE YOU IDEAS

For Photoplays or Stories?

If so, we will accept them in ANY form—criticise FREE—Sell on commission. BIG REWARDS! Hundreds making money. So can YOU. Write today for full details. *Story Revision Co.*, 237 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

Colton, U. S. N.

(Continued from page 32)

He was shot out of the torpedo tube to the surface of the water. Swimming quietly and attracting no attention, he climbed aboard the *Mercedes* on her landward side. No one was watching. He went to the cabin to which the wires were laid, made the contact and exploded the mines just in front of the oncoming battleships. The fleet was saved.

Archer and the crew on the *Mercedes,* after a moment of stunned astonishment at the premature explosion and the consequent miscarriage of their plans, turned to find Colton coming out of the deckhouse. They threw themselves upon him. He fought desperately with a belaying pin, which he snatched from the nearest rail. The

submarine came to the surface. Her men, led by young Austen, boarded the *Mercedes* and rescued Colton in the nick of time, but not without hard fighting, in which young Austen was badly battered up.

That concluded the episode—save for the weaving of the unconnected strands into one cable, as a sailor would say, there is little more to be added. Archer paid for his treachery with his death. He was fortunate in that. For his part in the transaction the Rouanian ambassador got his passports incontinently. Rouania disavowed and apologized, leaving the men on the *Mercedes* to the tender mercies of their captors for their participation in the attempted crime. For diplomatic reasons the affair was hushed up. The crew of the *Mercedes* were sent back to Rouania in their own ship and their government took care to silence them. The spectators ashore were told that the explosion was a part of a battle practice maneuver—the lips of the officers were sealed.

Colton got Caroline Austen; young Austen was given another appointment to the Naval Academy, at which Ethel McMasters vowed to herself that she would see that he did not fail a second time; and the whole affair, which was never appreciated by the public, was quietly suppressed and forgotten. This is the first official and formal and public revelation of it that has ever been made. The narrator got most of the details from the Coltons themselves.

NICHOLAS DUNAEW

Nicholas Dunaew is the Fox jack-of-all-trades, or rather more of a genius in several things. As a dramatic author, his stage play, "The Spider," and his remarkable versatility of dramatic portrayal have brought him fame. He was born in Moscow, Russia, of noble parents, and was educated in Petrograd, becoming a Bachelor of Arts and a student of the law.

Thru his association with Alexander Bilief, he harkened to the call of the stage, and toured Continental Europe in a repertoire of plays, including Ibsen's "Ghosts," Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness"; "Trilby," in which he appeared as Svengali; and in his own plays, "The Spider," "The Vampire" and "The Terrible God." Later he played in New York, repeating some of his Continental successes.

While with the Vitagraph Company recently, Mr. Dunaew's most important appearances were in "My Official Wife," "The Call of the Past," "The Win(k)some Widow," and "My Only One."

He has recently become interested in photoplay writing, and, thru the permission and support of Mme. Tolstoy, is picturizing the novels of her illustrious husband.

A Novel "Dont Shoot" Motion Picture Flag

By ALBERT MARPLE

THE cloudy weather that was experienced in Southern California during the past winter brought out at least one novel idea, that being in the "Dont Shoot" flag seen in the accompanying illustration.

More cloudy and really unsatisfactory weather was experienced in Southern California this winter than ever before. Time and time again the immense forces of the various picture companies were compelled to stand practically idle. In connection with

most of the companies electric studios have been provided, and on bad days these electric studios were used. Then, even, not more than half of any of the companies were able to work. Very often picture-taking was attempted, but, almost as often, the resulting pictures proved to be unsatisfactory for distribution.

It was for the purpose of regulating outdoor picture-taking under unfavorable lighting conditions that this flag was created. It is located at Universal City, and is near the office of the head photographer of that city. Whenever the light was not good enough for picture-taking, Lee Bartholomew, the city's head photographer, would run up the "Dont Shoot" flag. The pole was of such a height that the flag could be seen from any point in the city. When the light became satisfactory, the flag was lowered. All the camera men had to do was to keep their eyes on the flag.

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The Photoplay Clearing House was established to aid and counsel authors and to sell their wares. We believe we have given more definite help to the discouraged, have furnished more practical criticism, and have sold more photoplays at a higher price than all other similar institutions combined.

We tell you: How to Go About It, Where to Market Your Product, How to Revise and Cure Its Weak Points, The Kind of Photoplays Wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario.

Market conditions are changing almost daily, and it is a difficult matter for the free-lance writer to keep constantly in touch with the current demands of the studios. Every day we receive by phone, letter or telegram some communication from at least one studio (mostly several) asking us for some particular type of story, advising us of a change in policy or notifying us of some condition important in the marketing of photoplays. The fee we exact is nominal in consideration of the service rendered, and in most cases we expend more in postage in sending scripts out than we receive from the author. We can safely state that we have been the stepping-stone into the studio for a great number of writers who otherwise would never have sold their product.

We want to impress upon you these two things: we cannot **guarantee** a sale, because if we did it would be base misrepresentation on our part. We work with, and for, the author. The other thing is, that out of approximately 10,000 clients about 2 per cent. have been dissatisfied with our service, but the other 98 per cent. are staunch supporters of this organization. If we pleased everybody we would be too good for this earth.

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Dear Sirs—We enclose check for $35.00 in full payment for your Moving Picture scenario entitled "The Half Eagles."
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Yours very truly,
BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Gentlemen—Please have the author of "The Opening of the Door" sign the enclosed release slip and return same to us, if our offer of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) is satisfactory to him.
Very truly yours,
J. E. BRADY,
Mgr. Manuscript Dept.
Per A. G.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed please find check for $25.00 for scenario, "The Psychic Law." Kindly have the enclosed assignment properly signed and return to us at once.
Yours very truly,
GAUMONT COMPANY,
By M. L. A., Scenario Dept.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Dear Sirs—Your appreciated letter of the 3d inst. has arrived, together with the waivers of my photoplay, "When It Strikes Home," which you have sold.
I am herewith enclosing the waivers signed and properly witnessed.
In regard to your end of the arrangement, I wish to say that you have made no promises that you have not lived up to. In view of this I take great pleasure in offering you my sincere thanks.
With best wishes for your concern, I remain,
Very truly yours,
ROBERT CARL SCHIMMEL.
60 Thayer Hall, Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

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Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

This coupon is good for 50 cents. When accompanied with 50 cents more it will entitle holder to list 1 single-reel scenario with the Photoplay Clearing House.

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Really fine portraits of the players are much sought for and hard to find. For several years the *Motion Picture Magazine* has met this demand by offering colored, rotogravure and various other kinds of portraits as premiums to its subscribers.

This year after considerable search we decided that the novel plan of mounting artistic portraits on folders in the same manner that high-grade photographs are mounted would meet with the greatest favor among our readers. The result is a really elegant artistic set of twenty-five portraits of a selected list of the more popular players. They are just the thing for den, room, or wall decoration—just the kind of portraits that will be a delight to the Motion Picture Fan.

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If the Players Appreciate the Interest of the Fans, Why Dont They Answer Such Questions As—

How old is he?

What is the color of his eyes?

Did she ever dance at the Republican Club ball, held on the 7th day of April, 1909, at 8:15?

Is it true his wife is suing him for divorce and the custody of the dog?

Wont she tell how a girl can become a movie favorite in say three months?

Does he play tennis?

Is she married?

Did he leave the stock company at Worcester, Massachusetts, because one of the girls there was eating her heart out on account of him?

Does she make her own dresses, and if so, why?

What kind of hair-tonic does he use for his bald spot?

Does she prefer blond or dark-haired leading men?

Does he sing?

Is it true she is divorced from her husband, who owns a milk route and has four children living with an aunt in Bettendorf, Iowa?

Has she ever been in Mount Sterling, Illinois?

Does she ice-skate, and if so wont she come from California to Toronto and skate with an admirer there?

Does he wear that peculiar derby hat as the result of a bet?

Has she ever bleached her hair, and if so, what did she use?

Does he know where a friend can get a phonograph, little used, with plenty of up-to-date records, in fine condition, guaranteed for ten years and very cheap?

How many automobiles has she got, what make, where did she get them, when, what did they cost, and who gave them to her?

What name would she suggest for a gray canoe?

What does she do with her old clothes?

Wont he pitch the first ball for the Lakewood, Ohio, baseball team?

Didn't she sing "I Miss You Most of All" at the John Susheimer Social Club picnic, at Block Island, on June 27, 1910, and didn't she wear a blue dress at the time?

Are his first two wives still living?

Wont she offer up a prize for the fifth annual dancing contest of the Brodhead, Wisconsin, girls' sewing circle; or, better still, wont she come along and act as judge?

Wont he look up a friend in Seattle, and get him a nice, easy job?

What does she do with all her money, and how much real money does she get?

A. L. HANDLER.

THE MODERN IMPRESSION

By CECELIA G. GERSON

"And now," said the teacher, after elaborating upon the lives of the martyred Presidents, "who can tell me something about Abraham Lincoln?"

Up jumped little Evelyn. "I know," she said. "Abraham Lincoln was a great man. He was the President of the United States. He was very kind. He freed the slaves, and he was shot in 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

Marguerite Nichols, who is making an impression as one of Balboa's new leading women

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Author of "The Congo and Other Poems," etc.

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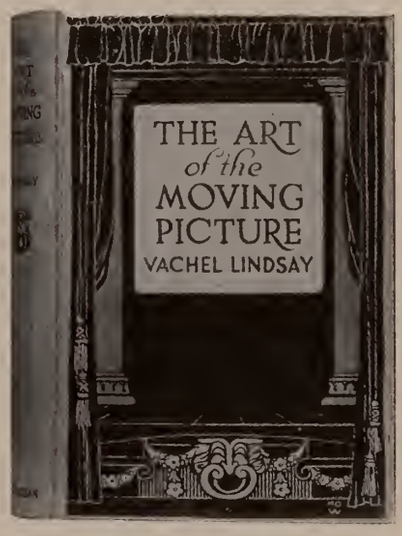
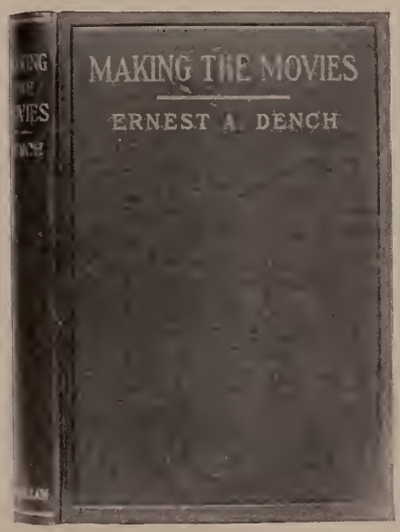


Mr. Lindsay's book is one of the first to be written in appreciation of the moving picture. His purpose is to show how to classify and judge the better films. He describes the types of photoplays, discusses the likeness of the motion picture to the old Egyptian picture writing, summarizes the one hundred main points of difference between the legitimate drama and the film drama, indicates that the best censorship is a public sense of beauty and takes up the value of scientific films, news films, educational and political films. The volume closes with some sociological observations on the conquest of the motion picture, which he regards as a force as revolutionary as was the invention of printing.

These two books fill a long-felt want. Mr. Lindsay is the first writer to take up this great subject and discuss the pictures in respect to their pictorial, sculptural and architectural effect. Every person interested in Motion Pictures should read this book. It will give him a new viewpoint, and it is extremely interesting. Mr. Dench's book is a book of facts and information. There are other similar books on the market, published years ago, and some of them are a trifle antiquated; here we have it brought right down to the minute by a writer who is well known to the readers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic.



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By ERNEST A. DENCH

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MPC 3-16

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By Janice Lockhart

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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(Eldorado)

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(Kalem)

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Child Player Becomes Leading Woman

By HECTOR AMES

ADELE DE GARDE, OF THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

Those whose Motion Picture memories go back to the halcyon days when Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence, Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell, and one or two others, were the kings and queens of Movieland, will remember that several of the child players also achieved distinction on the screen, among them Adele De Garde and Kenneth Casey, of the Vitagraph Company. This was only four or five years ago, but their reigns were of short duration, and both of these names are almost unknown to the "modern" fan. But, all of a sudden, as it were, one of them, pretty little Adele, undergoes a transformation, and behold, she appears as a fully grown-up leading woman. Adele—or, rather Miss—De Garde has been working hard for some months, and when the pictures are released thousands of her old admirers will be amazed at the transformation of a child into a leading lady.

'Tis said that the boy is the father of the man, or something of the kind. No less is the girl-child the mother of the woman. And when the little Adele of the other days appeared to vanish from us, she *did* vanish—into a land from which she will not return—as the "little Adele." Gone for her, and her juvenile following, are the crispy, abbreviated skirts (unless in character rôles); gone are the parts thru which she must flounce, and pout, and romp. The infant has been born again—and in the re-birth a leading woman is made. The child had evolved into the woman—the artiste is coming into her own. It has taken lots of growing to do this—to turn from child to leading woman—lots of growing in more ways than physical; there must have been immense mental strides — immense temperamental ones—and tremendous artistic ones. It is a very narrow space to bridge—that tiny stream between childhood and womanhood—only a step—the step Miss De Garde took, but the tiny stream is fathomlessly deep—deep with lots of emotions, and wonders, and things. It sounds simple enough to say, "Why, she has grown up overnight!" but the chances are that the night has been a very deep one—and one that will make succeeding dawns never quite the same again. So when we see Adele De Garde again—the same soft curls; the same wide, whimsical mouth and big, big, wistful eyes—we will wave a figurative farewell to the lovely, unforgotten child, and bid a royal welcome to the lovelier, unforgettable woman—and wish her all kinds of a bon voyage and safe harborage on her picture career this side of the stream!

ELAINE IVANS

Have You a

Being the Secret of Why or Expressive on the

By ARTHUR

EARLE WILLIAMS

CRANE WILBUR

[We are indebted to Ben Wilson, the well-known Universal director and actor, for many of the pertinent suggestions in this article, which is authoritative.—THE EDITOR.]

"I AM nineteen, singularly beautiful, can act very well, and am sure that I would make a very good Motion Picture actress," she admitted in her letter to the studio director when she sent him her picture and asked for a job.

"You look nineteen; you are singularly beautiful; you may be able to act like Bernhardt, Duse and Mary Pickford rolled into one," answered the director, "but you would not make a good Motion Picture actress—not, at least, until you are sixty years old, when you might begin to play 'old women.'"

Was the director crazy, do you ask? He may have been—some directors are; they are made so by the letters they get from aspirants to movie fame. But if one stops to dissect his letter with a calm and judicial mind, there is really no reason to suspect the above director of having anything worse than a keen perception. With his expert eye, he had seen in the features of the young lady a type of beauty which could not possibly appear to advantage on the screen. Not many directors have such a valuable sense. Some of them have cost their companies lots of money merely because they concluded that a girl should look as well on the screen as she does in real life.

"It's ironical, but true," observed Ben Wilson, the well-known Universal star and director, to the writer, the other day, "that many wonderfully pretty women look as homely as a London fog when it comes to preserving their features in celluloid. A Motion Picture camera dotes on contrasts, and when it doesn't get them it rebels. Lillian's eyes may be like drops from heaven, but, if they're light blue, the chances are that Lillian will look as tho she hadn't any eyes at all when one sees her on the screen. In other words, a good camera eye is an eye that stands out—by that I dont mean an eye that bulges, but one that has a decided color contrast with the rest of the face. That, of course, means that the best camera eye is brown. Blue eyes are sometimes acceptable, but only when they are very large and of a very deep tone.

"You see," continued Mr. Wilson, "certain colors photograph exactly alike. White and yellow and light blue all look white, and that is why there are so few blonde movie queens. Mary Pickford is as near the blonde type as it is safe to come, and her hair is a dark shade of gold, and her eyes are brown! Mary illustrates another point by being just at the dividing line. The general rule is that a face that hasn't prominent features is not a good camera face—if a nose isn't of fairly generous proportions it looks like a button on the screen, and a small mouth cant be seen, unless there's lots of make-up on it. Mary is the perfect, petite type; her face is childish and winsome, but, at the same time, taken by themselves, her features are all well developed. There is, in other words, nothing puny about her face—it stands out as tho it were proud of itself.

"Altho roundness of face is not essential, it is still highly desirable. It lends a soft appearance, when photographed, that is extremely pleasing. Any hard points stand out irreconcilably, and as for lines, they are fatal, unless, of course, the character to be played is an old one. This is particularly true just now because of the increased use of the 'close-up,' that placing of the camera very near to the characters to permit the audience to see better what they are doing. A lot of the greatest legitimate actors and actresses, who took fliers into the

Camera Face?

Some Women Are Beautiful Screen and Others Are Not

HORNBLOW, JR.

JACKIE SAUNDERS

MYRTLE STEDMAN

JULIA SWAYNE GORDON

BEN WILSON

movies, took hasty fliers out again when they saw that the deadly 'close-up' was not so kind to them as grease-paint and the spotlight!"

Mr. Wilson, in his capacity of director in one of the largest Universal studios in the East, has had ample opportunity to investigate fully into the matter of movie camera faces. Hundreds of people apply weekly at a film studio for employment, generally basing their claims to fame on the fact that they consider themselves good-looking. Occasionally, when it is doubtful as to whether an applicant could qualify as handsome on the screen or not, and if he could be used if he did, a test picture is made of him merely to determine this one point. The subject is placed before a cinematograph, and about sixty feet of film are taken of him as he stands there. Sometimes he is asked to make faces of one sort or another, in order to test the mobility of his features, but most often he is required merely to look himself. It has been found, on many occasions, that this process has saved the company large amounts of money by preventing them from giving employment to a player who decreased the financial value of a picture because he did not look his part.

"It is sometimes extremely difficult to determine the point," explained Mr. Wilson. "By way of example, a very handsome woman was once sent to me with a letter of introduction from a friend. I learnt that she had had considerable experience on the legitimate stage, and, in sizing her up as to the camera value of her face, everything seemed perfect. Her eyes, her hair—everything seemed to indicate that she would take an excellent picture. I congratulated myself on having made a find, for she certainly was good to look at. I gave her an important part in a Roman drama, in which she had to wear the robes of a Roman noblewoman. When the first few scenes came from the printing-room, I rushed down to the projection-room with them to see what my new heroine looked like. And, oh, oh, my! Her neck was just one mass of cords—they stood out like the leats of an accordion! It came out eventually that she had studied singing in her youth and that the muscles of her throat had been super-developed in a way that made them abnormally prominent. In every-day life one would not be apt to notice the cords, owing to their continually playing about, but when the camera's eye spotted them—well, you know what I said about a camera's loving contrasts!

"Beauty, as such, is not the only thing which constitutes a good camera face. A person might have all the requisite coloring and prominence of features without being a good subject for the screen. Quite recently, for example, a picture company had occasion to film a cabaret scene for one of its pictures, and, in order to procure local color, the director engaged the entire cabaret cast of a Broadway lobster palace to pose in the scene. Later, when seen on the screen, the scene proved 'flat,' and it had to be re-played by professional 'extras,' who were real movie people. The cause for the failure lay not so much with the appearance of the girls, as it did with the spirit of personality that they failed to inject into the scene. Possibly the most severe test of personality is that given by a Motion Picture camera, which, coldly, without bias and without being influenced in any degree by that powerful agent of personality, the human voice, gives its true and sometimes cruel opinion of the people that come before it. The cabaret artists, despite their physical attractiveness and extreme vivacity, did

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MAY ALLISON AND HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN A SCENE FROM "LILLO OF THE SULU SEAS" (AMERICAN)

ANNETTE KELLERMANN MAKING A 100-FOOT DIVE

"GRACEFUL" DIVING FROG OF TROPICAL AFRICA. HE NEVER LEAVES THE WATER

THE RARE VISCACHA, FROM PATAGONIA

Ditmars in Ca

Alice's Walrus Was a Mutton-head

By TARLETON

THE SNAKE-KILLING SECRETARY BIRD OF AFRICA

"THE Ditmars School of Dramatic Arts for Animals" is now open at Scarsdale, New York. This statement can be verified by communicating with Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx, who has joined the ranks of celebrated directors for the screen.

"We are now taking," he announced in answer to my inquiry, "many unique and, I feel justified in adding, wonderful pictures of the inhabitants of the Bronx Zoo, which, of course, will be at the sole disposal of the Paramount Pictures Corporation thru my 'Institution of Learning.' We believe that our films will be a great service to science and that they will be an amusing and instructive boon to grown-ups and children who see them in the best theaters thruout the United States, at which my jungle stars will appear on the same program with Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar, Dustin Farnum, Anna Held, and other mere human beings."

His students have been gathered from the four corners of the world, but their attendance is not voluntary. He is the director, and his stage manager is Charlie Snyder, head keeper and lover of reptiles and animals. The star of the school is not one of the monkeys, as might be expected, but a sober-faced old porcupine, who can portray every emotion of the animal world, and on the Rialto would be called a born actor.

In taking the pictures it is necessary to exercise great patience, for it is mostly a waiting game until the right moment comes and the camera gets into action. After waiting the best part of a week to get a few feet of film showing several monkeys playing a real game of hide-and-seek, he figured out that it would be much better to spend the time wasted in waiting, in teaching the animals to do just what was wanted.

Meeting with success in teaching the monkeys several easy tricks, he decided upon a more serious effort; in widening the scope of the teaching, he also admitted other species to the classes. The next to capitulate to the camera were the trumpeter birds. It took two weeks before "Trumpeter's Romance" was

THE FLY JUGGLING TROUPE, ONE OF MR. DITMARS' HEADLINE ACTS

CROCODILES AT HOME. SOME MORE OF THE ACTORS WHO HELP TO MAKE MR. DITMARS' ANIMAL PICTURES WHAT THEY ARE

THE SOFT-SHELLED TURTLE DIVES FOR A FROG. IT HAS A SOFT BATHING SHELL

mera Wonderland

Compared with His Monkeys, Birds, and Flies

WINCHESTER

rehearsed well enough to start the camera. The scenario for this playlet was written by Mr. Snyder, tho "designed" would be a better descriptive word. The scene represented a living-room; in a chair at a table sat the husky trumpeter (Husky is part of its real name); in a rocking-chair was the white-backed trumpeter.

Mr. Trumpeter—that is Husky—yawned and registered his inclination to leave a good home for the club. Exit Husky. There comes a knock at the door and Mrs. Trumpeter flops out of the chair to the door. Enter the Canadian goose, who represents, to quote Snyder, "some villain." The goose registers entertaining conversation, and, when Mrs. Trumpeter turns her head, slyly steals a necklace from the drawer. The bird opposite sees the theft, and demands that the goose return the jewels. There is an attempt at flight, but the trumpeter holds on until the arrival of Husky. The thief is subdued; Husky is the hero of his home. Then the curtain.

To make these birds go over their parts time after time required much work from the wings, and coaching was more exercise than coaching in a world's series game. Heretofore such animal-scenes have always been spoiled by the obvious fact that the animals were being shoved about and on and off by the use of poles. This Mr. Ditmars is avoiding. In filming the subject the stage ranges from a twelve-foot platform to a base the size of a postage stamp.

One of the first experiments was the impersonations by monkeys to register moods of the human race—mirth, rage, despair, and sorrow. These have been filmed to portray such enormous faces that to the spectators looking at the screen the effect will be much as the ogre appeared to the youth in "Jack the Giant Killer."

But the monkeys have progressed in rehearsals, and in the porcupine their director has found a real film star. In monkey-drama he has taken real "human" scenes, and the principals have flirted, held hands, and spooned in the most approved fashion. He has tried "Cinderella," but that was too much of an attempt in the present state of the dramatic art in the Zoo.

The second successful play put on at Bronx Park was "The Great Marathon." It showed the exciting scenes attending the arrival of the smaller animals for a great jungle race. For this scene most elaborate scenery was prepared and much care had to be taken in teaching the animals what not to do as well as what to do. For instance, it took a week alone to prevent the Humboldt's snake from interfering with the tame iguana and to teach the blue-fur monkey that it must not try to climb the scenery.

Along the course were side-shows, refreshment stations, and the other adjuncts of a country fair. Fully one hundred varieties of animals participated in the scene and struggled furi-

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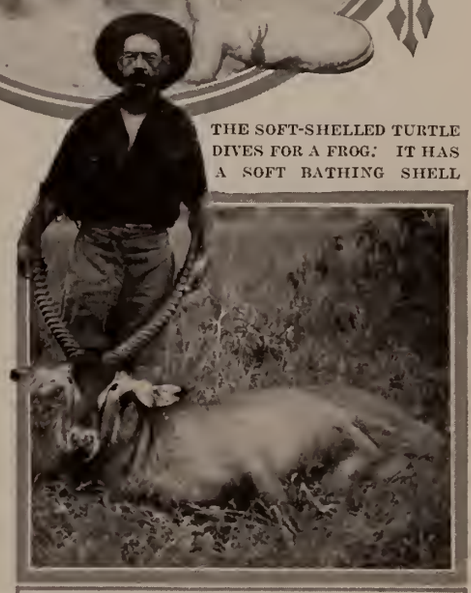

PEARSON AND A CAPTURED WATER-BUCK

SCENE FROM "THE NATURE MAN" (UNIVERSAL)

The Boys of the Screen

By STANLEY W. TODD

As we have come to know him in Moving Pictures, the American boy is a bright, irrepressible but likable little chap—all boy, every inch of him. In fact, so dominant is the boy element in our daily life that picture plays would not be like home without an "under-footer" or a Tom Sawyer. Messenger boys, newsboys, schoolboys, office boys, street urchins, country kids—they are all as necessary to a picture as the sun and the camera. It takes real, live boys to play these parts, and the youngster of today has proved himself to be a pretty fair actor, and fearless to the last degree.

Some producers have been so impressed with the strong appeal that youth makes to the average picture audience, that they have formed companies composed exclusively of children, with boys predominating. Even the baby has been used, time and again, to "put over" a picture. Several recent features have been written around familiar boy characters, while there have been not a few "boys' series" among the weekly releases.

Many of the long established companies having a large output have such frequent use for boys in different scenes that at least one experienced boy actor, and sometimes three or four, can be found on the dramatic rosters of every large studio. There are at least twenty-five boys acting each day before the camera at various studios, receiving salaries that would comfortably support many a small family. Scores of other boys are under special engagement, whether it be as star of a big feature or as one of a crowd in a single scene.

While some boys have displayed exceptional aptitude in their work for the screen, their success has been due in no small part to the tact and patience of directors. It is the usual thing for a director to strive for the friendship of his boyish player. The ordinary kid, be he a stage, screen, or just a plain boy, is loyal to the core and will put forth his very best efforts for the person he likes. Scenes in which children are the principals spell arduous work for directors. There are bashful boys, awkward boys who should be graceful, and graceful boys who should be all hands and legs. Boy scenes, you may be sure, involve forgotten instructions, repeated rehearsals and an "iron strain" all around. Some youngsters—rare treasures in the finding—take to picture-acting like ducks to water, and are not disconcerted even by the presence of a curious crowd of spectators, which often makes older players nervous.

"Give me the boys," said a well-known director who has had a deal of experience with them, the other day; "I'm fond of them. I seldom have much trouble with boys. Usually they're quick as a flash; they always have plenty of spunk, and, what I like most, they are natural. You cant make a boy anything else."

GEORGE HOLLISTER, JR.

ROBERT MILLER GEORGE BANKS

ANDY CLARK BROOKS MC CLOSKEY BOBBY CONNELLY

Take, for instance, smiling Bobby Connelly—that five-year-old bunch of winsome, boyish cheerfulness. This little Vitagraph player has made "Sonny Jim" a famous and universally beloved child character. The

"Sonny Jim" series of pictures, because of Bobby's appealing personality, has been vibrant with the charm of innocent boyhood. Bobby began his work in pictures with the Kalem Company when he was three years old. Two years ago he joined the Vitagraph

MATTY ROUBERT

SCENE FROM WORLD PICTURE

WILLIE GIBBON

YALE BOSS

Company, and his first picture, "Caught Courting," with Maurice Costello, was such a personal triumph for Bobby, that he was raised to stardom, put in stock and the "Sonny Jim" series written for him. They have included "Sonny Jim in Search of a Mother," "Easter Lily," "'Fraid Cat," "Sonny Jim in Search of the North Pole," "Bear Facts" (in which Bobby played with two bear cubs), "Sonny Jim and the Circus," and a number of others.

Robert Joseph Connelly—if you would call him by his official name—is a marvel at the studio, his remarkable self-possession and keen memory serving him in excellent stead. During the taking of outdoor scenes, he has never become rattled or nervous and seldom needs prompting during the course of an action. Needless to say, Bobby is the darling of the studio.

Another very young man of exceptional ability is Andy Clark, of Edison fame—a comedian, if you please. Andy was recruited, in an hour of need, from a game of "one-old-cat" outside the studio. The four-foot hero made good at once. Eventually an "Andy Series" was decided upon, because of the youngster's remarkable work and large following. Andy's favorite rôle was a care-free, happy-go-lucky messenger boy, which was made the central figure of several bright stories of typically American boy life.

It is not so long ago that the Universal Company featured little Matty Roubert as "The Universal Boy," and that lively youngster was made the hero of a series in which he visited many prominent personages and places and was enthusiastically greeted. Matty received much of his training from his father, who is a director, now producing a feature picture entitled "The Waif," with his son as the star.

In Charley Van Loan's story, "Little Sunset," filmed by Bosworth, the shining light around which the plot revolves is the red-haired, freckled bat-boy and mascot of a big-league baseball team. This rôle was essayed in true boyish fashion by little Gordon Griffith, a twelve-year-old "veteran" of the pictures. Gordon put his whole heart and soul into the characterization, while Hobart Bosworth, as "The Terrible Swede," the big center-fielder who chums with the lad, shared with the boy the chief honors of the picture. It is no small task for a boy to assume a star part in a five-reeler, but Gordon emerged with flying colors.

Few boys have had a wider experience in Moving Pictures than Yale Boss, who spent most of his "growing" years with the Edison Company. Yale has played practically all the characters within the range of a boy actor, and the fact that he has been for more than five years with the same company is significant. Recently, as he reached fifteen years of age and slipped into his first pair of "long pants," Yale has been assigned to older parts, which he has been handling exceptionally well. It was Yale who discovered Andy Clark and fetched him in from the street to be almost instantly hurled into fame.

There have been several married Moving Picture players who have brought their sons to the attention of directors, and after having received instruction at home these boys invariably make good. That is the case with little George Hollister, of the Kalem Company. His first appearance was more or less of an accident, but he was soon made a permanent possession of the company. When the Kalemites, several years ago, went to the Holy Land to produce "From the Manger to the Cross," George traveled with his mother. He was selected to play the rôle of the child Christ in that remarkable picture, and his work elicited much favorable comment. Subsequently he was taken

around the world on picture-taking sorties and has probably traveled more than any child of his age in the world.

The Mutual forces have a young daredevil in nine-year-old Leland Benham, of the Thanhouser Company. This son of Harry Benham is a graduate of the speaking stage, and his roguish characterizations of the boys required in Thanhouser pictures have made a decided hit. Leland's chief present interest in life is little Helen Badgley, a six-year-old lady of the same company.

So confident have the Lubin directors become as to the drawing power of "kid pictures" that a juvenile company of a dozen or more attractive youngsters has been organized. Prominent among the children is eight-year-old Brooks McCloskey, the son of Lawrence McCloskey, the former Lubin scenario editor, and, needless to say, the young man has been doing finely of late. Among recent additions to the Lubin juvenile company are three boys of the same family—Jack, Stephen and Thomas Carr. The boys resemble each other, a fact that was taken advantage of recently when it was necessary, in a three-reel picture, to show the same character at different ages.

In American Company's pictures, the boy rôles are usually essayed by two youngsters living near the studio in Santa Barbara, Cal. One of them, Leo Banks, is the son of two of the players in the company, and is of the sturdy, independent type. He has carried the juvenile rôles in a dozen or more pictures with decided success. Another clever boy in "Flying A" films is Robert Miller, fourteen years old, who made his screen début by appearing in several episodes of "The Diamond from the Sky."

Three boys are regularly employed by Essanay, while scores of other children are engaged for this or that picture, from a list of carefully selected eligibles. Frank Weber, who is seventeen years old, is a Chicago boy, who has been before the footlights as long as he can remember. His graduation to the Moving Picture ranks with Essanay brought him into many feature productions under the Indian Head brand, and his friends predict a big future for him in the silent drama. Tommy Harper, sixteen years old, also with Essanay, has never had any stage experience, but that has not noticeably handicapped him. He has appeared in a number of the Ade fables, to say nothing of dozens of other pictures. In "The Call of the Sea," he traveled twelve hundred miles to Block Island, R. I., to appear in the ocean scenes. In "The Daughter of the City," a five-reeler, he had a rather disastrous experience with cigars that may make him a non-smoker for life. As the typical, fresh office boy, he added atmosphere by sampling a stogie from the boss' humidor, but, needless to say, he rushed for fresh air after the scene. Billy Harper, aged five, is another clever youngster with Essanay.

CHARLES JACKSON BILLY HARPER

GORDON GRIFFITH

Several of the feature companies have boys in their dramatic corps, usually taken on for certain pictures only. Little William Howard Gibbon, for instance, who is nine years old, has played with a half a dozen or more companies having studios in his home town, Fort Lee, N. J. Willie is an expert and daring rider, and his stunts have been glorified time and again on the Moving Picture screen. In "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" he very nearly lost his life while making a fall from a running horse. His latest appearance was in a World Company release, "The Face in the Moonlight."

Many boys in the studios have played the fresh office boy, but none have done it with more of a swing and impudence than Charles Jackson, twelve years old, more recently with the World Company. His first experience came with talking pictures, followed by a permanent engagement

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MARY FULLER

How They Got In

By

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

ANITA STEWART

IN the happy days of "Laurajean" and "The Duchess" it was the young girl's passion to go on the stage. But times have changed, and so has the girl. Today, her dearest wish is to appear on the screen as a movie star, and it is estimated by the harassed but patient movie producers that out of one thousand girls in a given area, nine hundred and eighty-four have, at one time or other, secretly or openly, craved screen prominence. Of this number, at least eight hundred and fifty-two have sent their photographs, with personal blurbs on the subject of what the neighbors think of their dramatic power, to one or more of the film companies, while of this last number, six hundred and seventy-nine have personally applied at a studio and asked for a job.

What happened to them? They were told either that nobody was needed at just that moment, but they might leave their name; or else, more truthfully, that experience was absolutely necessary, and that, until there was a dearth of trained professional talent no amateurs could possibly be taken on. Which gives rise to the pertinent question, on the part of the aspirant to film honors, "Where can I get experience if I cant get a job?" And that is a question which is asked in all walks of life, a righteous protest which is heard wherever jobs are sought after and refused. The one possible answer isn't really an answer at all—and that is "Watch for an opportunity." Sometimes a Moving Picture director just happens to need a "type," he is on the eager hunt for a face that is "distinctly different" —if one may use the phrase without violating the copyright laws. Let us see what happens when he is in such a condition:

Scene: Outer office of the film company. The principal "prop" is one wooden rail and a swinging gate. On the hallowed side of the rail sit a telephone operator with a Queen of Sheba hauteur and several office boys of neglectful mien. On the public side of the rail, ranged in two rows against the wall, is a small but eager crowd of hopefuls. Every man and woman of them wants a job! There is a sign on the wall: "All Casts Are Filled—Nobody Wanted." They heed it not; they have seen it before and they will see it again. It is always there, and only the most thanwhomest amateur would be convinced or disheartened by it.

All these people save one have had either stage or picture experience. The one who has never had either sits far back near the door. She is a timid little creature with great doe eyes and a sad, sad face that makes one want to put a hand on her shoulder and say "Is there anything I can do for you?" She has screwed up her courage to come this far, and she is beginning to feel sorry she has done that. She hasn't seen the sign on the wall because she was too frightened to take a good look around. If she had she'd have left immediately, glad of the excuse. As it is, she lingers longingly. The others look at her, some pityingly, others sniffingly. They can tell she's an amateur, and they know the answer *she'll* get.

Enter, suddenly and hurriedly, a very homely man from the inner offices, carrying a piece of paper. He is the director, and as he advances to the rail he quickly and expertly scans the faces before him. They all look, almost piteously, in his direction. He shakes his head mournfully and perhaps curses slightly, that is, slightly for a director. Ah, but who is that crouching back there at the end of the row? "You!" he shouts, as he points a stumpy finger in the direction of the girl with the doe eyes. He shouts it again and louder, before she realizes that he is really pointing at her. Then slowly she rises and comes toward him. "Thank the Lord," mutters the director, graciously, "you're just what I needed!"

That little scene is enacted frequently in the many picture studios dotting this country. Without asking about training or anything, a director will employ a man or woman just because they happen to suit his needs, because they are a "type" that he has urgent use for. That is how the girl with

FORD STERLING

MABEL TRUNNELLE

the doe eyes got her position, that was her opportunity, and when, two years later, the writer noticed in a trade journal that she had transferred to another company on a $25,000 per year contract, it was apparent that she had taken advantage of that opportunity.

That is the only possible opening for a person who is without experience in dramatic work. The element of "pull" enters occasionally, but, strangely enough, it is so rarely that a person who benefits by it meets with any marked success, that it can be ignored as an unimportant factor. It is interesting to note that, save for a few exceptions, the film stars who are famous today were bred in those hard but efficient schools of dramatic learning known as stock companies. The devious ways in which these people later broke into the movies are interesting in themselves, but especially so when told by the players themselves.

A number of famous screen artists have written for this article their story of how they "got in." These letters form a series of human documents of interest, not only to the young man or woman eager to get into the photoplay world, but also to any one who has seen these well-known people play and has wondered if they, too, had their troubles like all other people.

Mary Fuller, to begin with, is known in the profession and out of it, not only as a photoplayer of consummate skill, but also as a writer of no mean ability. Mary Fuller writes:

"When the call of the theater is in one's blood, dramatic self-expression is absolutely necessary. When it is patent that the work which is best suited to one is not only lucrative but a mental tonic and balance as well, time spent in idleness is regretted. And when one is thrifty and sees one's small capital dwindling and 'nothing coming in,' action is imperative. For these three reasons I joined the movies.

"In other words, it was a dull season, and, as my company had closed in December and I was waiting for the next engagement in New York to materialize, the suggestion of the movies seemed timely. I decided to apply for an engagement in the 'silent drama,' a somewhat mongrel profession at that time, and thus defray my expenses until the next *real* engagement. Thereupon I journeyed over to the outskirts of town and applied at a small studio—small at that time, but since grown into a little city—told them my dramatic qualifications, and was engaged for a trial. Returning home, I was torn between delight at my good fortune and nervousness for my first appearance. I dont remember the name of the picture, but my part was an Italian girl whose life was full of drama, love, elopement, poverty and death!

"I remember the rehearsals, oh, so well! I was very nervous and the two men playing opposite me were very self-confident—they had had long picture experience. I recall how the directors helped me—how the other actors stood around and watched and whispered among themselves; I remember the rose-hung garden in the first scene—the bare attic where I died in the last scene—the birds singing outside the studio windows—the terrible glare of the lights; I remember my trepidation as I waited in the little underground projection room to see the film unrolled—the delight I felt when they said the film was a success—my subsequent promotions—and my awakening interest in this new art. Such was my start up the movie ladder of fame!"

Ford Sterling is a handsome young man who might just as well have been a movie hero, but chose, rather, to be a low comedian. He has made his name famous by his clever slapstick comedy work for the screen.

Mr. Sterling writes: "I've done a little bit of everything, I think. I started out, after a rough-and-tumble boyhood, in Notre Dame College, at South Bend, Ind., and it was there that I became adept at the athletics which have since enabled me to perform the crazy stunts I've had to do for pictures. When I left college I went almost directly on the stage, except for some cartoon work which I did for the Chicago *American*. I played in stock during the winters, and did trapeze work in county fairs during the summers. Some existence! By the time I was thru playing with stock companies all over the country I think I'd played about a thousand different rôles. It was wonderful training, and I dont see how any actor, who's not a genius, can go without it. Then I went into vaudeville with Tom McEvoy, now with Biograph, and, while I was doing that, Mack Sennett, then of Biograph, saw me, and, needing a comedian, offered me a job. Well, I had made it a rule never to refuse a job, so I took this one, altho I didn't have the least idea what was wanted of me. But I'm glad now that I did take it—picture work is great!"

A name that has loomed large on the movie horizon for the last few years is that of Anita Stewart, who furnishes one of the few examples among film luminaries of those entering the picture field without previous dramatic training of any sort. Miss Stewart has just finished playing to the movie-loving public as the heroine of "The Goddess," the successful Vitagraph serial, and, taking into consideration her extreme youth and her decidedly short experience, her performances were remarkable. Miss Stewart writes:

"I was just a kid of fifteen when my brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, who was a director with the Vitagraph Company, told me to come down to the studio in the afternoons after school and fill in as a little girl 'extra.' I tried it once and liked it, and they must have liked me, too, because they offered me a position with the regular stock, and I took it. I left school and became a regular actress, and my first good part was in 'The Wood Violet'—after that I was a fixture with the Vitagraph, and I've been there ever since. I can say that, from the time I used to play maid parts for the older Vitagraph stars, to the present time, Motion Picture work has been an endless source of fascination to me. To those who are anxious to accomplish things in the movie world, I can send out just one message: 'Be sure, first, that you're equipped with a natural dramatic instinct, and then be willing, when your chance comes, to do any sort of picture work, no matter how humble. There's just one way to get to the top of the ladder and feel safe there, and that's by slowly climbing all the lower rungs.'"

There are but few heroines more beloved than the vivacious Mabel Trunnelle, of the Edison players. Miss Trunnelle's entrance into the films might well form part of a story—here it is, just as she tells it:

"I was on the road with a theatrical company, and suddenly became very tired of it all—you know the feeling, just played out. I wrote a blue letter to a friend of mine who was with the Edison Company, and told her how I wished the season would close. Just two nights later I received a telegram from her, saying 'Hand in your notice at once and come to New York. Will tell all when you arrive.' That dear old telegram! I have framed it now. I followed her advice, and on reaching New York, was told to call at the Edison studio. I was at once engaged on my friend's recommendation, and, without ever having seen myself on the screen, sailed for Cuba to take part in pictures.

"On the boat going there I was dreadfully sick, and J. Searle Dawley, the director, called at my stateroom and told me that they were going to try me out in a little comedy scene up on deck, and asked me to get into

EARLE WILLIAMS

make-up and come up as soon as possible. I didn't want to tell him that I could hardly stand up, so I screwed up my courage, and after slapping on some make-up while lying at full length on the couch, I went, very wobbly, above-decks. There I went thru my first scene before the camera, and I shall never forget that ordeal, with all those experienced actors standing around looking on. Strangely enough, the scene turned out all right, and my sea-sick complexion looked just lovely on the screen!

"I naturally make quick gestures and movements of my body, and my main difficulty at first was in slowing myself down. In Cuba we took a picture called 'The Princess and the Peasant,' and when the picture was finished and sent on to New York for judgment, Mr. Dawley called me to him and showed me a letter from Mr. Plimpton, the studio manager, which said something about my being just the girl they were looking for. So I'm happy to say I'm going on my sixth year with the company, and they have been six of the happiest years of my life."

Crane Wilbur, long with Pathé, and now starring in Lubin plays, is well known the world over as an actor of considerable histrionic ability. His early training was obtained, as has so often been the case, in stock companies. His good acting and his striking features have made him universally admired. On the subject of how *he* "got in," Mr. Wilbur says:

"I was always greatly interested in the silent drama, and very often while traveling on the road with some stage production I would steal away after a matinée to some movie show and watch the pictures for hours. Often I stayed so long that I had to go back to the theater for the evening performance without my dinner. Altho the pictures interested me, the stage was my first love, so it never occurred to me to apply to a film company for an engagement. I was doing very well on the stage—I had had ten years of it, and they were profitable years, in which success came, slowly but surely. A friend of mine, Mr. Harry Handworth, was a director for the Pathé Frères Company, and he had in his possession a photograph of myself which he had found in a magazine. One day the head director of the company told Handworth of an unusually fine production he was planning, for which he desired a certain type of leading man. He wanted a young but experienced actor, who could ride a bucking broncho, drive a racing auto, swim with a girl on his back, and be willing to learn to drive an aeroplane. Besides all of these things, the actor had, at the same time, to be able to act!

"I dont know what prompted Handworth to suggest me, but anyhow he showed the head director my photo, and was instructed to get in touch with me at once. They found me appearing with a Broadway production, which made it easy for me

(*Continued on page 69*)

CRANE WILBUR

MARIE DORO AND HER HUSBAND, ELLIOTT DEXTER, ENJOYING THEIR HONEYMOON AT PALM BEACH BETWEEN SCENES OF "DIPLOMACY" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

ONE OF THE THREE "ORIGINAL CHAPLINS"

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

IT is not always the easiest thing in the world to interview a noted "funny man." So many of them are, in real life (if you parody and say "reel" life, madam, you will be shot at sunrise), smug, sanctimonious individuals, who look like nothing so much as a country minister who is in a state of perpetual shock over the sins of humanity.

And so, when I sallied forth to interview Billie Reeves, comedian, I determined to be pessimistic. There is nothing, quoth I, like pleasing your victims—a grouch to a grouch—and whoever heard, read or dreamed of a comedian being anything but a grouch?—let us be contrary, or die.

A sad and sallow youth vouchsafed to unearth Mr. Reeves for me when I presented my request at the studio. "Ah, ha!" jeered I, "even unto the third and fourth dependent."

A minute later, a pleasant-faced gentleman appeared upon the threshold—so pleasant of face, with such a wide humorous smile, such friendly laughing eyes and such an air of wholesome geniality that I stared past him nonchalantly. Even when he announced himself as Billie Reeves I felt inclined to argue. One hates to have one's pet theories thus rudely upset. I felt like denying him the right to be himself. But he seemed so very much himself and so very sure of his own identity that I accepted him willy-nilly.

"And what is it you want to know?" he smiled, as he dropped into a chair opposite me. "Please" (his eyes—well, you know his eyes, Screenites—laughed) "dont expect me to say the Motion Picture industry is in its infancy," he pleaded. "The infant has long been weaned."

I laughed and voted him a humorist, despite. "You're English, aren't you?" I asked, with hidden irony.

"Born in London, eighteen-sixty-five," he admitted, "and after a childhood which was doubtless a period of dark despair for my parents, I made my first appearance upon the stage at the ripe age of fifteen. I was with divers English circuses, pantomimes, etc. I've been with Lubin for forty-four weeks, but"—he raised his palms in an exaggerated protest—"dont ask me what I like best. I'm not sure myself; have not had time to decide. Caution is my slogan. But I believe"—this with ministerial solemnity—"that I like pictures best."

I felt that I had heard some edict issued by the Pope, or other weighty matter, and sighed gustily.

"About how many plays have you played in since you came into pictures?" I pursued.

"About one reel a week—so, forty-four," he answered.

"And which of them have you liked best?"

"All of them"—impartially.

"And what is your highest ambition?"

"To play a part sans any bruise at all"—laconically.

"Are you fond of reading?"

"Not very. I'm fond of Laura Jean Libby's novels, tho," he appended, with a wistful gravity in his big eyes, "and I consider Walt Mason the international laureate. My favorite novel? 'The Alphabet of Love,' lady, and 'Daisey Gordon's Folly'—also 'The Squire's Darling.'"

I'll never know whether he meant it or not, but there wasn't a twinkle in his eye, and his mouth was guiltless of mirth. So you'll have to decide for yourselves, O ye who watch!

"And do you write?" I ventured, hoping for loftier heights.

He slung one acrobatic limb across the other and smiled at me, as who would say:

"Dear lady, if I could"—but,

"Letters and contracts," he admitted guiltily, "and not many of the former."

"Do you consider the moral influences of the Motion Picture studios better than those of the stage?" I asked next, determining to strike deep waters.

"Assuredly," he affirmed, and his eyes widened surprisedly at the question. "Why, the very fact that the working time of the studio is daytime goes far toward creating a moral atmosphere. The players can live naturally. The unnatural is always immoral. It is so ordained. On the stage you begin work at seven-thirty P. M., say, and you are thru at eleven-thirty P. M. You eat, and by the time you reach home it is A. M. again. You sleep the morning thru—the best working hours of the day—and start the whole thing over again. I've had an awful time getting accustomed to sleeping by night and working by day—I've done the other way round so much."

Mr. Reeves was educated at Ardingly College, Brighton, England. He's the kind of talker one loves to

listen to, and he's immensely popular around the studios.

He isn't in favor of censorship of films because, he says, they cut some of his best work. And he believes that Motion Pictures are destined to outshine the stage, because they reach a wider audience. And the greatest improvement he can suggest in Motion Pictures is—more salary! (All who agree with him signify their pleasure in the usual way. The "ayes" have it!)

Mr. Reeves has brown hair and eyes, and he stands about five feet five inches and weighs about one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

"And do you approve of woman suffrage?" I queried, thinking that, being English and therefore accustomed to militants, he might have an original opinion to express. I wasn't disappointed.

"Sure; let 'em vote if they want to," he answered readily, with an air of "It-doesn't-cost-me-anything-so-why-should-I-care?"

"Why do you approve?"

"Because I believe in letting the ladies have anything they want. Anything to please them, say I," he responded, very politely.

I had a sudden suspicion.

"You are married, aren't you?" I ventured.

"Yes," he answered, "awf'ly—married!"

So perhaps that's a partial excuse for his attitude toward suffrage!

"Tell me something about your stage career," I ventured.

"Everything," he said, "if it will interest you. I began my show-life by being bound over as an apprentice, my master being a famous English acrobat and pantomimist. For months I was a mass of bruises and sore spots"—he rubbed his back reflectively—"and then I began to get the hang of some of the acrobatic stunts.

"I made my American début," he went on, "as a very much inebriated gent in 'A Night in an English Music Hall'; after that my audiences would not allow me to draw a sober breath, so to speak, and I've been the poor skate, who's too full for utterance, in a half-a-dozen vaudeville sketches and in the 'Follies of 1908.'"

An extra bright twinkle shot into his eyes. "In the 'Follies,'" he reminisced, "my act was laid in a subway station, and I'm trying to get home, carrying several large packages in my arms, and a large one under my belt, also. Everything that can happen to a helpless, well-meaning boob, happened to me; and all I know is that the 'house' never could get enough of my fool adventures." Billie Reeves ventured a prophecy. "Some day," he said, "I'll put this act in pictures, and you shall see what you shall see. If they dont let me, I'll star in 'Hamlet,' sure as you're born."

THE MESSAGE OF THE SCREEN

By GEORGE WILDEY

O Youth, hear you the Future's siren call?
  Her voice, like tinkling silver, charms the ear;
The roseate tints of promise 'round her fall
  And draw your eager footsteps ever near.
So bright the way, the day so rosy-light,
You may not glimpse the hidden snares of night.

O untried Youth, I would not have you rush
  With blind, unseeing eyes upon your quest;
I would that sudden peril might not crush
  The eager spirit glowing in your breast.
So rough the road, that all enchantment seems,
'Twere well to rouse you from your careless dreams.

Come, then, and sit with me a while, I pray,
  And learn to know the heights and depths of life;
Learn how to keep unscathed the clean-cut way
  And gird your spirit for the coming strife.
Know, too, the race is but for him who dares
To pluck the golden grain from out the tares.

For I shall show you clearly, not alone
  The golden heights that seem so lightly gained,
But what of bitter travail men have known,
  Thru which their high achievements were attained,
The cruel stress and striving, envy's sting,
The sharp-fanged wolves of evil crouched to spring.

But thru it all, the endless storm and strife,
  As clouds are meshed with sunrays, golden-spun,
So shines for him who seeks the best in life
  The joy of vict'ries fairly, nobly won.
It is for me to point the way aright;
For you, O Youth, it is to see the light.

And if among the countless throngs that stay
  To read my message thru unto the end
Be some whom I shall help along the way,
  With chastened soul no storm of life can bend,
If only here and there be such a one,
It may be said of me sometime, "Well done!"

GERALDINE FARRAR

Maria Rosa

A Picture Story of a Picture Play

This story was taken from the drama of Angel Guimera and filmed by the Lasky Company to feature Geraldine Farrar. A full description of each picture will be found on page 32

1. ANDRES AND RAMON

2. MARIA ROSA AND THE RIVALS

3. RAMON MAKES ADVANCES

4. SHE CHOOSES ANDRES

8. ANDRES IS SUSPECTED

12. MARIA READS THE FORGED LETTER

5. A FISHMONGER INTRUDES

9. ANDRES IS CONVICTED

13. RAMON FEIGNS ILLNESS

6. THE THREE QUARREL

10. RAMON IS HOPEFUL ON ANDRES' DEPARTURE

14. MARIA RESISTS RAMON'S ADVANCES

7. RAMON WINS THE DUEL

11. RAMON CONTINUES HIS ADVANCES

15. ANDRES BECOMES A HERO

16. RELEASED, ANDRES GOES TO MARIA'S HOME

20. BREATHING VENGEANCE, MARIA RETURNS

24. MARIA GRASPS A KNIFE—

17. ANDRES SEES MARIA'S WEDDING PROCESSION

21. SHE BIDS RAMON DRINK

25. AND DRIVES THE BLADE HOME

18. MARIA ELUDES HER BRIDEGROOM

22. RAMON BECOMES INTOXICATED

26. RAMON MAKES A DYING CONFESSION

19. SHE SEES ANDRES IN THE MIRROR

23. MARIA FORCES A CONFESSION FROM RAMON

27. THE LOVERS HAVE TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW

Maria Rosa

A Detailed Description of the Preceding Pictures

1. Andres, the peasant youth, turning from his morning meal to greet his friend, Ramon, who, passing by the thatched cottage, stops a moment to bid good-morning.

"I go to the village today," says Andres, "with Maria Rosa."

"Friends well met," says Ramon, "for my path leads me in the same direction."

2. With the fascinating Maria Rosa, whose booth at the village market-place was the most popular of all the stalls, the two friends, Ramon and Andres, start to the village. Altho admired by each, Maria Rosa much prefers Andres to the sullen Ramon.

3. Across the fields the three journey, but Maria Rosa laughingly is called upon several times to repulse the friendly advances of Ramon.

4. At the market-place the young woman makes a choice of which strong pair of arms shall lift her to the ground. She chooses Andres, a bit of by-play which seems to interest every one except the docile donkey.

5. The two young swains, Ramon and Andres, are not alone the admirers of Maria Rosa. Pedro, the fishmonger, intrudes himself in a most unwelcome manner.

6. Ramon and Andres, returning, rescue Maria Rosa from the low fishmonger, who, in his resentment, strikes Ramon on the face.

7. In the ensuing quarrel the fishmonger swears vengeance on Ramon, altho Maria Rosa tries to placate the fighters. Andres, in the scuffle, loses his knife, on which his initial, "A," is carved, which is picked up by Ramon, who uses it in a duel with the fishmonger. The two fight in a lonely lane, Ramon finally killing the fishmonger. Conscious of the fact that Maria loves Andres more than him, Ramon, in a jealous fit, leaves Andres' knife beside the dead body, knowing that suspicion and arrest will follow the discovery of the weapon.

8. The gendarme finds the weapon, traces its ownership to Andres, and, despite the tearful pleas of Maria Rosa, Andres is placed under arrest.

9. Even at the prison gates Ramon remains silent, refusing to clear Andres of the accusation. He sees in the elimination of Andres as a suitor a chance to win Maria Rosa for himself. Later his plan works successfully, as the court-guard reads to the panic-stricken Maria Rosa Andres' sentence to life imprisonment.

10. With the departure of Andres, Ramon continues his assaults upon Maria Rosa's heart. She, however, is convinced of the innocence of Andres, and, as long as she holds hope for his release, she postpones the day when she must give Ramon her final answer.

11. Ramon, however, is insistent, and, following the tearful tryst at the old well, he schemes to make Maria Rosa forget Andres. This to no avail, he then forges a letter saying that Andres has died in jail.

12. The forged letter is read by the heart-broken Maria Rosa, who can scarcely believe it is true. With the forged letter before her, falsely telling of Andres' death, Maria Rosa swears that some day she will find out who killed the fishmonger and who by silence convicted Andres. That night she goes to her room and prays to the Blessed Virgin to give her strength in her time of trial.

13. Suddenly she hears a knock at the door. "Who can it be," thinks she, "that is abroad at this late hour?" Responding to the plea for assistance, she goes to the door, hearing Ramon's voice. The insistent lover, admitted, feigns that he has met with an accident.

14. Finding Maria Rosa partly disrobed, he tries to take her in his arms, but she successfully defends herself. At last, hearing voices of men on the roadway outside, Ramon decides to leave the house on the hour of midnight, knowing that the whole village, the following day, will ring with the scandal of a clandestine meeting. The insults and glances of her neighbors, the spirit of Maria Rosa is unable to withstand. Desperate, she finally consents to marry Ramon. The wedding party, returning from the little church, presents a merry sight. In the happiness of many congratulations, Maria Rosa, for the moment, forgets Andres and accedes to the carefully planned attentions of Ramon.

15. Meanwhile, as a life prisoner, Andres has all but given up hope of ever being able to right the cruel wrong that has been done to him. One day, however, when government visitors are inspecting the work of the convicts, a little child's life is in danger by the explosion of dynamite. Brave and fearless, Andres rushes to the baby, holds her in his arms and saves her from injury. For this brave deed the government frees him.

16. With a heart full of expectancy, he arrives at the home of Maria Rosa. Entering, he finds the room empty, but the table is set as for a wedding-feast.

17. Secluding himself in Maria Rosa's room, he sees Maria Rosa, as a bride, enter with Ramon, who, before the laughing company, takes her in his arms and tries to kiss her.

18. Maria Rosa, breaking from the clasp of the bridegroom, runs around the table and tells him to catch her. Highly excited, she dashes into her own room and closes the door.

19. Overcome with emotion, she sits for a moment at her table in prayer. Raising her head, she sees in her mirror a reflection that makes her heart stand still. Before her is the vision of her true love—Andres. Believing what she sees to be a phantom, Maria Rosa raises her hand to feel the figure. Startled, she turns in her chair as if to flee, and before her stands Andres, whom she believed to be dead. For a moment the two stand transfixed. A few hurried questions—a few pointed replies. "It is all a terrible mistake!" cries Maria Rosa. "Run, Andres; run and bring the good Father, that we may stop this shame before it has gone too far!" Andres turns and flees.

20. Maria Rosa, breathing a prayer of peasant vengeance, re-enters the breakfast-room.

21. Now playing her game carefully, and suspicious of the sullen Ramon, Maria Rosa bids him drink. in the hope that she may learn all. More drink, and more, she urges on him—he becoming more and more boastful of his prowess.

22. Finally, Maria Rosa turns and says: "Would you kill for my sake?"

"I have," says Ramon.

23. "Would you lie for my sake?"

"I have," says Ramon.

24. Then Maria Rosa, remembering her oath of vengeance, grasps a knife and says: "I will make you pay as you made Andres pay!"

25. The blade is driven home, and the villain, Ramon, sinks back.

26. At this moment Andres and the good Father enter the room.

"Speak," says the priest to Ramon.

"It was all my own doing!" the dying man breathes, thus withholding accusation against Maria Rosa.

27. Then the lovers, blest by the priest, leave the cottage, to begin life anew.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Valli Valli, Beverly Bayne and Rosemary Theby Give Some Interesting Recipes

By LILLIAN MAY

VALLI VALLI is just as fascinating as a screen star as she was before the footlights—and as a real person she is most charming. She looks decidedly French, but "I am English and proud of it" she told me in her dressing-room at the Rolfe studio.

"Am I domestic? Well, I should rather say I am! Dont I look it?" she said, pointing to a curly-haired dog, adorned with a huge ribbon bow, who was curled up beside her. "Dont forget to include Boyce in the interview. He is quite important just now, as he is in the picture I am working in. It is said that he is a very good actor.

"Seriously," she continued, "I *am* very domestic in my tastes—that is because I am English, and the English are all home-lovers, you know. I have my own apartment—my little home with my dog and my maid. It is both quiet and restful and I am happy and content.

"In New York especially there are so few real homes. So many people live in hotels or in apartment houses and eat most of their meals at restaurants. I was not brought up to live that way and could never get used to it. In England it is an event to go out for a meal; but here, going out for meals is an institution.

"Even professional people like myself," Valli Valli reminisced, "have their little homes over there—a little garden, some flowers and dogs, but here, if one wants a garden, it has to be an estate up the Hudson or some such place, and of what use is a home if it cant be near one's work? I like the American people; they are very good to me. America is a wonderful country, but it is so big and things are done on such a large scale; sometimes I feel quite lost.

"Yes, I can cook," she replied to my question, "but prefer to have my maid do it as I dont keep in practice. What would I serve to guests? I should ask them what they like best, and then proceed to get it. I care very little what I eat. I like a nice cup of tea when I am tired, and know how to make it. Not because I am English, but because I am particular about having the water *freshly* boiling, and using a teaspoonful of tea to each person, and serving at once."

VALLI VALLI

"With thinly sliced lemon, loaf-sugar and a clove or two," added the maid, who was standing near.

"Yes, if one likes it," concluded Valli Valli with an eloquent shrug of her shapely shoulders.

Beverly Bayne, the much admired Metro star, who has long been the leading woman for Francis X. Bushman, is celebrated among her friends for her ability and ingenuity as a "chef." "Oh, yes; I would just love to talk to you," she said. "You see I spend so much time just *acting* that I welcome an opportunity to talk.

"Isn't my dressing-room going to be dear?" she said, with a comprehensive wave of her hand around the room, which, it was quite evident, was in a state of being renovated. The walls were freshly tinted a pale pink. There were pink chintz draperies with cream-colored borders at the windows—and with her own hands Miss Bayne was busily sewing on yards and yards of the same material. "For my dressing-table and wardrobe curtains," she explained. "I have to spend so much time here, I want my room to be attractive. Pink is my favorite color as you may have guessed. See my bird?" pointing to a green cage with vines and pink roses trailing over it, and with—yes—a small green *wax* bird sitting jauntily on a perch. "No, it's not a regular bird. I wouldn't have the heart to shut a real bird up here, but I thought this a good substitute."

"What do you like to do best?"

"Well," she said, with that charming seriousness of hers, "as to my work I like to have people take my hand and say, 'You *are* a real person, aren't you?' I get hundreds of letters from young girls, saying my work makes them happy.

"Aren't Motion Pictures wonderful," she asked, enthusiastically, "and getting more wonderful all the time? I try to put personality in my work. I try to imagine the kind of audience that is going to see a certain kind of picture and try to vary my mood to suit them."

"And what do you like to do at home?" asked I, intent on my purpose—"or dont you have a home?"

"Cook," she exclaimed gleefully, "and of course I have a home. When we came to New York our friends said, 'Why dont you live in a hotel?—it would be so much less responsibility.' But I did not care to live that way. There is so much strain and stress with my work, I want a real home where I can relax and do anything I want to."

"And can you really cook?"

BEVERLY BAYNE

"Certainly; I can bake bread and all kinds of things. I will give you my favorite menu for a buffet lunch to serve on Sunday evenings when friends drop in. I make a specialty of Sunday night suppers, as that is about my only chance to entertain:

COLD BOILED HAM
PERFECTION SALAD
SANDWICHES
BROWNIES
COFFEE AND
CHOCOLATE

"To boil a ham: Put the ham to cook in boiling water with the skin side down, and keep simmering until tender. Allow about twenty minutes' cooking to each pound. Let remain in water in which it was cooked until cold, then skin and place on large platter. Cook together two cups brown sugar, one-half cup vinegar and one cup sherry wine until it hardens, when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Pour this over the ham. It will harden, making the ham a delight to the eye, and delicious to taste.

"Perfection salad: Soak one envelope gelatine in one-half cup cold water five minutes. Add one-half cup vinegar, juice of one lemon, one pint boiling water, one teaspoonful salt and one-half cup sugar. When beginning to set add one cup finely shredded cabbage, two cups celery, one quarter can sweet red peppers, finely cut. Put slice of tomato in small molds. Fill molds with jelly and set aside to harden. Serve on individual plates with lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing, or line large salad dish with lettuce leaves, pile molds of jelly on this and cover with mayonnaise.

"Brownies: Cream two cups sugar and one-half cup butter. Add two beaten eggs, four squares melted chocolate and one cup of chopped nuts. Add one or more cups of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, and one of vanilla. Drop in mounds on large dripping pan and bake.

ROSEMARY THEBY

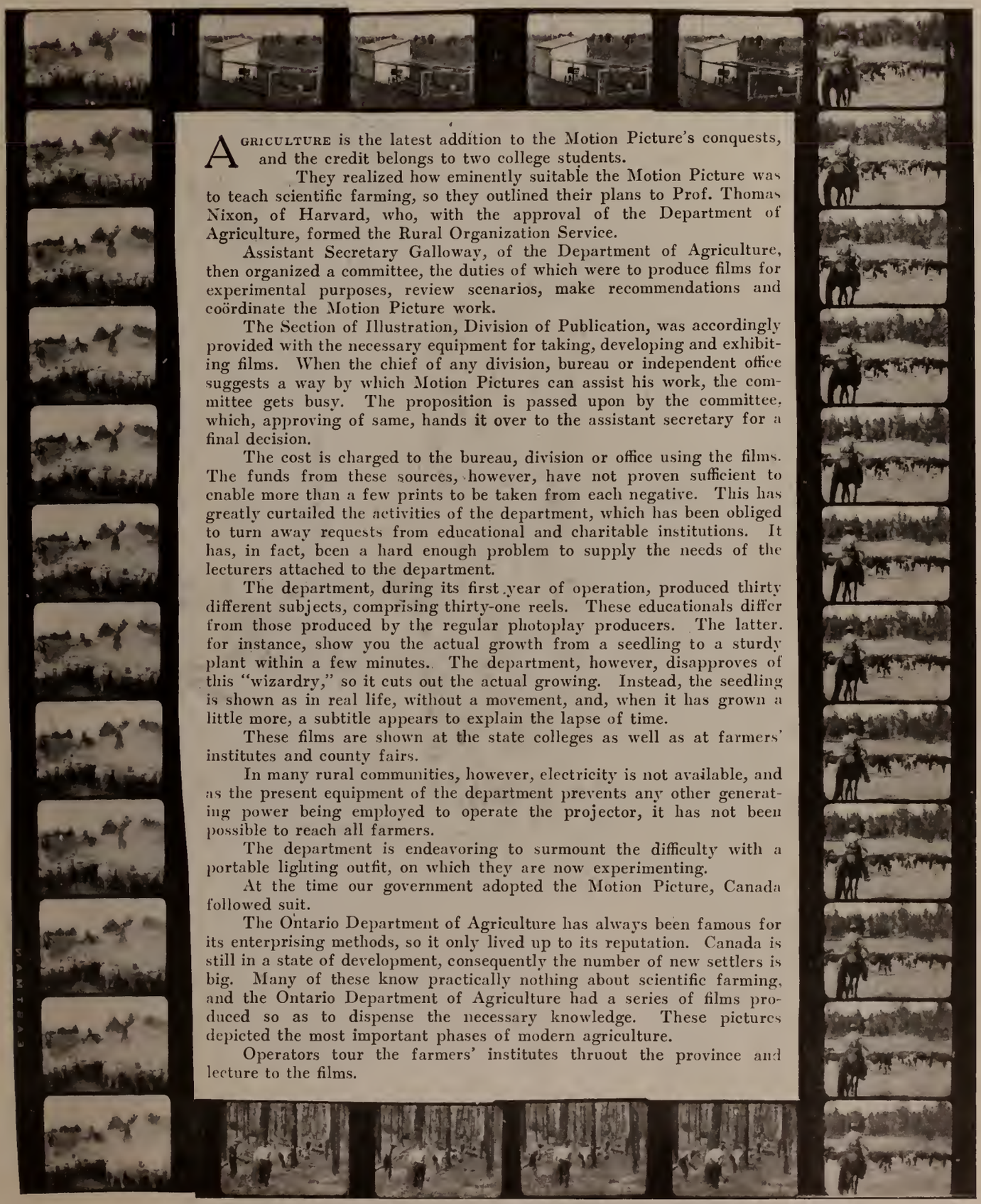
"Sandwiches: Cut rye bread in thin slices, butter, spread with thin slices of Swiss cheese, put slice of bread over, and bake until cheese melts.

"Be sure to serve the ham whole," concluded Miss Bayne, "and in carving see that you have a sharp knife."

The salad dressing recently mixed by Rosemary Theby for a small party held in her dressing-room consisted of a thick mayonnaise into which had been pressed, thru a fine strainer, the pulp of several pimentoes. The mayonnaise was the color of deep coral and had a delicate flavor that completely mystified Miss Theby's guests. It masked a salad of cauliflower and chopped celery.

Teaching Agriculture by Motion Pictures

By ERNEST A. DENCH



AGRICULTURE is the latest addition to the Motion Picture's conquests, and the credit belongs to two college students.

They realized how eminently suitable the Motion Picture was to teach scientific farming, so they outlined their plans to Prof. Thomas Nixon, of Harvard, who, with the approval of the Department of Agriculture, formed the Rural Organization Service.

Assistant Secretary Galloway, of the Department of Agriculture, then organized a committee, the duties of which were to produce films for experimental purposes, review scenarios, make recommendations and coördinate the Motion Picture work.

The Section of Illustration, Division of Publication, was accordingly provided with the necessary equipment for taking, developing and exhibiting films. When the chief of any division, bureau or independent office suggests a way by which Motion Pictures can assist his work, the committee gets busy. The proposition is passed upon by the committee, which, approving of same, hands it over to the assistant secretary for a final decision.

The cost is charged to the bureau, division or office using the films. The funds from these sources, however, have not proven sufficient to enable more than a few prints to be taken from each negative. This has greatly curtailed the activities of the department, which has been obliged to turn away requests from educational and charitable institutions. It has, in fact, been a hard enough problem to supply the needs of the lecturers attached to the department.

The department, during its first year of operation, produced thirty different subjects, comprising thirty-one reels. These educationals differ from those produced by the regular photoplay producers. The latter, for instance, show you the actual growth from a seedling to a sturdy plant within a few minutes. The department, however, disapproves of this "wizardry," so it cuts out the actual growing. Instead, the seedling is shown as in real life, without a movement, and, when it has grown a little more, a subtitle appears to explain the lapse of time.

These films are shown at the state colleges as well as at farmers' institutes and county fairs.

In many rural communities, however, electricity is not available, and as the present equipment of the department prevents any other generating power being employed to operate the projector, it has not been possible to reach all farmers.

The department is endeavoring to surmount the difficulty with a portable lighting outfit, on which they are now experimenting.

At the time our government adopted the Motion Picture, Canada followed suit.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has always been famous for its enterprising methods, so it only lived up to its reputation. Canada is still in a state of development, consequently the number of new settlers is big. Many of these know practically nothing about scientific farming, and the Ontario Department of Agriculture had a series of films produced so as to dispense the necessary knowledge. These pictures depicted the most important phases of modern agriculture.

Operators tour the farmers' institutes thruout the province and lecture to the films.

NOTE: These photos were made from strips of film and they are the exact size of the films used in the theaters. You will observe that no two photos are alike, there being a slight advance in position in each successive picture.

"Sympathetic Peggy"

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

THE keynote of Marguerite Snow's charming personality has been found at last. It is her frank, unassuming sympathy and interest for one and all with whom she comes in contact, that characterizes even her screen work.

"Nut-brown Maiden" she has been lovingly called by her intimates, but as Miss Snow, the beloved "Lady Bountiful" of the masses, she is known to those fortunates who have been made happy by her fullness of heart and ever-ready purse.

The dearest title of all to the little lady herself is "Mother"; but not even the all-absorbing love with which she worships her baby daughter can exclude from her ready sympathies the numberless little kiddies whom she has befriended from time to time and who worship devoutly the divinity that understands and loves them.

Jimmy Cruze does not think there is any one just like his "comrade wife," and, tho their present engagements keep them apart, it is truly a case of "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Uncle Sam's mail service is filled with letters bubbling over with news at such times as the telephone wires are having a rest from their chats.

Marguerite Snow is an interesting personage, but "Mrs. Jimmy," the adored wife and worshiping mother, is a very much more surprising one. Nothing pleases her quite so well as to prowl around the kitchen, making all sorts of experiments with her cook book, much to the delight of her husband and any friends he chooses to bring home. He frankly confesses this is a method of making them envy him his lovable little pal, who is never quite submerged in the rôle of wife.

Foathertop

Gaumont

by Gladys Hall.

This story was written from the Photoplay of PAUL M. BRYAN

THREE brothers stood on the brink of the Great Divide, on one side of which is Boyland, and on the other the mysterious country of Man. They shuffled their earth-stained, hob-nailed boots, restlessly, and stared into futurity with eager, adventuring eyes. "You tell first, Tom," said Dick, hyly—"you're the oldest."

"Aw-w——" Tom flushed; then he leaned over and pulled up a daisy, carefully. "Here's my future," he said, and his kindly, dreamy boy-eyes glowed—"here—among the flowers. They—— Well, I cant explain, but they—they seem kinder like what I should think mother's fingers would have felt like if she'd have lived to stroke our heads. Anyway, they're my friends, and I never want to leave them."

"That's a'right," affirmed Dick. Harry grunted disdainfully.

"What's yours, Dick?" asked Tom, recovering from his embarrassment.

"Mine's to be a buccaneer—like in 'Treasure Island.' I want my little hammock swung on my schooner brave; I want the sea a-lashin' and a-swishin' at my shipside; I want the Fiji Islands, the South Seas, and the grinnin', child-hearted South Sea Islanders for my friends; and, after a while, when I'm old and have had my roll, I want a home on a South Sea island, and—and a wife, I guess, to—to sorter cook and be around."

Tom smiled acquiescently. "That's great," he agreed, "but I love flowers best, and—and, now that you've owned up, I'd—I'd kinder like a wife, too, Dick—and I'd like to have a kid, too—a little girl who'd be like my flowers, y'know—sweet and pretty-looking, like the flowers are. Now, what's yours, Harry?"

The youngest gazed into the country of Man, and his eyes hardened. "I want *money*," he said grimly. "I want the power it gives to men—men who aren't all bent over and tough and gnarled—like dad. I want the city and the city ways, and money—money

"I WANT THE FIJI ISLANDS, THE SOUTH SEAS, AND THE GRINNIN', CHILD-HEARTED SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS FOR MY FRIENDS"

everywhere. And I dont mind saying that I *dont* want a—wife. Dont like girls, anyway—silly things, and I'd have to divvy up my money. Money—all to myself—that's mine."

Three brothers—on the brink of the Great Divide. Three fresh-faced, sturdy lads with adventuring eyes and wistful, eager lips.

Forty years later, an old man, with fragile, silver-sprayed head, straightened up from his flowers and looked down the length of his greenhouse, for which, be it said, he was world-renowned. At the end of the fronded, fragrant walk stood a slender girl and, bending over her, a dark, eager youth. The old man rubbed his coat-sleeve across his misted eyes, and his mouth smiled. "Rarest, loveliest flower of them all," he muttered—"grown from the soil of my heart, watered by the life-blood of my love—you are living over again, for my eyes to see, the sweetness of the blossom-time."

The man, to whom love and the flowers had taught the divine lost chord of Life's symphony, moved cautiously down the aisle. The man was leaning nearer the slender girl. "Elsie," he was saying, huskily, "I'm not near good enough for you, my sweetheart; you're like your father's loveliest flowers; but I'll work for you—honest I will—all my life—and be so proud and so glad to do it. Will you take that, dear one—my life, and my work, and my love?" His eyes looked anxious and humble, and the girl's laughing mood suddenly stilled. She raised her soft, young mouth for its first woman's kiss—then her father came up behind her. She jumped, startled, but the old man smiled at them and kist the girl very tenderly.

"I'm glad, my girl," he said. *"I'm* glad you are going to live the life your father has proved the *only* life worth while—a life where the simple things are the *real* things—where love is a grave and a beautiful reality, books are friends, and flowers are about you everywhere. In such a life, my children, there is the work that is its own fruition; leisure that is perfumed by the incense of the hearthstone, and love that is bound together by the ligaments of the earth. Ward, you have been a faithful co-worker with me, here among the flowers; you have proven yourself clean, and honorable, and strong—the three notches by which my daughter's mate must measure. And little Elsie——" he looked at the wistful, glorified face, tenderly. "Long ago," he reminisced, "my brothers and I stood together and mapped out what we were to be—what we wanted to do. Dick wanted to be a buccaneer and a South Sea Islander. Well, he had his heart's desire, even to the wife. Dear, bluff, hearty old Dick—the sea has brought him the freight of his soul. Harry wanted *money*, the city, and the city ways, and Harry is a soured, cramped, disappointed man today. He has thrown away his birthright—the birthright of every son of Adam—for a mess of pottage. And I said I wanted the flowers—and a wife—and

a baby-daughter, who should be as sweet as the flowers and as pretty-looking. I, too, in Arcady! Always I have had my flowers; and for a transient, beautiful hour I had—my wife. She was a rare and delicate bloom, lifting her fragile, unearthly beauty for a fleeting instant, then drooping as from an unkind sun. Some there are, it seems, who are pre-

"SHE RAISED HER SOFT, YOUNG MOUTH FOR ITS FIRST WOMAN'S KISS"

destined, who bloom by the wayside for too brief an hour; but, oh, the sweetness that they leave in the lives they touch is a distilled attar—so rare, so perfect, so tender and so sad.

"And I have had—you." The old visionary turned to his daughter, and his eyes went beyond the speech of his tongue. "You have been more than my flowers to me," he said—"the rarest and loveliest of them all—a gracious presence in my life—sunshine and bird-song and laughter. You have been all this to me, my dear."

For a long moment the father and daughter leaned together, and Ward Roberts watched them, worshipfully—the fair, warm gold of Elsie's hair shining with a more than living glory against the silver of her father's. Then Elsie sprang away and laughed, childishly. "Father," she cried, "you should see the scarecrow that Ward has made. I named it 'Feathertop' because it looks like a picture in 'Feathertop'—Hawthorne's story. I haven't read the story, but I have seen the picture. Oh, he is an adorable scarecrow!"

The three walked off toward the scarecrow and gazed upon it admiringly, while Elsie insisted upon taking Ward's picture with his "twin brother."

It was a pretty picture—the long, graceful greenhouses, showing blurs of varied color under the breath-dimmed panes of glass; the warm sun overhead; the beneficent flower-poet; the young lovers making merry over the grotesque scarecrow. It seemed a pastoral to the occupants of the smart, foreign car that came swiftly over the drive and halted within speaking distance of the trio.

"Yes, that is my brother," the man with the chauffeur was saying, and something unusual shone for an instant in his cold, calculating eyes, "and that's his daughter—my niece, I suppose. I must confess to being almost a stranger to my family."

Percy Morleigh lifted his monocle and took a better look at the gold-crowned girl. "'Pon my soul, Green," he declared lazily, "I wouldn't be a stranger to such a family. The girl is a beauty, I declare."

Grace Dalton simpered at Green and flashed her teeth. "She is lovely, Mr. Green," she enthused, a bit saccharinely; "you *must* have her in town. Mamma and I will be charmed to chaperone her *anywhere*."

Harry Green, multi-millionaire and misanthrope, looked mildly surprised at the suggestion, but, being used to impossible advances on the part of Grace Dalton and other female eligibles to his millions, said nothing. At that moment Ward caught sight of the car, and the trio advanced to meet the all but unknown uncle and his guests.

"Mr. Morleigh and Miss Dalton want to see your flowers, Tom," he told his brother, "and I do, too. How's things?"

"Very fine, Harry," smiled Tom, really pleased that his important brother should honor him with this visit, and mildly amazed at the manner and general appearance of the guests.

Elsie was left to Percy, who discovered an all-but-forgotten zest in bringing the roses to Elsie's warm cheeks.

"Of course! I'd love to visit Uncle Harry," Elsie exclaimed, after Percy had painted the great city in glowing colors. "Father's told me that he has a big, splendid house, and dozens of servants, and everything. I'll miss father and—and Ward, but I'd like to come for a little while."

Between them they arranged it, and the next week old Tom and young Ward watched the blithesome departure with aching eyes. "I dont like the atmosphere," sighed Tom, "but she's as innocent as a daisy, and it isn't fair that she shouldn't see anything of the world before she settles down. She must learn to choose between the false and the true."

"Yes, she must learn," echoed Ward, but his big, loyal heart sank to his clumsy boots.

It was a new world to Elsie. It seemed much as tho Grace Dalton, with the help of Percy Morleigh and the unwitting help of Uncle Harry, took the old world in her ringed hands and turned it firmly and smilingly upside down, spilling out all the old beliefs, old ideas, old clothes, old love, old desires in the process. When it righted itself again, a different Elsie smiled at herself in the mirror of her satin-walled boudoir—an Elsie with unreal-looking eyes; with startling "Duff-Gordon" clothes; with still more startling coiffure, and a set of manners snipped at random from the most extreme of the extreme set in which her uncle moved—an Elsie who had begun to look upon Percy Morleigh with a sense of approbation, and to look back on ungroomed Ward with a feeling of mixed pity and contempt.

"Our protégée is coming along," observed Grace, one evening, as they waited for Elsie in the foyer of her uncle's home.

"She has arrived," agreed Percy, feeling of his scented tresses with a long-nailed, inutile hand. "The country Jane has quite went."

Elsie learnt her Manhattan well from Grace and Percy. Uncle Henry, a bit ashamed of his laughable friendship for Grace Dalton, dropped out of things and watched the transformation of his niece with a growing distaste. It was like seeing a fresh and lovely flower made over into a waxed, artificial one by a clever, unscrupulous hand. The three of them "did" the town; they orgied in every orgying direction. They did nothing by halves and everything by extremes—from dress to fads; from Madison Avenue to the slums, and from Washington Square to Chinatown. They consorted with the mondaine—ladies of society with newspaper names and sub-rosa scandals; men with young faces and ancient eyes; men with idle prattle and brutish hands and hearts. They "played about" with weird, pimpled "geniuses," who recited columns of indistinguishable poetry and talked the latest topics perfervidly; spindly girls with bone-rimmed goggles, limp cigarets between anemic lips, and Futurist clothes—strange, abortive creatures with "souls" which were occasionally, and always righteously, obscured by the flesh. They did the dance craze; they panted thru the skating craze; they drank tea unwholesomely, and other things secretively. They got to be known about—knew at least four head waiters intimately; had the right to demand, and pay for, their favorite music at the Claridge or Delmonico's, and were altogether in the swim.

During a pause in the activities, Elsie took time to have herself photographed. "It's the best picture you ever had taken," declared Percy, indelicately, "because *you* are all there is in it. Your—er—apparel is —lacking."

Elsie had had some of the bloom—the delicate, pollen bloom of the flowers—rubbed off, but somehow she did not realize what the photograph would mean to Ward and to her father.

Four days later she received the word of her father's death, and the same day she motored home.

Can it be that in all of us there is a streak that harks back to our aboriginal ancestry—a strain that demands the stimulus of wild things—wild ways? However it may be, Elsie, after her father had been laid to rest, turned back, with a longing heart, to the lure of the city. Somehow, the flowers had lost their charm; the old music of the tree-tops flatted to her ear; the love of Ward Roberts seemed a bovine thing, not to be compared to the wine-delirious vaporings of Percy Morleigh.

"Are you going back, Elsie?" Ward asked her one evening as they sat on the steps and watched the moon ride slenderly high in the black sea of the sky.

"I think I will, Ward. I—I dont know——"

"I do!" Ward broke out heatedly. "They've got you—with their painted words, their glitter of sham, their excitement that will never satisfy—never give you peace. You are moving in a world of coxcombs, Elsie—of people with heads of sawdust and prattling mouths. You have torn yourself from the *real* things—the things your father loved, and I loved, too. Soon you will be, not a flower, but a noxious weed—like your friends out there. They have heads of straw, I tell you, and hearts of brass."

Elsie rose, excitedly. "I will not listen to you, Ward!" she said shrilly; "you are doing your best to cajole me and frighten me, but you are not going to succeed. You are jealous of my life, and this ends everything. Here is your ring. I am returning to my uncle's house in the morning."

Ward flushed, painfully, and held the diamond between nerveless fingers. Then he looked after the proudly erect figure and his eyes flashed. "Read 'Feathertop'!" he called after her—"both your father and I read the copy you sent to me."

Three months later Henry Green died of apoplexy, and his entire estate was left to his brother Dick, in the South Seas, with the proviso that he take up his residence in the Fifth Avenue mansion. To his niece, Elsie, he bequeathed only a copy of the book, "Feathertop."

With startling celerity, Elsie's city friends abandoned her—and with varying degrees of politeness. For the first time in her well-beloved life she came to know what it feels like to be loved for what you have and not for what you are. Ward did not make an advance, and the girl suffered in silence until the arrival of seamanly Uncle Dick and alarmingly clad Aunt Sarah. It then penetrated the witless heads of Elsie's city friends that she would be the heiress of Uncle Dick, if not of his brother, since she was now the nearest of kin. They, therefore, besieged her once more, and she was able to show Aunt Sarah a most amazing time. For many years Aunt Sarah had borne the South Seas in silence and gorged her soul upon novels treating largely of millions, cities and society. Therefore she was in her element now—the one thorn in her flesh being Uncle Dick, who persistently refused to see God or gain in the metropolis, and who dwelt at length on the peaceful beauties of the home they had abandoned. "I reckon I can stand a *short* cruise among all these millions here," he confided to her, "but I tell you it's awful rough navigatin'.

Aunt Sarah sighed gustily, and flew off to "tea" with Elsie and Percy.

Upon his brother's daughter Uncle Dick looked with some awe and considerable pain. "She's a face like a wild rose, with the soul of a Easter lily," he mused; "but, doggone me if her actions aint a piece of work!"

After dinner that night he laid the copy of "Feathertop" in his niece's lap. "Elsie," he said, "strikes me that your legacy may do you a darn sight more good than mine does me. Try it, anyway."

That night Elsie read "Feathertop"—protestingly at first—then fascinated by a weird similarity. The witch with

ELSIE DISCOVERS THAT PERCY IS REALLY A FEATHERTOP IN DISGUISE

her incantations seemed to the girl to be the hag-like spirit of Manhattan, creating the spineless Percys—the scarecrow dressed in his gaudy clothes and courting Polly Goodkin; the scarecrow, gazing nonchalantly at his own vacuous, fearsome image, seemed to be Percy Morleigh and herself. She dropped the book, at last, with a crash—with revelation-wide eyes and uncomfortably scarlet cheeks. Percy—Percy was the scarecrow—a silly, pumpkin-headed thing with weakling, straw-stuffed body and vaporing, fatuous mouth. Why, *of course* Percy was not a *man*—a man who *did* things red-bloodedly, healthily, virilely—like—like Ward Roberts! And they were all like that—the people for whom she had abandoned the *real* things—all pumpkin-headed, straw-stuffed, vapor-tongued—all puny little puppets dancing up and down and puling vacuous wit at the incantation of the witch, Manhattan. Perhaps they, too, like the scarecrow in "Feathertop," would cease to be could some one hold to their smitten eyes the mirror of truth. For a long, long while Elsie sat, with the closed book on her lap, thinking the long, long thoughts of an awakened soul and a newly beating heart. And in that hour her spirit returned to the flowers and communed with the gentle spirit of the father whose death she had caused. And her heart went back to her first love—the man who had offered her so eagerly his life and his work and his love.

A moment later Aunt Sarah came into the room. "Have you been reading?" she asked, seeing the book and Elsie's tear-stained face. Elsie told her what her legacy had brought her—"part of it," she finished, ruefully, "too late." And Aunt Sarah kist her and hugged her, and told her how glad she was and how sensible she thought her. Then she cleared her throat and wiped her eyes, and began, hurriedly: "My dear, dont you want to come on a trip home with us? We—are leaving—tomorrow."

Elsie sat up. "Tomorrow!" she exclaimed; "why, how is that?"

"My dear, you know I've been missing your uncle lately all the time, and today I discovered where he has been concealing himself. He has rigged up a room, on the top floor, like a schooner, and there I found him asleep in a hammock, with nautical pictures all around him and looking as comfy and as happy as he must have been when, as a little boy, he planned his lifetime out. I've—I've never had a child, my dear, but they say every good woman mothers the man she—she loves. I guess I might as well mother him. He touched the mother in me—lying there. After all, he's all I've got. The sea and the island is his life, and I knew it when I took him 'for better or for worse,' so I'm goin' back; and, anyway, Elsie, I'm a mite sick of all this myself, tho you've been awfully good to me, dearie, and shown me the gayest time my old bones ever dreamed of. And we want you to have the money. But I'm kinder pinin' for the swing o' the hammocks, and the slosh o' the sea, and the breadfruit trees, and the lagoons, and the black boys, and the cocoa palms—and we'll be going home."

"If you go, then I go, too," exclaimed Elsie; "I am just heart-sick of this life, and I am—oh, so sad."

The next day the *Sarah Green* set out on the long, lazy South Sea trip. And on board was a bronze-faced man with mighty sinews and eager, deep-lit eyes. He seemed to keep in hiding from Elsie, but from his hiding-places he watched her every move.

Elsie was standing on deck, looking sadly toward the rapidly retreating land. Suddenly a man crept up behind her, urged on by Aunt Sarah, who quickly disappeared.

"Elsie!" he breathed. The girl turned sharply at the sound of that voice.

"Ward!" she cried, cramming into it all that the world holds of longing and regret.

"What is it going to be, Flower-Girl?" Ward crushed her so close that she gasped for her answering breath. She looked over at plain Aunt Sarah, holding her captain's hairy, grizzled hand, with a beatific expression of countenance, and her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"WHAT IS IT GOING TO BE, FLOWER-GIRL?"

"For better or for worse," Elsie whispered to her lover, a new tenderness thrilling her voice, "till death do us part."

LUCILLE STEWART, SISTER OF ANITA STEWART, WHO IS NOW RALPH INCE'S LEADING LADY AT THE BAYSHORE VITAGRAPH STUDIO

HELEN MARTEN

A Between Scenes Lark

Movie Actresses Hold a Pink Tea for Their Pets

By SALLY ANN

THE particular Jacksonville, Fla., brand of "gentle" sunshine was streaming down Bay Street and slipping over into Main. It was 8:15 in the morning. Hurrying along, eyes ahead, prettier than anything that had been seen hereabouts in many moons, two young girls were seen turning the corner at Bay Street and making toward the Jacksonville Ferry.

One was a bit smaller than the other. She had happy brown, curly hair that peeked from under a small blue hat and veil, a face that proved without question that it had won a Gibson Girl contest in New York a short while ago, and she wore quite the smartest and springiest of blue suits, full-coated and stitched in white. In her arms she hugged a great, pensive-eyed Angora cat, gray in color, and with wondrous long hair. The tabby was justly a haughty, reserved bit of beauty—no common grimalkin this.

The other girl was black-haired. She wore a nifty black and white checked suit, a small white hat, natty white spats, and carried in her arms a something that looked like a cage all done up in tissue-paper wrappings. She was beautiful in the way of a Jack-rose—all color, gorgeous eyes and white teeth. It is only for the screen that girls like these two seem to have been made, for to plant them down among the girls of lesser charm would be deadly to the peace of mind of most of us—and the other girls.

The girls reached the ferry just as the huge boat arrived. With a hurried good-morning to the ticket-man at the gate, they hustled thru to the boat. Then, seated, each relaxed her

HELEN MARTEN AND GERTRUDE ROBINSON

hold on her burden a bit, looked at each other and smiled.

The girl carrying the cat was Helen Marten, her companion was Gertrude Robinson, both of the Gaumont Company. As the boat slid into the river, Miss Robinson gently uncovered her parcel, revealing a big brass bird-cage holding the seven little Robinson birdlings. Miss Robinson and Miss Marten had, the day before, completed a picture for the Gaumont Company, and because of the absence from the city of both Directors Garrick and Vernot with their companies, the big stage of the company was temporarily out of business. Hence, the girls had decided that the time was ripe for a tea and sun party for their pets.

Arrived at the South Jacksonville side of the river, the walk to the studio was over in five minutes. Soon Miss Robinson was earnestly instructing her birds just what was expected of them on the occasion: sun-bathing and plenty of melody. "Teddy," the daddy of them all, perked his head a bit, and threw out a note that trilled of the sunshine he had been born in, and wisely promised to cicerone his children. Only Miss Robinson and Teddy understood all this, but pretty girls and cute little canaries have much in common. The cage was hung in the sun; Miss Marten's Angora began a stately, bored exploration of the stage; the two girls settled down to a morning of sunny seams, gigglesome gossip, and much else that we ken not of. And if it hadn't been for the unfeeling workmen, who came at one o'clock, and demanded the stage for the building of a big cabaret scene, who knows but what little Gaumont Garrick, a ferocious black and white bit of dogology, might not soon have discovered the cat and birds there, and a real climax to an outing have ensued. But workmen of the stage have little in common with canaries, cats or girls (if so, they worship them in secret and from afar)—so the pretty maids and their pets were driven out of their sunshiny Garden of Eden.

"Overalls"

by Dorothy Donnell

American

HERBERT DREW took the last twilight steps that led from the pitchy windings of the tunnel into the sooty sunshine of the construction camp, and filled his great bellows of lungs with the outer air. His steady eyes bore the impact of the daylight without blinking; his grave, rather grim, young face gave no faint clue to the ticking of his thoughts behind the broad forehead. And yet he was puzzled—puzzled and harried as he had never been before in all his rational twenty-nine years; and his reason for leaving the spitting drill and hissing oil-torches in the tunnel was to find a quiet place where he could take out these same perplexing problems in decent privacy, examine them reasonably, and decide exactly what disposition to make of them.

His chief problem was visible this moment beyond the litter of lifting cranes and slab shacks, standing in a blur of pink dimity in the doorway of Mother Malone's boarding-house. With the far-sighted eyes of imagination, Drew could see now the fluff of honey-colored hair, the wide, set eyes of a blue like that of violets that have been drenched with dew, and the wilful red lips that were Bettina Warren's character index. A man might, he thought whimsically, flirt with witch-a-way hair like hers—might love the wistful flower-eyes; but the straight, clear-cut little lips called for respect and even a little awe, or—the slow color swept his brown cheeks—for kisses that a man has saved thru the long, clean years of his youth for the one woman.

"Hullo, Overalls!"

Drew did not turn at the salutation that came with startling suddenness close to his shoulder, but a frown drew his eyebrows together. Familiar as the title was, the young foreman of the Warren Construction Company permitted, even encouraged, its use by the several hundred hands under him. It was only on the lips of this one man that "Overalls" became a subtle insult instead of a tribute of affectionate respect. But he only answered evenly:

"Good-morning, Finnegan. Glad you're able to be at work today. There's a lot to be done, and we're a bit shy on picks."

The man, a hulking brute of a fellow with undershot jaw and red veins in his eyeballs, cast an angry glance at his foreman, and a spark sprang far back in his small porcine eyes.

"I was sick yesterday," he said, with a threat in his voice—"had a cramp in my stomick, I'm tellin' yer."

"And the day before, and the day before that," said Drew, quietly. "You must be more careful what you eat, Finnegan—and *drink*."

He looked coolly into the angry face at his side. "I've warned you once already. This makes twice. Next time you lay off to go on a drunk, I shall fire you."

Without waiting to hear Finnegan's muttered answer, Drew turned away, but the shadow of an indefinable trouble lay over his thoughts. For some reason the slender girl-figure had faded into the background, to make room for a suave, faultlessly dressed man-image with shiny hair above a shiny forehead and eyes that shifted unpleasantly in a handsome face. He had forgotten to remember Walter Daniels, Bettina's attorney and the trustee of her fortune until she should marry—Daniels, who had come with the girl from the East to visit her father's property, and who was, the camp predicted sagely, "a wise guy with an eye on the main chance."

And, after all, why should he think of Daniels' courtship so scornfully, when the same sordid motive might be attributed as fairly to his own day-dreaming? Drew clenched his big jaw fiercely and the muscles tautened thruout his great frame.

"The foreman of her works, at two hundred a month," he muttered in self-scorn. "She pays my wages; I mustn't forget that. But, Lord, what a woman she is, too!" His eyes dreamed, then grew somber. "I *must* forget that," he said. "I will forget that."

Behind him, Finnegan bared his teeth in yellow-fanged mirth.

"Crow yer d—d little cock-a-doodle-

A FEW DROPS OF WATER HAD SPATTERED THE LAWYER'S SHOES

do, Mister High 'n' Mighty," he muttered. "There'll be somethin' doin' before long, I'm thinkin', that'll maybe pull a tail-feather or two."

He spat contemptuously upon the trampled earth and lounged unsteadily into the tunnel, unaware that at that very moment his prophecy was coming true.

In Mother Malone's boarding-house parlor—given the impressive title from a half-dozen wooden chairs, an air-tight Franklin and a bunch of dried puma grass in a blue china shaving-mug on the mantel—a snickering crowd of loungers stood in a pleasantly expectant circle about a little serio-comedy, in which Peggy, the landlady's buxom daughter, took the part of leading lady.

Daniels, immaculate with neatly creased trousers and mirror-like shoes, had elected to walk across the exact portion of the floor which Peggy was scrubbing with all the elbow-energy of her Scottish pedigree. A few drops of water had flown from the impact of a particularly lively swirl of her brush and spattered the lawyer's shoes; and the idlers, standing around and back-tilted in Mother Malone's chairs, had applauded the "Eastern dude's" discomfiture, whereupon he had kicked over the pail of dirty water upon the apologetic girl. In a moment a ring formed, and Peggy's voice, upraised in shrill exasperation, floated out above the grinning crowd.

With the insensibility of an unwomaned parcel of men, the loungers chuckled loudly as the small, drenched figure charged upon Daniels, scrubbing-brush upraised in one seamy, grimy little hand; even when the lawyer raised his cane threateningly, they saw no grounds for interference, and slapped one another's shoulders in the transports of their glee.

"Sic him, Peggy!" "Swat His Nibs in the bean!" they advised. "Good gal—haw! haw! haw——"

Their mirth died in their throats as a tall form blocked the doorway and two muscular hands swept a pathway thru the crowd.

"You contemptible cad!" said Drew, between tight lips; "you dirty coward! I've a notion to manhandle you; but no"—for Daniels' face had turned a sickly white and he was casting painful glances to right and left—"dont cry! I'll let you off easy. Just get down on your knees and apologize to this young lady, and you can go. We'll throw your hat out after you."

On the stairs, a pink figure hesitated, one slippered foot poised uncertainly over the next step, small hands tense on the pine rail. Bettina Warren, who had watched every important "first night" for ten years from the sedate shadows of her father's box, had never felt her blood stirred by handsome hero or uniformed matinée idol as now at the sound of the young foreman's voice. Overalled and grimy, he towered above the cowed Daniels, jaw set and great shoulders squared—crude, powerful, a man in every inch of his six feet of lean, muscular height.

Bettina drew a quick breath, and the small, ringed hands fluttered to the breast of the pink gown. She had dreamed and hoped that there were men like that in the world, but her eighteen years had shown her only the invertebrates of society, like that sneering, pasty-cheeked creature down there babbling a furious apology to the little scrub-girl.

"I wonder," she thought—"I wonder who he is?"

Then, as Daniels, shaking with futile anger, jerked himself free and hurried out of the house, she drew back quickly and ran into her own room, with strange furies beating their wings about her ears. For she had seen something that stripped the civilization of generations from her and left her a mere woman-thing—sister to Peggy Malone herself, with her red hair and crude tongue and hot heart.

She had seen Herbert Drew turn to the scrub-girl in her stained gown, smile at her, speak to her, pick up her pail and scrub-brush as tho she had been a lady who had dropped her fan.

"She isn't bad-looking," Bettina acknowledged, justly, to her own mirrored image. "In decent clothes she'd be almost pretty. Perhaps he is in love with her."

The course of the next few days saw large issues determined in the Warren Construction Camp. They may be stated briefly from the viewpoint of Herbert Drew, with the most important thing placed last. He lost

his position of foreman, he was nearly killed, and—he met Miss Bettina Warren. To shift the viewpoint to Bettina, three things happened to her, also. First, she protested to Daniels against his discharge of the young foreman who had held him up to ridicule, and was told curtly that until she was married she had no voice in the management of her company; second, she received some dozen proposals of varying degrees of warmth and eloquence, from "Buck" Johnson's friendly invitation to "hike over to the gospel-slinger's and git hitched up," to Walter Daniels' more eloquent but similarly received request; and third, and most important, she met Herbert Drew.

The occasion of their meeting was significant. Daniels, casting about for a congenial subordinate to put in the place of Drew, hit upon Finnegan, and promptly appointed him foreman. Half of the men rebelled against the loss of their popular Overalls, and were discharged—the shifty, the lazy and the vicious element of the camp remaining under the leadership of Finnegan. On the first day under the new régime, the two parties came to blows, and sticks and stones began to fly. In the middle of the mêlée, as Drew was endeavoring by every art of persuasion at his command to quiet his followers, he was horrified to see Bettina Warren walk, composedly, into the very thick of the battle. The air was shrill with stones and bricks and ugly bits of metal. A piece of jagged pipe cut close to the girl's shoulder, tearing the frail cloth of her sleeve, but still she came on, as calmly and unhurriedly as tho she were walking in a flower-garden.

"Go back!" shouted Drew, plunging toward her with waving arms. "You'll be hurt! For God's sake, go back!"

She shook her head obstinately. Drawing herself up very straight, she faced the angry men with the air of a young princess.

"What does this mean?" she asked coldly. "I am the owner of this camp, and I insist that you stop this brawling and go back to work. If not, I shall discharge every one of you."

An angry murmur rose like a wave that roars nearer and nearer shore. With something of a wave's movements, too, the crowd stirred, moved closer.

"Back—get back, all of you!" Drew flung himself before the girl and faced Finnegan and his crowd. "You cowards! You wouldn't hurt a girl, would you? Get back——" Under his breath he flung short, savage words over his shoulder to Bettina. "Quick! I cant hold them much longer. It's that brute, Finnegan—and half of the others have been drinking. Run while I talk to them—do you understand?"

"I will *not* run," she answered, quietly; "I am not the running kind."

He looked at her with a sudden lightening of his grim young face, and took a quick step toward her. For an instant they looked deep into each other's eyes, while around them whirred a fresh shower of missiles and hoarse growls arose from the crowd.

"Tell me," she said proudly, "do I look like that sort of a person?"

"You look"—he breathed deeply—"like a very wonderful sort of a person. I did not know that there were women like you in the world."

The crowd was surging closer now. Its threatening breath reeked in their faces.

"Overalls!" jeered Finnegan's thick voice close by—"Overalls losht one job, an' now he's after 'nother. Pretty soft—marry 'n heiress—eh, boys?"

He broke off short, uttering a yelp of terror as Drew's fist shot against his brutish jaw. The deposed foreman laughed aloud.

"Look at him! Cuts a warlike figure, doesn't he?" He jerked a thumb toward the bully, groaning, as he nursed his bruised jaw. "Come, now, boys, no more of this nonsense. Get to work—all of you! Your foreman isn't killed, in spite of the fuss he's making." He turned to Bettina, with a boyish bow. "Let me take you back to the boarding-house?" he asked abruptly. "I think the trouble is over—for today at least."

"It was all Walter's fault for putting that horrible man in your place," Bettina said, as they walked back, thru piled-up ties and heaps of scrap-iron, toward Mother Malone's. "I have been inquiring, and know what a splendid hold you had on the men. Oh, it's a shame!" She stamped one small foot in a gesture that the young man thought adorably feminine. His answering laugh stuck oddly in his throat. It was to him suddenly as tho they two were walking thru a grove or a garden or an enchanted glen, instead of in the hideous squalor of a construction camp. There were flowers in the air, and the singing of birds, and the odor of spring, and new-created things. He did not know, afterward, what she had talked of nor how he had answered her. It was almost as tho they had spoken without the clumsy aid of words, in some truer, silenter language of the soul.

As for Bettina, she went straight to Daniels, and her new tenderness for one man was transmuted by the freakish alchemy of love into intolerance for the other.

"Give him back his place as foreman," she finished. "He is the man for the work, and you know it as well as I do."

"You show a remarkable interest in the fortunes of this Overalls," sneered the lawyer, shifty gaze on her flushed face. "Perhaps you are considering him for—hem—another place as well?"

The splendid color drowned the girl's cheeks, but her eyes did not falter. "And suppose I am?" she said proudly—"suppose I am; what then?"

Behind downcast eyelids, Daniels considered the situation rapidly, concealing his discomfiture as best he could. It was no part of his plan that this impulsive heiress should slip out of his fingers, and he knew her stubbornness and pride well enough to foresee that opposition would only weaken his own cause. Her pride—ah! He could hardly conceal a smile at the cleverness of his idea. There was hardly a perceptible pause before he leaned forward and began to speak compassionately as a father might break unwelcome news to his beloved daughter.

And, as he spoke, Bettina's color faded, leaving her face oddly old and gray.

Herbert Drew plunged thru the shadows with the physical effect of a man battling with substances. Two weeks had passed since his first walk with Bettina, and he had not spoken to her again. To be sure, there had been words, the polite patter of acquaintances, chilly conventionalities, but no more of the beautiful friendliness of soul that had made their first meeting a sacred memory.

"It is as tho I had reached out my hand and touched her once, and the next time found her gone," he thought, in a daze of misery. "What have I done? Why have I lost her? How can I find her again?"

For a week of nights he had taken his pain into the woods, where there was none but the far, pitying stars to see, and walked and walked until he was too tired for thought. He was not a man who had ever known women lightly, and this first love went hard with him. Tonight, however, he had an odd feeling that his questions were soon to be answered. In what way he could not guess. Yet, even if he had been able to foresee the pain and horror of the next hours, he would have chosen, no doubt, to live thru them for the joy that lay at their end.

Beyond the tall oak he was approaching lay an open space, white in the moonlight, and in the open lurked half-a-dozen shadows that were not cast by the trees. As Drew, blind with

THE SHADOWS CLOSE IN UPON DREW, BEAT HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND LASH HIM TO A TREE

his deep thinking, passed out into the clear light, the shadows closed in upon him with sickening blows and beat him down. The struggle was too uneven to be a long one. Presently, as they had come, the sinister shadows slipped away, and the moon shone white in the clearing as before. But against the oak-tree dangled a grotesque something that had not been there before.

The moon had set when Drew opened heavy eyes and looked about him. Gradually, thru the sick surge of the world, memory came back, and with it realization of his predicament. Arms lashed by a rope to the trunk of a great oak-tree, toes barely touching the ground, he was hanging with nearly his entire weight on his wrists. The first involuntary movement sent a thrill of pain thru arms and shoulders to his brain, warning him poignantly that he could not hope to free himself by his own efforts.

There was nothing to do but wait as patiently as possible for morning, and even then he realized with a sinking heart that the odds against any one coming thru the grove in time to rescue him before exhaustion overcame him were ten to one. Feverishly he set himself to counting, to keep his thoughts from unmanly panic — one hundred—two hundred—nine hundred —a thousand——

His head swam. The trees and path grew far away, indistinct. With a great effort he forced them back into focus, clearing his brain.

"This wont do," he said aloud. "I mustn't play the baby. I mustn't—run—away. *She*—isn't the running kind——"

Eons passed. Hands numb, Drew hung from his branch, sometimes speaking aloud, sometimes biting his lips to keep back delirium. Then came fits of blankness, and other fits of horrible superconsciousness, in which he seemed to see a red world, with strange, crawling creatures sitting about his tree, waiting for him to die. Sometimes he heard a faraway, hoarse voice singing a gay love-song; sometimes the same voice prayed; more often than all, it cried aloud, over and over, a girl's name. He wondered stupidly whom it was calling—who the girl might be.

Later he knew. It was early dawnlight when he opened sane eyes, at last, on the sane world of his own room, and cried her name once more, faintly, with her dew-drenched, violet eyes looking down into his drawn, pain-ridden face.

"Miss Warren—" Drew murmured, "Bettina—was it—was it you—you who found me and——"

He tried to lift one heavy hand and touch her, to make sure that she was real, but they lay like dead things at his side. Perhaps she guessed his wish, for her own small hand crept timidly to his forehead and rested there.

FINNEGAN ACCUSES DANIELS, AND BOTH ARE ARRESTED FOR THE ASSAULT OF "OVERALLS"

"Yes," she said, quietly, "yes—good friend—I helped—a little."

His eyes questioned her. Bettina shook her head.

"By-and-by," she said; but he insisted mutely, and she told him of the night just passed—how Finnegan and his drunken rabble had come back to camp, and dropped boasting hints of what they had done; how a posse of twenty or thirty loyal workmen had started out to hunt for him and found him just in time; how they had brought him home thru the dawn.

"But you?" Drew questioned; "how do you happen to be here?"

The girl met his wistful gaze steadily, tho the color rose in her cheeks.

"I went with them," she told him—"Peggy Malone and I. Then they accused Finnegan, and Finnegan finally accused Daniels of putting them up to it, and then they were both arrested. And when they brought you here, I—stayed. That is all."

One of his swollen, purple hands, stretched out on the coarse counterpane, moved painfully till it found her warm sleeve.

"But why have you avoided me all this time?" It seemed as tho the world hung upon her answer; and she answered as tho that were so, bravely, proudly, from her brave, proud heart.

"He told me—Daniels—two weeks ago, that you were engaged to Peggy Malone, and I tried to put you out of my thoughts, but tonight I knew that I could not do it, because—I—I just couldn't, and so I went out to hunt for you with the men——"

She paused, and for the first time her eyes fell.

"And then"—her voice was hurried—"then I heard you calling—my name, and I asked Peggy, and she told me Daniels had lied. And that is why I—I stayed."

"Miss Warren—Bettina," whispered Drew, "might I say something to you now I have long wanted to say——"

He glanced down at his useless arms; "they wont work," he continued. "It's a duffer's way of—of——"

With a little, tender laugh, that was half a sob, Bettina lifted the great hands in hers and held them there.

THE GIRL THAT LOOKS LIKE YOU

By FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

The lights are low and a magic spell
Seems laid on the motley throng;
No sound is heard as across the screen
The players troop along.
But what to me is the passing show
As I wait the long act thru,
Until on the screen I see at last
The girl that looks like you?

There's no one else on the stage beside,
And she plays to me alone,
But under the current, deep and swift,
Runs memory's undertone.
And I almost stop my heart to hear
A name that our love once knew,
While my soul calls out in a wordless cry
To the girl that looks like you.

The lights are out, and adown the street
The human current streams,
And movie lover and movie maid
Have slipped down the Road o' Dreams.
O heart of mine, could I follow them!
But I watch the long night thru
And count the hours till I see again
The girl that looks like you.

Beauties of the Screen

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

VIRGINIA PEARSON, OF THE FOX PLAYERS, IN A PICTURESQUE POSE

Photo copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

THE STORY THAT RUTH BLAIR'S MIRROR TELLS

SALVATION JOAN

by Norman Bruce
(Vitagraph)

BIG BILL, FAITHFUL ATTENDANT

SALVATION JOAN, LEADER

"PULL fer th' shore, sailors —*pull* fer th' shore!"

Cracked baritones, drink-blurred tenors and shrill sopranos fell upon the hapless chorus with gusto, aided and abetted by the blatant tones of a cornet and the inevitable bass-drum. The result was unbeautiful, but to the slender, thoughtful-eyed girl in the blue lassie's uniform, standing on the platform, it had in it many of the overtones of beauty.

She was one—tho no one could have guessed it from her look or manner—to whom the opera and symphony concert were old stories, and she thought, looking down into the weary, stolid, hopeless slum faces before her, lighted momentarily by their eager reaching for melody, that she had never been moved by Caruso's golden voice as she was moved now.

In the back row a man stopped singing, with a little catch of the breath. He was a great hulk of a creature, slouching of shoulder, but surprisingly clear of skin and smooth-muscled for one of these undervitalized castaways of life. His shabby suit was neatly brushed, and he carried a shoddy green fedora in his great fingers.

The last wailing notes of the hymn died away and the audience shuffled uneasily from its seats into the narrow aisle. The momentary glow of interest faded from their faces like lamps blown out. They moved out silently, visibly taking up their burdens of poverty, sickness and worry at the door of the mission.

The lassie on the platform closed the lid of the ancient organ, straightened a chair or two, said good-night to the sallow chaplain and turned to go, then hesitated. A faint color warmed her cheeks. She stood under the flickering oil-lamp, in her prim, blue dress, looking down at her clasped fingers, a tiny smile tilting her lip-corners. At the sound of the heavy footsteps on the platform-stairs the smile deepened. She turned and held out one slim, ringless white hand to the tall figure with the green fedora pressed to his great chest.

"Good-evening, Bill," she said.

"Evenin', Miss Joan."

The big hand closed over her small one did not loosen its hold, and suddenly her rose deepened to crimson. She spoke fast and lightly to cover her confusion.

"Not *Miss* Joan, Bill," she laughed; there was an undercurrent of fright in the hurried sound. "You forget that we Army folks have given up worldly titles like that. We're none of us countesses, or Misses, or Mrs.'s here—we're just comrades, all of us together, Bill."

She made a tentative effort to draw away her hand, and found it powerless. Her troubled eyes sought the face bending above her—a rugged, grim-featured face, just now very gentle, with a light that was not of the flickering oil-lamp. And suddenly her heart gave a queer, hurtful throb. So the end of her dear adventuring was come at last!

"There's another name I'd like to call you," Big Bill said, slowly, and even in her panic she thrilled with mother-pride at the painfully correct pronunciation. Her two months' lessons had not been wasted. Then: "Do you want to hear what it is, Miss Joan? No, dont think I'll let you go now—not till after I've told you what I've been wantin'—want*ing*—to say ever since I saw you first. You're a woman, Miss Joan. You must have guessed I loved you." He paused and took a step nearer, so his rough coat brushed her sleeve and his voice grew almost stern. "And the name is—*wife,*" he said slowly—"*my* wife, Miss Joan."

"Oh, no!" The girl's voice was almost a wail. She sprang free of him and covered her face with her hands, trembling thruout her slim length. "Oh, I didn't mean—I didn't want this. You dont understand what you are asking."

In the tiny silence that fell, the big man's face grew rather white. Then, very gently: "Mebbe I *dont* understand," he said. "Will you—explain it to me, please?"

"Oh!" said the girl, woefully—"oh!" Suddenly she drew a long breath and looked up at him bravely, laying one hand on his sleeve. "Listen, Bill," she said; "what do you know about me—about my life when I'm not here in this hall? What do I know about yours? Dont you see how different they may be, and how unhappy either of us would be in the other one's world? Let's let things go on as they have gone. It's the better way—the safer way; it's the *only* way for us. Just comrades, Bill; good pals—*friends.* Dont you want me for a friend?"

"We cant be just friends, girl o' mine," said the big, slum fellow, quietly, in his clumsy, awkward syllables. "'Course I know I aint—I'm not fit for you, but I been straight since you came, and I'll be square and honest with you always. But if it cant be *wife,* dear, it's got to be good-by. I'm a man and you're a woman, and there aint any other way."

"Then—good-by, Bill," said the girl, faintly. She did not look after him as he went down the aisle and out into the garish street. If she had looked, she would not have seen him for the tears that filmed her eyes.

It was quite an hour later when she

got up, wearily, from the wooden chair under the smoking lamp and put on her coat. It was a strange coat for an Army lassie to be wearing—velvet, richly full and graciously made, with a hood that drew the softening line of a beautiful fur about her pale face and plainly brushed hair. In this coat Joan Crawford became another person.

She let herself out of the back door of the mission into a quiet, rear street, where an electric limousine awaited her. A chauffeur, with a disapproving expression but respectful manner, opened the door for her and turned his car's aristocratic back contemptuously upon the odoriferous neighborhood, into the smooth, chastely lighted avenues of the wealthy West Side.

Another menial, twin brother of the chauffeur, to judge by his expression, opened the door of the Crawford mansion, at Joan's ring, and helped her off with the cloak. The prim blue dress beneath twisted the butler's haughty features like the taste of vinegar. Joan's household disapproved vigorously, in their several degrees and manners, with her latest fad.

"Is Mrs. Ellison in the drawing-room, Parker?" asked the girl.

"Mrs. Ellison is at the opera, miss." The butler's tone hinted, delicately, that the opera, at least, was a commendable place to spend the evening. "Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstyne and Mr. Ralston called for her, miss, at 'arf-past eight."

Joan started. A hurried look at the gilt wall-clock brought a frown to her brows. Midnight, and the opera, as she knew, was "Rusticana," the shortest of the season.

"Very good," she said quietly; "I will wait for her, I think. Is there a fire in the drawing-room? Yes? Then you need not wait, Parker. I will let my sister in."

She went into the drawing-room and over to where the warm comfort of the fire beckoned.

If Madeline had not married a jealous man, her gay, light-hearted indiscretions would not have been such serious matters; but Joan knew the caliber of Robert Ellison too well to misunderstand the grave folly of his wife's flirtation with the handsome young man-about-town, Philip Ralston. Madeline had a little, hard, green, unripe soul and a flower face that turned obediently to each new masculine sun that shone on her, and Ellison was in Europe at this moment, dickering with governments and powers over some diplomatic errand of a treaty, serenely entrusting his pretty, chameleon mate to her sister's care. It really *was* unpardonable in Madeline!

Joan sank into a chair and turned a mutinous glance on the red coals. "If Philip were a different kind of a man, I wouldn't worry," she thought; "but there is something—something *furtive* about him——"

She thought suddenly of the words she had listened to this evening in the deep, husky voice of her underworld lover: "We cant be just friends." The presence of the other man—big, blunt, masterful—was too near her to be denied, and so, because she must learn to forget him, for pride's sake—what would her world say of Big Bill?—she gave herself this one hour of luxurious remembering. Bit by bit she went over their strange acquaintance—the first meeting when he had saved her from a mob of roughs; their talks after meeting in the barren Army headquarters; the glimpses of his life he had let fall in rough-hewn manphrases, a rough, hard, full life, that fascinated her society-starved imagination; the lessons she had given him; the touch of his great, blunt hands.

JOAN ANXIOUSLY AWAITS HER SISTER

She rose, wearily, to her feet and stood still, frozen with dismay. In the hall a clock was striking two.

"Madeline!" she murmured—"I had forgotten. *Where is she* at two in the morning?"

In answer came the sound of a taxicab panting to a stop outside, then dragging footsteps and a faltering hand on the knob. Joan flung the door wide, drew her sister into the hall and turned on a cluster of pearl-and-gold globes on the newel-post. Then she strangled a cry. In the pale light, Madeline's face was ghastly.

"Come into the other room—not here! The servants will hear us talking."

Joan spoke vaguely. She put an arm about the swaying figure, in its crushed, evening frippery—a silly little gown of rose-colored chiffon—and drew her into the fire-lit drawing-room. Then, with a long breath, she faced her sister.

"Dont cry," she said quietly; "dont scream or have hysterics or faint away. That would only make things worse than they are. Nothing is absolutely hopeless until every one knows it. Tell me just what has happened."

"No—no; I—*I cant!*" Madeline shuddered from head to foot. "Oh, Joan, it is horrible! I—— Oh,.let me go upstairs—I cant stand any more. I'm sick, I tell you—sick!"

"Tell me," said Joan—"dont be afraid, little sister."

In broken phrases, the sick voice told the elder sister of her folly.

"And I've been lonesome, Joan, with Robert away, and you, too, most of the time—and Ralston was awfully good fun. It wasn't flirting, either, truly; we talked most of the time about Robert; he seemed awfully interested in the treaty he was getting, and everything, tho, of course, I couldn't explain it all, for I'm such a great stupid——

"And then tonight—I had a headache at the opera—such screeching! I wanted to come home, and he said he'd bring me.

"I didn't think it would do any harm for just a minute, Joan—of course I know I oughtn't have gone, but he'd told me so much about his rooms—and I thought it would be fun.

"Joan! he locked the door! He stood there, smiling at me—and then I knew! I screamed and begged him, and then I fainted, I think. Joan! *Joan*——"

"Wait, dear," Joan pressed the golden head to the bosom of her Army dress. "We must think what to do."

In the silence her brain worked

fast. A vague suspicion, roused by her sister's story, caught her thoughts. Ralston, she had said, was interested in Ellison's mission—had pumped her dry of information, and then this hideous deed of tonight. "Why?" she asked herself—"*why?* He was not in love with poor, weak, little Madeline: he had not even pretended to be—then *why?*"

Joan's head spun. She rose to her feet, drawing her sister up with her.

"Foolish—yes, poor, little Madeline," she soothed, "but you meant no harm. Robert wouldn't understand that, so Robert must never know. And now, dear, we will go to bed. Try to cut tonight out of your thoughts, dearest; it means your happiness and Robert's and little Bobby's, as you well know."

Thru the days that followed, Joan saw, with a tender scorn, that Madeline had taken her advice literally and put the ugly episode out of her mind. Joan, on the contrary, burdened with no guilty secret or conscience

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trance, two men in evening dress, but with workaday faces and manners, rose from their places beside the wall-safe and bowed, sheepishly, toward the women's white shoulders.

"Detectives," said Ellison, shortly. "There's a treaty in that safe yonder that would be like a match to tinder if those foreigners should get hold of it before Washington has it under lock and key. It would mean war if it should be stolen, and there are plenty of international thieves on its trail. One of 'em nearly had it on shipboard. Lord!" he wiped a harassed brow, "but I'll be glad when I get it out of the house tomorrow morning!"

"How thrilling!" Madeline clapped her hands delightedly. "Think of having

aware of a vague uneasiness, and at the first opportunity she stole away to the conservatory to think things out clearly.

Nobody in this town, Robert had said, knew that there was a treaty in the house. Why, Philip Ralston knew it, for Madeline had told him. Joan sat rigid and white on the bench by the fountain, watching a small, peevish goldfish with unseeing eyes.

"I wish," the girl thought aloud, "that I were a man! Men always seem to know what to do."

She heard a step and rose hastily to her feet, dragging a smile like a mask across the trouble of her face, and then she gave a little cry and held out her arms to the tall man who stood wonderingly before her.

"You!" she cried. "Oh, I've wanted you so!"

"Joan!" said Big Bill, huskily—"girl o' mine!"

And she felt his arms about her, and for a little while the world stood still. Then, looking up at him, she saw what she had missed at first in the glad miracle of his presence on the threshold of her need. And, seeing, she drew a little away, and the joy faded from her gaze. For this man of the conservatory was and was not the man of the tenements. Faultlessly arrayed in the conventional garb of her world, with a new air of poise and assurance, he was as distinctly a part of the time and place as was she herself in her shining satin, instead of the rough, blue, Army garb.

"What is the matter?" he asked, noting her look.

Joan laid her hands on his coat-sleeves, in a gesture that begged for understanding.

"Tell me," she whispered; "what does this mean? You are not what I thought you, that is plain. What are you, then?"

"Now, and always, your lover, girl o' mine," said the big man, quietly. "Cant you trust me for the rest a little longer? Can you—Comrade Joan?"

She raised herself on tiptoes to study his face, and suddenly her fears slipped away.

"Yes—oh, yes, I can trust you," she said. "And now I must go back to my guests. But it is not good-by this time."

It was hours later, as Joan sat before her dressing-table, in her white night-robe, studying the face between the dark folds of her hair, in the innocent joy over her own beauty that

"YOU?" SHE CRIED

comes to every woman who lives, that a knock fell on her door, and Madeline, looking more than ever a child in her froth of ribbon and lace undress, slipped into the room. She was rouged, but the false flush only made the pallor of her cheeks more startling, and Joan's heart sank.

"Did you see—*him*—Ralston—here tonight?" Madeline began, nervously. "Joan, what do you think he told me? It wasn't me he was in love with; it wasn't even me he wanted that night in his rooms. It was the treaty—Robert's treaty he was after—a poor, mean, dirty little scrap of paper, and I was just the way he took to get it!"

Joan rose to her feet, tall in her straight gown.

"What do you mean?" she breathed. "You are saying that Ralston——"

"Is one of those international thieves Rob spoke of," said her sister, hastily. "He means to get that paper tonight. I found him spying on the den, and he made me tell him all about the treaty and who was guarding it, and everything."

"You *told* him that?" Joan's voice was incredulous.

"I had to," said Madeline, wearily. "He threatened to tell Robert everything unless I did."

For a moment the sisters stared into each other's horrified face in silence. Then, at last, Joan spoke.

"The cad!" she said slowly—"the beast! So *that* was why!"

The full meaning of the situation swept over her like a cold wave—war! And yet, on the other hand, her sister's happiness was at stake. What should she do? What *must* she do?

Madeline shrank from the strange Joan, who turned to her, at last, and pointed to the door, sternly.

"Go back to bed," she said, "and stay there, no matter what you hear, and, above all, keep Robert from coming downstairs."

The clock in the lower hall struck one, lingeringly, as Joan slipped out of her room into the hall. She stood a moment, listening intently, and then moved toward the stairs, one hand hidden in the folds of her white night-gown. There was that in her look that sleep-walkers wear—a something fixed, unseeing, terrible. Down the dim stairs she felt her way, thru the drawing-room and library, to the door of the den. A faint light glimmered here, showing the sprawling forms of the two detectives sleeping in their chairs. Joan slipped into the shadow of the portières and stood waiting, hand still hidden at her side.

The moments dragged, the long struck again and again and still the girl stood motionless, watching the dim stretches of the drawing-room. Suddenly a shudder went thru her; her muscles grew tense, and the hidden hand lifted bearing something cold and ugly that caught the light on its steel sides.

A shadow had moved across the drawing-room.

As she watched, it stole into the library, crossed so near her that she could have touched it, and passed lightly into the den. Joan drew slow breath and raised the cold, steely thing, aiming it deliberately at the figure kneeling before the safe.

Then the light fell clearly across the face, and the pistol dropped harmlessly at her side, for the kneeling thief was not Philip Ralston, but her lover, Big Bill!

Stunned, she watched him as he swung the heavy door open, took out a packet of papers, and placed another packet of similar shape inside. Then, unaware what she did, she gave a little moan and swayed forward into the room. The man turned sharply, uttering a low exclamation.

"Joan! what are you doing here?"

He was at her side, grasping her shoulder with a grip that hurt. And suddenly she felt herself lifted like a child in his great arms, carried into the recessed window of the library, and laid gently upon the cushioned seat. One moment his face, limned by the moon, shone over hers, and she felt his lips on her forehead.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," he whispered—"it was the only way——"

Of the swift events that followed, two pictures

"A FLASHLIGHT OF A ROOMFUL OF MEN AND PISTOLS"

on Joan's memory. One, a flashlight of a roomful of men and pistols; of Philip Ralston's handsome face set in the mask of unwholesome purpose; of two rough men kneeling before a safe, tinkering with the lock; of the same room in the throes of an explosion, filled with acrid smoke, and Philip Ralston's body crumpled beneath the iron door of the safe he had violated honor and friendship and love to rob.

The other picture was one which, whenever she recalled it, brought the burning blush of shame to Joan's cheeks and the humbleness of shame to her heart. She had been so generous with her lip promises of trust, so niggardly in redeeming those pledges. At the first test she had failed her lover—had believed him the thief that he had come to protect her household from.

"What does this mean?" Ellison's cool voice asked from the threshold, Madeline clinging to his arm. From the group of gray-clad, resolute-looking men who had sprung up miraculously at his signal and closed in on the safe-breakers, Big Bill stepped forward, holding the rifled packet of papers in his hand. Joan held her breath.

"It means that the tip we got at the Central Office was correct, Mr. Ellison," said Big Bill. "We've had our eye on this gang for two months, and today we learnt that they were to make a try for your treaty tonight."

"I dont know quite how to thank you," Ellison said, as he took the papers; "I guess, on the whole, I'd better not try, Mr.——"

"John Arkroyd, of the Secret Service," answered Joan's lover, gravely. "Big Bill is only one of the characters I have had to assume in my work." He then turned to Joan, and his big hands closed around hers.

"You did not trust me, Salvation Joan," he said, "but I suppose you are not to be blamed."

"I am really distressed, Mr.—Mr.—Bill," stammered Joan—"to think that I—I could not understand and that, for a moment, my faith in you deserted me. But now——" The others of the group discreetly stepped aside and became interested in the all-important packet, and Big Bill widened the distance by gently withdrawing Joan to a corner of the room, where he could speak the words that were burning on his lips.

"It seems like some novel, dear," he breathed. "Little did I think that Salvation Joan was a rich society lady when I found myself losing my heart to her."

"Nor did I think," broke in Joan, "that you were other than the big-hearted man of the slums. And to think that you let me go on teaching you how to speak correctly. Why didn't you tell me?"

"There were many reasons, dear. I was playing a part, you know, as we detectives often have to do, and I thought I had better keep it up a while longer. But when I found you had gone, and that I could find no trace of you, imagine how I cursed myself for my folly. But fate led me back to you, and we meet on equal terms—thank Providence. I will never lose you again—that is, if——"

He held her close and looked down into her blue eyes. The look that he saw there and the little squeeze she gave to his hands were sufficient answer.

BIG BILL STEPPED FORWARD, THE PAPERS IN HAND

"You're cold, girl o' mine, and shivering. I can only say good-night, Joan, but not good-by. There will never be a good-by again, will there, my sweet?"

"No, Comrade Bill," she tenderly whispered as she nestled up to him.

The Man Who Made the Rose Famous

George Beban, the Premier Portrayer of Italian Characters

By HECTOR AMES

FIRST in vaudeville, then as a four-act stage-play, and finally, and most successfully, on the screen, George Beban has taught us all what a little flower can do. On the stage, his play was called "The Sign of the Rose," while on the screen the title was changed to "An Alien."

As a portrayer of Italian characters, Mr. Beban probably has no superiors and few, if any, equals. They are real, and they are lovable. His work in "An Alien" has brought tears to the eyes of men and women who are unused to them. This play was first produced at the Astor Theater, N. Y., the first part being done in photoplay, and the last act being performed on the stage by the same persons who had appeared in the preceding pictures. He is now doing a new Italian character for the Morosco Company.

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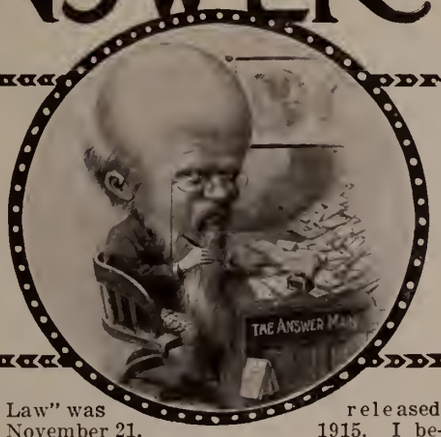
The ANSWER MAN



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

SMILAX, ROME.—Bessie Barriscale is a blonde, with brown eyes. She weighs about 130 and stands five feet two and a half inches high. You have that title wrong. Be sure the first word is right, otherwise I cant look it up. You know I have about 15,000 cast cards to look thru when you dont give the right title.

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Hobart Henley did play in the East. So you heard from Cleo Madison personally. Oh, yes, she is very nice about answering letters. Why ask me such questions? Well, it's this way, the average pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60; it is more rapid in females.

JULIUS T. D.—Much obliged to you, sir, for pointing out my faults, but I already had a pretty good line on my faults, which I got by keeping a sharp eye on my enemies. Theodore Roosevelt was born October 27, 1858.

GENEVIEVE C.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bob in "The Big Sister's Christmas." Dorothy Phillips was Nell in "The Futility of Revenge." Webster Campbell was Boh and Joseph Harris was Tom in "The Once Over" (American).

LEAH S., BURLINGTON.—"The Island of Regeneration" was taken on the Long Island shore at Oyster Bay and at the Brooklyn Vitagraph studio. "The Broken Law" was released November 21, 1915. I believe that the first daily newspaper published in America was "The Penny Packet," 1784.

DUTCH.—Louise Orth was the sweetheart and Reggie Morris was the florist in "Knocks and Opportunities" (Universal). Jean Dumar was the girl in "Up in the Air" (Edison). Alice Rodier was Miss Twinkletoes in "Midnight at Maxim's."

BRUNETTA, 17.—So you dont hear much of Ormi Hawley. Too had her plays aren't released oftener. She is at Jacksonville. Dorothy Phillips and Ben Wilson in "In His Own Trap."

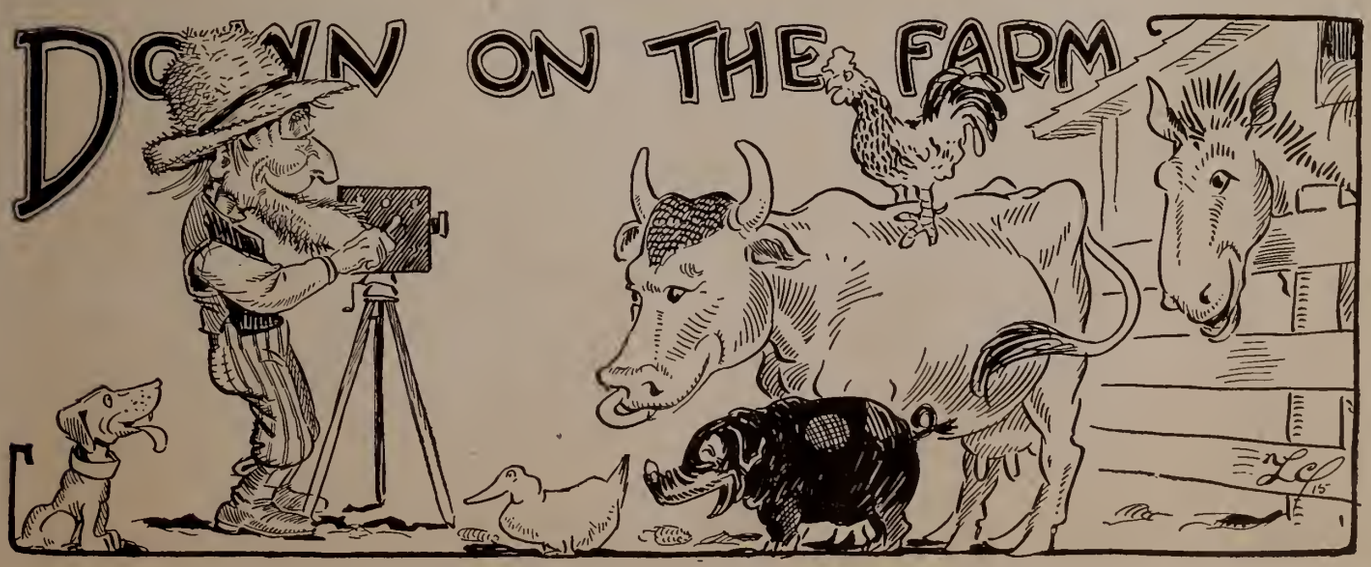
GERTIE.—Glad to hear your voice. I am not prepared to give medical advice, because I am not a physician. But this paragraph from Horace Fletcher seems to apply to your case. "Were I an iron and steel automobile, instead of a flesh and blood automobile, which I really am, could I get a license for myself, as a chauffeur, to run myself with safety, based upon my knowledge of my own mechanism and the theory and development of my power?" In other words, know thyself better, and you can then keep your machine in good order.

CICERO.—Dorothy Barrett is with the Monrovin Company, and will appear in "The Argonauts." Neva Gerber is with Eldorado. You know it isn't so much what a man knows as it is what he doesn't tell that makes us helieve him wise. Pleasant company is always accepted. This means you.

S. T. KOLESCH.—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia in 1880; Douglas Fairbanks at Denver in 1883; Dustin Farnum at Hampton Beach, N. H., in 1876; Geraldine Farrar, in Melrose, Mass., in 1883; William Faversham in England in 1868. Yes, there were a lot of legal mistakes made in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," but if they had not named the scenes as having taken place in New York State, it would not have been so bad. I have heard lawyers laugh at some of the mistakes.

W. T. H., BROOKLYN.—I observe that Henderson's Monthly has suspended publication, or has shrunken terribly. You found a picture of your "Imperial One" in the Gallery, and I think you are instrumental in bringing this about.

E. P. R.—The N. Y. Puhlic Library is 390 feet long and 270 feet deep, covering 115,000 sq. ft. The seating capacity is 1,760, and there are over 63 miles of shelving with a capacity for about 2,500,000 volumes. Robert Vignola has gone with Famous Players.



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JONATHAN, ELMIRA.—Owen Moore, Tom Moore, Matt Moore, Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford all belong to the same family—that is, they are all Moores, and Matt is the only Moore bachelor. You say that the closer you get to me the more distant I am. You dont get close enough. Move up a little.

SIDNEY T.—Melvin Mayo was Paul and Helen Wolcott was the woman in "A Modern Paul."

CLARKSON T. G.—You should complain to your exhibitor if you do not see your favorite. He can get plenty of Carlyle Blackwell and Crane Wilbur films if he wants to. Carlyle Blackwell played the part of Harrington in "The Clarion." Marion Dentler was Esme.

DR. JOHNSON.—Ernest Truex is on the stage, but he has recently done a film for the Vitagraph Company, "Artie, the Millionaire Kid," which I think was the first he has done since "The Good Little Devil" with Mary Pickford. He plays boys' parts, but he is a married man and has several children, one of whom is 18 years old. I think you must have the willies, or the glooms. I get them sometimes myself. To entertain thoughts of failure or forebodings of defeat, or to distrust in your powers of accomplishment, is to invite disaster and to supply misfortune with ammunition.

MARY L. P.—Right you be, it's Julia Hill, the girl with the brilliant voice, who is now in Moving Pictures. Mildred Gregory is with Gaumont, and John Bower with Famous Players.

BERNARDINE BETSY.—Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams in "Chip of the Flying V." I am afraid these columns of mine are getting to be more voluminous than luminous, but it is mainly because you folks dont send me interesting questions.

LYDIA HILLIS.—Long "e" in Moreno. You say you worshiped Crane Wilbur until you saw his teeth. Yes, I agree with you that it is too bad that players who are married often choose to play in different companies in different parts of the country. Absence oft maketh the heart grow fonder—of somebody else.

LITTLE MARY.—Kate Bruce is with Triangle, and Elsie MacLeod with Vim. Kate is no relation to Belle Bruce. Maude Milton was Mrs. Dupont in "Damaged Goods." Thanks, I should like to see that picture.

MRS. CHARLES B., CLEVELAND.—That was May Allison opposite Harold Lockwood in "Hearts and Masks." Franklyn Ritchie is now with American, and Billie Burke has joined the Kleine Company.

PINKY.—We have never used a picture of George Relph in the Gallery. I dont believe the horrid thing you say—that Roscoe Arbuckle overeats! What a peculiar dispensation—one-half the world eats twice as much as they need, and the other half cant get half enough to eat.

C. E. L.—Frank Elliott was the lord in that Lasky. No, I am not Dr. Lyman Abbott. I haven't heard from you for some time, but I shall never forget that fine box of confectionery you sent me.

PINKEYDOODLE.—I am afraid you have the wrong title on that Balboa. Gerda Holmes with Equitable. Of course Lillian Gish is considered a star. Edward Coxen has left the American Company, and Franklyn Ritchie will play opposite Winnifred Greenwood.

N. H., MONTREAL.—Harold Lockwood with Metro, New York City. The first freight railroad cars in America were run at the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., in 1826.

A. J. W.—Not Henry Walthall, but House Peters in "The Great Divide." Essanay produced "Turn of the Wheel," and Henry Walthall did not play in that. So you still think Vitagraph are on top now. I fear you are wrong about the ease of getting into the pictures. So long as our hearts possess desire, our minds will foster delusions.

DEAN.—Grace Cunard has undergone two or three operations during the past two years, but she has not gone under and is all right at present, I am glad to say. Yes to your second and third. Rhea Mitchell is now with American. Miles Welch is back with Metro. Huntley Gordon is with Vitagraph.

BOYD E., UTICA.—Carlotta De Felice was Grace in "One Million Dollars" (Metro). Seena Owen did not play in "The Price of Power." Thelma Salter was one of the children in "The Corner" (Triangle). You ought to subscribe, and then you will get beautiful portraits.

MELVA.—How short! Winifred Kingston was Sally in "The Call of the Cumberlands."

HELEN G., NORFOLK.—William Courtleigh is playing on Broadway at the present time. Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Moore in "Who's Guilty?" and there will be fourteen separate two-reel dramas.

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VERA SISSON (BIOGRAPH)

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MATILDA T. C.—Mrs. Sidney Drew was born in Sedalia, Mo., April 18, 1890; was educated in schools of Sedalia; was a student at the Sedalia College of Music and Nebraska Wesleyan School of Expression, and was on the concert stage. James Morrison and Belle Bruce, I guess.

M. A. S.—Sessue Hayakawa is a native of Tokio. He graduated from a college in Japan. He is an all-round athlete, fond of swimming and boating, and his favorite sports are fencing and "jiu jitsu." Is married to Tsuru Aoki, his leading woman. Mr. Hayakawa is well known in this country as a director of Japanese drama and a brilliant actor.

BETTY W., 15.—You may write as often as you like. Of course you haven't bored me. Your question is hard to answer, because you do not give the conditions. The amperage necessary varies according to the nature of the screen, the character of the film, the size of the picture, the illumination of the house, the atmosphere, the electrodes and electrode setting, and the quality of the lenses.

JULIUS T. C.—Martha Hedman is with Metro. She played in "The Boomerang." Edmund Breese is also with Metro. Oh, yes, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are playing in "Her Sister's Sin."

MARION T. C.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls on May 2d, 1895. She was educated in Brooklyn. Brown eyes, brown curls, five feet three inches. She has never been on the stage. Van Dyke Brooke, of the Vitagraph, first saw her possibilities and brought them out. Since then I have not seen much of her.

TEDDY, BROOKLYN.—Ah, yes, I have seen Zoe Beck. She is very cunning. Her last picture was "The Desperado."

JOHNSON T., ST. LOUIS.—Alan Hale isn't playing now. Carlyle Blackwell has signed up with Equitable for three years. I believe Hal Cooley is with American.

OLD DUTCH.—Gladys Hanson in "The Havoc," five acts for Essanay. *Beth* in Hebrew means a house. You must be content with your lot—particularly if it is a *lot*, or a corner lot. Sis Hopkins is a Kalem headliner.

WILLIAM FARNUM IN "FIGHTING BLOOD" (FOX)

EDNA, ELTON ST.—All you say is true, and you might add to your list that sealing wax is not wax, that cork legs are not made of cork, that cat gut is not cat gut, but silk or sometimes sheep gut, that camel-hair brushes are not made from camel's hair, that chamois does not come from the chamois, that Dutch clocks are not made by the Dutch, that Lord Bacon was not a lord, and that the Apostles' Creed was not the creed of the apostles. That will be about all. Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin are the two best drawing cards, I guess.

MATHILDA T.—Gail Kane is now called "The Equitable Girl." Yes; William Faversham is still with Metro. I believe you. There are 175,000,000 cells in the lungs, which would cover a surface 30 times greater than the entire outside of the body. You see you must take in a lot of air to keep all this fresh and clean.

MICHAEL, CLEVELAND.—William Clifford and Margaret Gibson in "The Hidden Law."

JONSIE T. D.—I like your billet-doux. I cannot tell you whether Wilfrid North is married or not. Where ignorance is bliss it is unwise to be otherwise. Francis Bushman is a pretty good athlete, I believe, or, at least, he used to be. He is too busy now to keep in training.

PERICLES.—It's a poor mule that dont work both ways—not a poor rule, for a rule that works both ways is no rule at all. Andrew Arbuckle is with Universal. Gladys Brockwell also. Doris Pawn is with Fox.

JUSTME.—Haven't seen that play yet. Did you know that Adele Farrington is Mrs. Hobart Bosworth? Well, she is! Mae Gaston was with Horsley last. G. Raymond Nye with Universal.

BISMARK.—Habitually serious parts devoid of comedy elements and calling for strong feeling are played by a "heavy." Actors who assume important rôles are "leading heavies."

FANNY.—Did you say fan or fanny? So you are several kinds of a fan, including baseball fan and picture fan. So am I. Our head office boy defines fan as a thing used to brush warm off with; also a person who fans his enthusiasm into a flame and then cant put it out.

DEMOSTHENES.—Mary Pickford's next will be "The Eternal Grind." Yes, I have seen the song, "The Heart of Paula," by Lenore Ulrich. Edna Hunter is King Baggot's leading woman now.

BONTON.—I am glad you do not think this department is dry, but I dont agree with you. It would be if I allowed cobwebs to collect in my brain-works. George Larkin is with Equitable opposite Jane Grey.

THAIS, SARATOGA.—Did you try Famous Players? I hardly think many companies are buying scripts at present. Just now they seem to be after stage plays, "best sellers" and big names. But times will soon change.

OLGA.—I miss you in this issue, and I cannot account for it—explain yourself!

JONSIE T., CINCINNATI.—Very few Biblical plays have been produced. There is little demand for them. Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players, but the Lord only knows where she will be when you see this—perhaps with Vitagraph.

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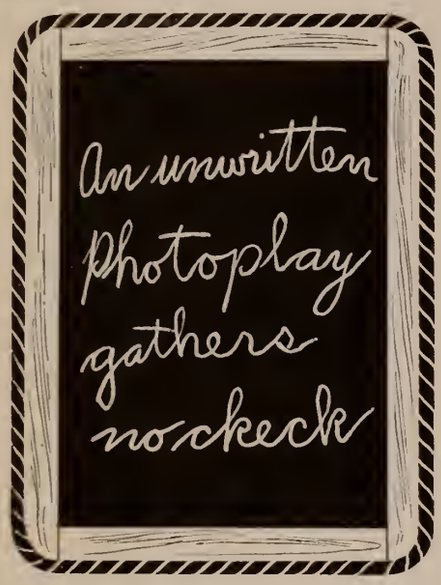

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ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

March 17, 1905.—Zena Keefe (Equitable) had for several years been associated with that popular melodrama, "The Fatal Wedding," in which she played the rôle of Jessie, the little mother, but it was such a long part that she alternated it with another little girl, Cora Quinten, there being considerable rivalry between the two of them. It is to be hoped that this day they had a jolly time of it—tho it is an open question!—celebrating St. Patrick's Day, at the Grand Theater, Wausau, Wis.

March 18, 1900.—Arthur Mackley (Mutual) had then little thought of acquiring as a trade-mark his "sheriff" habiliments, at this moment being stage director and character man of the Hopkins Stock Company, St. Louis, where upon this Sabbath day he was to be seen as Flamant in "Sapho."

March 19, 1909.—Paul Scardon (Vitagraph) was vainly endeavoring to tide himself over one of those barren periods which practically always come along in the career of all actors, trying his hand at a vaudeville sketch, of which Nance O'Neil (Lubin) was the star, playing a deputy sheriff in "$1,000 Reward," at Keith & Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theater, New York.

March 20, 1905.—Dorothy Gish (Triangle) found it a very easy task to hold her audience captive every time she spoke a line, as little Hope, in that splendid object lesson, "Her First False Step," which began a week's engagement at the Bijou Theater, Jersey City.

March 21, 1882.—Charles Kent (Vitagraph) was playing juvenile parts in this long-ago, as a member of the stock company at the Boston Theater, Boston, and he probably could, if he would, tell some very interesting tales of this particular occasion which marked the Boston première of the big English melodrama, "Youth," which had a run of eleven weeks, Mr. Kent being cast for the rôle of Owen.

March 22, 1907.—Fay Tincher (Triangle) was probably not in a particularly happy frame of mind at this time, because she had just reached the end of a Broadway engagement of thirteen consecutive weeks, being a member of Joe Weber's company at Weber's Theater, and she had the joy of speaking lines right out in public, in the rôle of Mabel Peck, in the burlesque, "Dream City."

March 25, 1901.—Fannie Midgley (Ince), who has endeared herself to screen patrons thru her able work in various character disguises, was cutting comic capers with a liberal hand, as Primrose, the negro cook, in "Brown's In Town," which, after a season of much strenuous travel, had settled down for a week at the Crescent Theater, New Orleans.

March 28, 1898.—Charles Arthur (Fox), whose busy stage career embraced the drama, stock, vaudeville, and musical comedy, was having a fling, at this time, at the last-mentioned, playing Lord Comarthy, son of the Earl of Kilbeggen (which rôle, incidentally, was filled by the present-day American director, Thomas A. Ricketts), in Rice's "The Ballet Girl," which opened a week's engagement at the Harlem Opera House, New York.

March 29, 1911.—Gail Kane (Equitable) was making a modest bid for histrionic fame, this being her first year behind the footlights, at this moment playing the small rôle of Miss Doane in "As a Man Thinketh," in which John Mason was starring, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York.

March 30, 1906.—Edward Earle (Edison) had not then embarked upon the musical-comedy career in which he was afterward destined to know such striking success, for he was playing in the support of Bertha Galland, being both the Master of Ceremonies, in the prolog, and Darby O'Donovan, in the play proper, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which this night was a sort of attraction de luxe, at the Elyria Theater Elyria, Ohio.

March 31, 1904.—Marie Doro (Lasky) was ambitiously climbing the ladder of fame, having just left the frills of musical comedy behind her, appearing at the Lyceum Theater, New York, in the support of William Gillette, with whom she played Lady Catherine Lasenby, in "The Admirable Crichton."

April 1, 1909.—Gertrude McCoy (Gaumont), who had no thought then but to serve Thespis behind the footlights, being reasonably sure that she could hold down the center of the stage when the opportunity came her way, was a delightful feast for the eye as she pirouetted about the stage of the Princess Theater, Toronto, Can., a member of the supporting company surrounding Lulu Glaser, in "Mlle. Mischief."

April 2, 1912.—Antonio M. Moreno (Vitagraph) was serving a brief term in the musical-comedy field, seemingly quite at home, too, playing the rôle of Stubbs, in "The Man from Cook's," a Klaw & Erlanger offering, which was not having an especially brilliant run

of it, at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York.

April 3, 1907.—Mabel Trunnelle (Edison) probably thought that she had received rather a cruel jolt at the hand of fate this night, as she entered the star dressing-room of the Didsburg Theater, Walden, N. Y., ready to get into the trappings of the heroine, Leila Crofton, in "Under Southern Skies."

April 4, 1900.—James Durkin (Equitable) was, at any rate, doing the best he could with the material at hand, playing leading parts with Charles Leyburne's Bon Ton Stock Company, who were glad to have you come and see them act, at the rate of ten, twenty and thirty cents, offering such classics as "The Black Flag," "Love and War," "The Castaways," "The Census Taker," and "A Desperate Man," this day being in the midst of a week's engagement at the Opera House, Westfield, Mass.

April 5, 1909.—Eleanor Woodruff (Pathé) always recalls this day with a smile of pleasure, because it marked her first appearance within the glare of the footlights, appearing among the "and others," with the Orpheum Stock, at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, the bill upon this momentous occasion being "As You Like It."

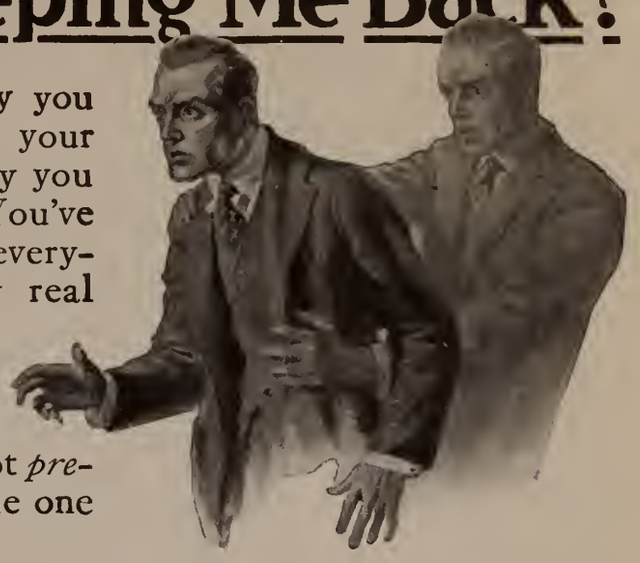
April 6, 1910.—June Daye (Lubin) was a thoroly captivating picture as the little girl, Flora Cameron, in "The Clansman," which happy thriller was completing a stay of four days at the Majestic Theater, Peoria, Ill., she being billed, of course, under the name by which we so long knew and loved her, Vinnie Burns.

April 7, 1900.—Sidney Ayres (Universal) was contributing his histrionic mite to the somewhat limited rôle of Mr. Dent, in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," in which William Morris was starring, this night concluding a lengthy, trying tour of the South, at the Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va.

April 8, 1901.—Mary Pickford (Famous Players) was in a great state of excitement this day, let me tell you, for, as a member of the Valentine Stock Company, at the Princess Theater, Toronto, Can., she achieved the ambition of every child actress, being cast for the rôle of Little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and so great was the thrill of all this, that she almost forgot that upon this very same date she also celebrated her eighth birthday!

April 10, 1894.—Sidney Drew (Metro) was flourishing in the showy opportunities afforded him in the old English comedies, being principal comedian in the support of his mother, the illustrious Mrs. John Drew, who this day played "The Rivals," at Greenwall's Opera House, Fort Worth, Tex., in which son Sidney distinguished himself in the part of Bob Acres.

What's Keeping Me Back?



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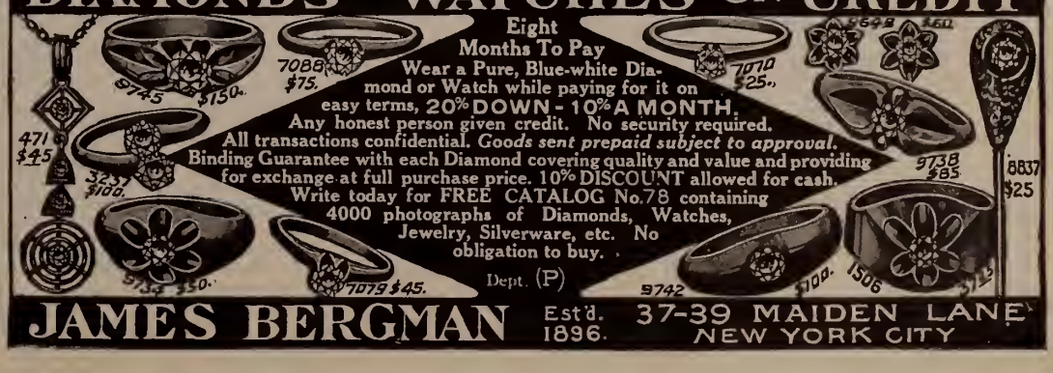

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Have You a Camera Face?

(*Continued from page* 15)

not have camera personality, and for that reason their picture value was worthless.

"The matter of film personality," said Mr. Wilson, "is possibly, after all, the most important one. I have seen people, who might be called positively homely, go before the cinematograph and, by reason of the personality and spirit expressed in their faces, be transformed on the screen into extremely good-looking types. How often have you heard people say, 'I saw So-and-So, the great film beauty, the other day, and she didn't look half so well as she does on the screen'? That is frequently very true, and, invariably, it is because that particular actress was possessed of such unusual spirit of mind and personality that the light of it, reflected in her face by the mysterious camera, rendered her beautiful!

"And, lastly, the power of expression is an all-important one. A man might be as handsome as six Greek gods put together and still be utterly unable to qualify as a photoplayer. The face must do everything, far more than the face of an actor on the stage. The latter has the words of the play and the inflections of his trained voice to get his points across, whereas the movie actor has nothing but his face, and a very occasional sub-title, to express his meaning. He must be able to run the gamut of human emotions by merely altering his expression, and, altho this may sound fairly simple, it is a gift that comes to but one out of many thousands of people. It is primarily a matter of knowing, not what to do, but what not to do. If I ask an applicant at the studio to express prodigious grief, during his test, and he begins a series of agonized facial contortions, I at once know that he's no good. If, on the other hand, his eyes look straight and tragically ahead of him without moving, and if his nostrils dilate very slightly, and his lower lip quivers as he catches it with his teeth—then I know that he has the right idea. Simplicity of expression is always the most natural expression. People in real life never act. And the highest form of Motion Picture acting is behaving just as people would in real life.

"Photography, when all is said and done, is a matter of lights and shadows, and one can readily see why prominent features have the advantage over smaller ones, especially at an average foreground. Possibly in the close-up there would not be so much difference. This, of course, does not hold good in all cases. The lens of the camera is much keener than the human eye, and very often it will get a twitch of the mouth, or the lift of an eyebrow, or some little thing about some one that is hardly perceptible to the eye. These are essentials that are the making of features for camera work, especially so in women. And let me repeat that personality is the one gigantic asset essential to picture work, and oftentimes, when it is not apparent to the eye, the camera-lens has an uncanny way of bringing it out, for, as I have said before, that certain twitch, or little characteristic, that passes unobserved to the eye, is forcibly brought out by the camera-lens.

"Women very often lose a lot of their finer points by the eternal changing of style in hair-dressing. They dress their hair becomingly enough to the eye, but, by covering the temple, forehead, ear, or some part of the face or head that holds that little attraction so necessary, they lose that something which the camera needs to bring out their personality more forcibly, and for this reason I believe that women should study, or accept advice about, their attractions and try at all times to keep their best points well in the foreground. The complexion which I consider best for camera work is the fair, with brown hair and hazel-brown eyes. One's skin must not be too thin, as the blood too close to the surface will naturally cause one to photograph dark. As for myself, my features are big, and I have been told by experts that my face was particularly adapted to the screen.

"My complexion is very much the same as I have described. I dont use this argument because I happen to be so constituted, but I find, in nearly all cases, that it is true. Take Earle Williams—a splendid photographic subject—and I think you will find his complexion the same. On the other hand, King Baggot is fair, while his eyes are light, yet he will tell you how long it took him to overcome the disadvantage of light eyes. However, he has mastered it, and is to be given credit for having overcome that difficulty by the art of make-up."

Features that are prominent, and yet not too prominent; a coloring that is full of contrasts; a personality so strong that it can be felt even by seeing a shadow on a screen; a power of expression that can portray all the elements of drama by simple pantomime—these are the prime requisites. Have you, dear reader, a movie camera face?

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Speaking of this same Virginia Pearson, she was once the chief of the Book Lovers' Library of Louisville, Ky., her native city.

Producer David Wark Griffith recently entertained Governor and Mrs. Hiram T. Johnson at his California studio. The governor was amazed at the expansiveness of said studio.

Claire Whitney, who has been "wronged," variously and villainously, in pictures, was once a model in a Fifth avenue hat shop.

D. W. Griffith had another happy thought when he selected "Don Quixote" for De Wolf Hopper's screen début. Every one knows De Wolf, not every one knows Don Quixote—now we'll all know them both.

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The Knickerbocker Star Features have not only star features, but star actresses —Jackie Saunders, the Maude Adams of the screen, for one; Margaret Landis, a meteoric young person; Marguerite Nichols, and Myrtle Reeves.

Kathryn Adams, starred by Mutual in "A Bird of Prey," planned an operatic career, but the movies called her—and the call was strong!

Margaret Gibson wishes she had lived in ancient Rome when women didn't have to wear tight clothes—this desire since her rôle in "The Heart of Tara."

Edna May, who was queen of musical comedy, is now en route to screen queendom. She recently emerged from blissful matrimonial retirement to play the lead in Vitagraph's "Salvation Joan." Her salary of $100,000 for appearance in this single picture is to be given to the Red Cross.

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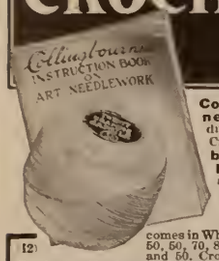

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Edna Hunter has just announced that she will not be able to grant any more requests for locks of her hair; not that she misses them—oh, no. But the insurance company that insured her hair for a hundred thousand dollars stipulates that it shall not be "tampered with, or the contract is null and void."

King Baggot and the Imp Co. are in Savannah, working on "Half a Rogue," a five-reeler, based on the novel by Harold McGrath.

Plaintively laments Ethel Teare—"I try to be nice, but I wish the girl fans who write letters to me would enclose postage. It cuts into my pin-money something dreadful."

After crashing to earth in an aeroplane, Bud caustically hissed at Ham, "Leave your shoes off next time. What do you think an aeroplane is?—an elephant?"

The "first Mutual Chaplin" is a hundred-foot picture showing Chaplin and Pres. John R. Freuler, of Mutual, signing the contract which gives Chaplin the world's biggest salary.

Mary Miles Minter, whose honest-to-goodness name is Juliet Shelby, is a direct descendant of Governor Isaac Shelby—first governor of Kentucky.

Mme. Petrova is literarily as well as screenically talented—she contributes to the leading magazines of New York and Boston, and is an authority on Ibsen, Sudermann, Bjornson, Shaw and Tolstoy.

Mollie King, young and dainty World Film star, is in North Carolina, producing "The Call of Love" amid the most picturesque scenery of the South.

Harry Palmer is going back to the cartoon idea, for which he was the screen sponsor. The entire time of the Gaumont staff will be devoted to animated cartoons.

Gladys Hulette makes her stellar début in the Mutual masterpiece de luxe edition, "The Flight of the Duchess," an adaptation of Browning's famous poem.

Thomas Chatterton loves to act. He loves it so well that every once in a while he stops his labors as a producer and just *acts*.

The picture players at Universal City recently added one of the youngest of professional dancers to their staff. She is eight-year-old Lena Baskette, and she has been nicknamed Pavlowa Junior.

Mary Fuller thinks kindergartening is her true vocation. She recently had eight babies in one scene, fed them certified milk, amused them with toys from the property room, and was *more* than maternally successful.

Valeska Suratt was once a milliner in Terre Haute, Ind. She has not forgotten the art.

Cleo Madison umpired a baseball game last Sunday when members of Yale Alumni played a game. She made good, believe me!

Charlie Chaplin has subscribed $1,300 to the Actors' Fund of America.

Louise Glaum is about to become a vampire. She will vamp initially in a new Ince production.

Collier, Jr., looked scornful when asked if he would rather play or work in pictures. "Picture work is play," quoth Collier, Jr.

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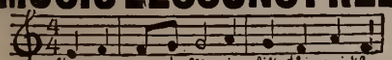

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Enid Markey likes weepy parts because she likes to move audiences, and her sex, she laughs, always finds more comfort in tears than laughter. The men? Mere trifles! Let 'em weep!

Mary Miles Minter's tour of Canada was a triumphal march strewn with flowers and favors from young and old.

Clara Kimball Young is going to take an eight weeks' vacation on July 15th. She will tour Egypt, Algiers and part of northern Africa.

Anna Held is wearing mourning for "Ranger," a beloved horse, who broke both front legs during a mountain journey, and in the absence of a veterinary had to be shot.

Flora Finch, co-player with the late John Bunny for so long, has returned to New York from Jacksonville, Fla., where she appeared in a comedy for the Mirror Films.

Vivian Rich was born at sea, and the sea-wind, the sea-sun and the sea-mystery seem to be parts of her nature.

Dorothy Dalton, supporting H. B. Warner in "The Raiders," is said to have refused to enter the social whirl of Chicago, in order that she might go on the stage. Her father is a wealthy real estate operator.

Lucille (Lady Duff Gordon) designed the gowns Edna Mayo is wearing in "The Strange Case of Mary Page."

George Beban, in "The Pawn of Fate," was the pawn of many pastoral mishaps while taking the scenes. Aside from herding sheep and milking cows and collecting eggs, he was chased by a mad bull and thoroly stung by hornets.

Hughey Mack nearly lost his young life recently when he got caught in a revolving door. He affirms that he traveled 2 miles 6 feet 7 4-5 inches before he was released—large bodies in small spaces!

Bertha Kalich is opposed to censorship—she does not consider it a rational thing, since, argues she, the majority of players, producers and writers are moral, sane, reasonable people—and there's good and bad in everything.

Lucille Taft recently entertained the girls of Gaumont at a fish dinner. Afterward they swam—why, the *girls*, of course!

Marguerite Snow, last seen in "A Corner in Cotton," was raised around Savannah, Ga., so the "locales" were highly familiar to her.

Harry Neville, character actor in "Dimples," once produced Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" with a complete Hindoo cast.

Helen Holmes found a brand new eight-cylinder coupé and an exquisite diamond ring awaiting her on her arrival home from Las Vegas, Nevada, where she and her company have been filming "The Girl and the Game." "Yours for your excellent work," the gifts read. Who wouldn't work for such as these?

De Wolf Hopper has five screenic reasons for melancholy. They are: (1) He has to get up in the morning. (2) He never gets a "hand," no matter how well he acts. (3) He cant sing into a film. (4) D. W. Griffith wont let him recite "Casey at the Bat." (5) He is afraid De Wolf Hopper, Jr., is going to look like him. Conceive of being humorous under such a load!

We have with us this evening: Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid, p. 29; William Stowell, Warren Elsworth, Rhea Mitchell and Estelle Allen, p. 49; Sidney Mason and Marguerite Courtot, p. 41; Rogers Lytton and Dorothy Kelly, p. 53; Edna May and Harry Morey, p. 54.

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Boys of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 22)

with Eclair as the villain in a "kid series." He played the boy rôle in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and had the fresh office boy part in "The Little Church Around the Corner."

In "Hearts of Men," a Charles K. Harris picture, a delightful story of children is interwoven, in which Master Frank Longacre and Nicholas Long, Jr., are rivals for the friendship of charming little Ethelmary Oakland, while a crowd of other youngsters are used in several school scenes.

These, then, are some of our principal boy friends in the films, and they may be trusted to do full justice to the American boy as we know him in our everyday life. Naturally enough, these clever boy actors are called upon to do hazardous stunts. Sometimes they find themselves in a tight fix. But they never balk or show the white feather; they are heroes both inside and out.

During the taking of a scene on the St. John's River in Florida, recently, little Georgie Hollister was thrown fifty feet out into the stream, instead of a few feet, as the director had planned. The boy could not swim and he was in a dangerous plight. He was rescued, true enough, but it was a close call.

"That nearly got me that time," he exclaimed, as they laid him out comfortably in the back seat of an automobile; "but will it—will it make a good picture?"

That is the spirit of our boy friends in the films.

Ditmars in Camera Wonderland

(*Continued from page* 19)

ously for victory. In this connection it is well to state that not even the stage manager was able to prevent the excitement of the scene from communicating to the audience in the grand-stand, and in the last lap the more excited spectators climbed the grand-stand railing and entered the race.

Two great difficulties had to be overcome in this scene. One was to get all the contestants off when the monkey fired the starting-gun, and the other to distribute handicaps so skilfully that the swiftest could not race ahead of the less speedy. Each detail had to be worked out, and each animal having a "speaking" part had to be trained. It required four months' steady work before the camera man was called in.

This scene required a stage of forty feet. The next most difficult performance required a stage the size of a postage stamp. Upon this performed the star of the fly juggling troupe. This fly rides into the arena in a chair upon the back of a beetle; then it juggles dumb-bells.

The children will be delighted with what has recently been done. While the work of Mr. Ditmars' dramatic school is not strictly scientific, it will be of great value in promoting an interest in animals among children, to say nothing of grown-up folks. He is attempting to do with the actual subjects what Kipling did in the Jungle Tales with imaginary ones. And as for Alice in Wonderland and her Walrus and her Hare, they were pretty flat creatures to the real actor birds and beasties of today.

How They Got In

(*Continued from page* 25)

to appear before the camera in the daytime. I was greatly interested. The vigorous outdoor work appealed to me, and it was all very different from the stage. Instead of words, here always was action—I did not only act my part, I really lived it with nature's own scenery for a background. The picture, when finished, was called 'A Western Memory,' and in its way was quite successful. I remained under the banner of the Pathé Company for four years, concluding at the termination of the famous 'Perils of Pauline' serial."

Earle Williams is considered by many to be the handsomest man on the screen, and his enormous popularity may have something to do with that fact. But apart from good looks, Mr. Williams has accomplished big things, and he deserves a prominent place in the front ranks of stardom. Mr. Williams, in very characteristic handwriting, says:

"I had been on the stage for ten years. My last engagement was with George Beban in 'The Sign of the Rose,' in vaudeville. Not having had a very long season, I looked around for something to do during the summer. I was introduced to Messrs. Smith and Blackton, the Vitagraph chiefs, and they immediately engaged me.

"My first part was the lead in the picture called 'The Thumb Print.' Miss Helen Case played opposite me and Harry Morey played the heavy. It was interesting work from the start. It was very different from the stage, more different than most people could possibly imagine. The lights came from the top instead of the bottom. The make-up was entirely different, and the stage was about one-eighth the size, except when we played outdoors, and then it was much larger than the usual stage.

"I must have made good in that picture, for they engaged me permanently, and I have been with the Vitagraph Company ever since that time, four years now, and I hope I will be with them for many years to come."

Thus it may be seen that even the greatest of picture players have had their trials and tribulations. Save in very few exceptions, all the screen people who are admired and starred now, were, just a little while ago, struggling actors and actresses, learning their part in life in the hard, hard school of the "one-night stand" troupe. There appears to be no short-cut to fame; once more can it be seen how difficult it is for the aspiring neophyte to step into the star's dressing-room and public film favor overnight.

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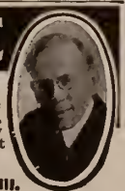

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The Spoken Drama

A New Department for Playgoers of the Speaking Stage

By ROBERT GRAU

As recently as two years ago, the stage producers who produce spoken plays were so befogged in their perspective that, with rare exceptions, they predicted that the disastrous conditions on the speaking stage were wholly due to the maelstrom of influences which created and eventually perpetuated the vogue of the photoplay.

It is now conceded that, instead of ultimately operating destructively, the Motion Picture play has helped immeasurably, not only to vastly extend the vogue of the silent drama, but all the time that the millions of photoplay patrons were creating an overwhelming new public for the screen, slowly, but surely, this public was getting acquainted with the drama on stage and screen alike.

In a volume published by the writer three years ago appears the following as a foreword:

"The gentlemen who produce for the stage and who have as an entity been so reluctant to recognize that an all-compelling new art is no longer lying dormant, will awaken perhaps too late to a realization that the most constructive influence of the Motion Picture is the part it is already playing in creating a nation of playgoers, for while the photoplay public is constantly increasing, the number of spoken playgoers as yet is small, but that it is perceptible requires no scrutiny."

With this viewpoint, not one in a thousand would agree. Daniel Frohman was one to not only see the light a year later, but the latter's influence in creating new playgoers for the spoken play is evidenced by his own words on the very day he began to produce photoplays.

Said Mr. Frohman:

"Some day I am going to produce for the stage again. On the horizon I see a new public to whom photoplays alone have appealed. This public once acquainted with our drama will one day not far off find its way to the four-walled playhouse in a desire to see the actor and hear him as well."

It is in the belief that photoplays are gradually enticing all the people to their realm, and that the spoken play may one day attract the masses to only a lesser extent, that the writer has urged the Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine and the Motion Picture Classic to undertake the unusual, namely, to inaugurate a spoken-play

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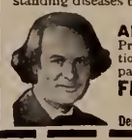

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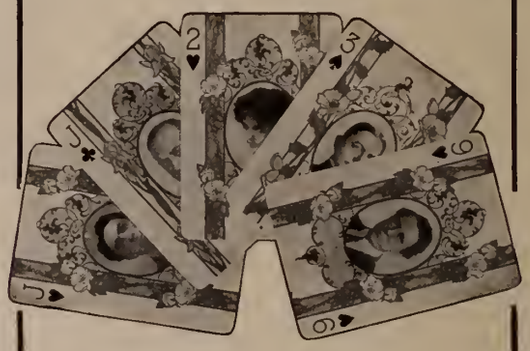

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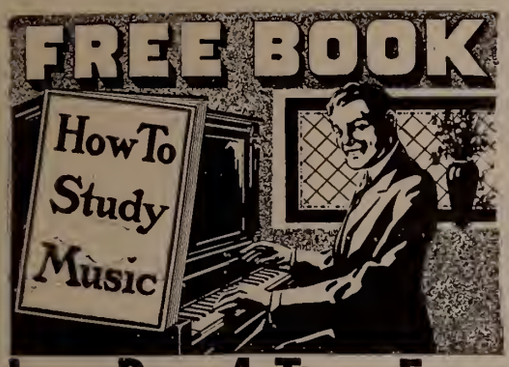

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department of briefly reviewed plays. And just so surely as the day is near when public interest will increase for spoken plays when picturized, the day is not so very far off when original photoplays, conceived with the screen alone in mind, by the world's greatest screen geniuses, will be dramatized for the stage.

Guide to the Theaters

Plays Now or Recently in New York That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Longacre.—"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy rôle. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona." A pleasing Indian story with Lenore Ulrich and William Courtleigh, who are well known in pictures, beautifully staged by Belasco, and splendidly acted by an excellent cast. Of its kind, this play has seldom been equaled.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies), and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folk will be held spellbound, and the old folk will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip Hooray." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

Empire.—Hall Caine's "Margaret Schiller." A war drama—it might even be called a tragedy—starring Elsie Ferguson as a German spy in an English home, who loses her heart and sacrifices her life. It is of unusual contemporaneous interest, and, while founded on an almost impossible situation, holds the interest thruout, and gives good opportunity for the star to show her dramatic ability.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last" (now on tour). A beautiful light opera with an excellent cast, superb scenery, and high-class music that has seldom been equaled in operas of this kind.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

AMONG THE MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES THAT ARE SCHEDULED FOR THE JUNE CLASSIC ARE:

"A Play Day with Marguerite Courtot." By Grace Wynden Vail.

This is a four-page article, illustrated with seven beautiful pictures of Miss Courtot.

"Making Up for the Movies." By J. W. Chamberlain.

Illustrated with pictures of Ralph Ince as Lincoln, Mary Fuller, King Baggot, Ormi Hawley, Mahel Trunnelle, Vera Sisson, Polly Moran, Frank Daniels, Charles Ogle, Arthur Housman, Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan.

"Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children." By B. A. Holway.

Illustrated with pictures of Little Billy Jacohs, Leland Benham, Helen Badgley, Dorothy Benham and others.

"Tears as a Screen Asset." By Elizabeth Petersen.

Illustrated with pictures of Mary Fuller, Iva Shepard, Mary Pickford, Cleo Madison and Rosemary Thehy.

"Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players." By Lillian May.

Including those of Ann Murdock, Pauline Frederick and Nan Carter. And many other articles just as interesting.

June Motion Picture Magazine Out April 29th

THE JUNE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE WILL CONTAIN THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING ARTICLES, AMONG OTHERS:

"Why De Wolf Hopper Allowed Himself to be Shot." By Bennie Zeidman.

This is a five-page article with an elahorate lay-out of pictures on every page, including one of Mrs. Hopper, one of Sir Herhert Tree and many of Mr. Hopper in various costumes.

"Sirens of the Screen." By Waldemar Wynefort.

This is an unusually interesting article, and the illustrations are hcautiful. Theda Bara heads the list of Screen Sirens, hut there are many others who promise to give Miss Bara an interesting race for first honors.

"The Lannigans and Brannigans." By Jas J. Gable.

In which these funny Irish characters created by Mr. Gahle discuss film topics in their usual entertaining style.

"Movie Censorship as It Should Be." By Freling Foster.

A witty satire showing the folly and futility of official censorship.

"Adventures of a Cub." By Martha Groves McKelvie.

In which the "Cub" runs into Eddie Foy, which makes an interesting collision.

"Two Is a Company." By Rose Standish.

This is an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and is illustrated with full-page pencil sketches hy *James Montgomery Flagg.*

Great Popularity Contest.

In this issue begins the most important contest for photoplayers that was ever conducted. We advise you to get in early on this, and to get your friends in, so that your favorites will he kept in the race. Dont let other people's favorites get a run-away start on you.

"Tableaux from Children's Picture Plays." By Harvey Peake.

This is a cut-out puzzle for the young folks, and tells how to make four scenes from "Little Red Riding Hood."

"What They Do When Not Acting." By Howard Reich.

The husy stage and screen player has other serious affairs demanding attention, and this interesting article tells how Howard Reich, Eleanor Woodruff, Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Jane Grey, Frank Sheridan, Muriel Ostriche and Carlyle Blackwell spend their spare time.

"Frozen Echoes from the Movies." By Lillian Blackstone.

Here are some of the recipes to be found in this article, and they will help to keep you cool this summer: Dorothy Gish Mint Frappé, Blanche Sweet Special, Marguerite Courtot Cherry, Anita Stewart Goddess Fluff, Cleo Madison Three-in-One, and Geraldine Farrar Carmel Carmen.

"What Are They Saying?" $250 Prize Contest.

While this contest has closed, the winners are yet to be announced, and everyhody will he interested in reading some of the clever answers.

And dont forget the numerous departments, such as the "Limericks," illustrated with pen-and-ink cartoons, the Popular Plays and Players, the Answer Man, the Answer Lady, As Others See You, the beautiful Gallery of Players (16 pages) and the wonderful illustrated stories of the films. Dont miss the June number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

In spite of the high cost of paper, which is about double what it was a few months ago, and the scarcity of good paper at any price, we purpose giving our readers just as good a book as we ever did, and even better. Our aim always has been to make our readers exclaim, with each successive issue, "The Best Yet," and we do not pur pose breaking that record. Dont forget that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be on sale on all newsstands on and after April 29, and the next Classic on May 13.

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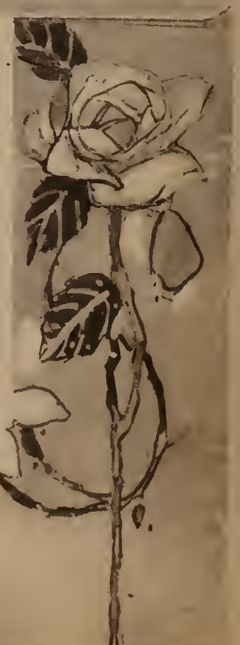

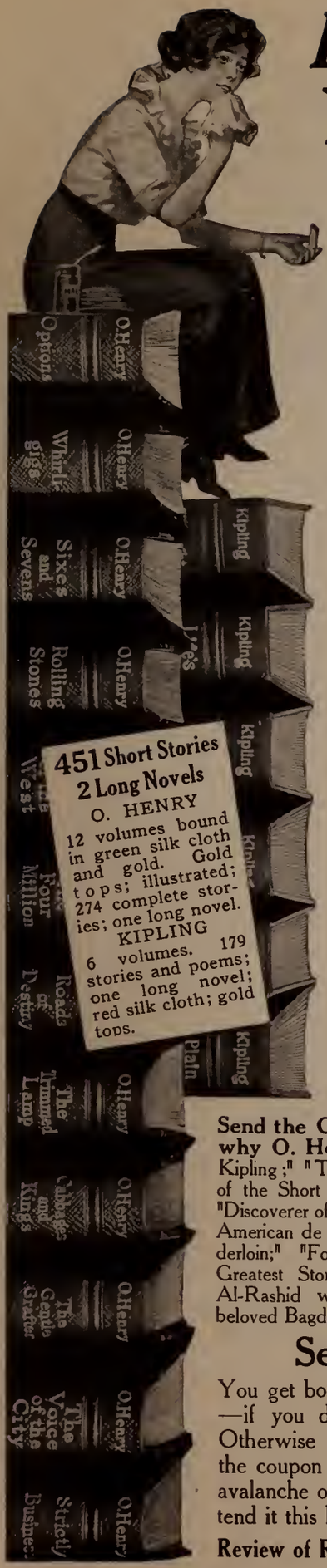
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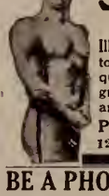

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. II. JUNE, 1916 NO. 4

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Edwin M. La Roche, Gladys Hall, Robert J. Shores, Dorothy Donnell, E. M. Heinemann. Associate Editors
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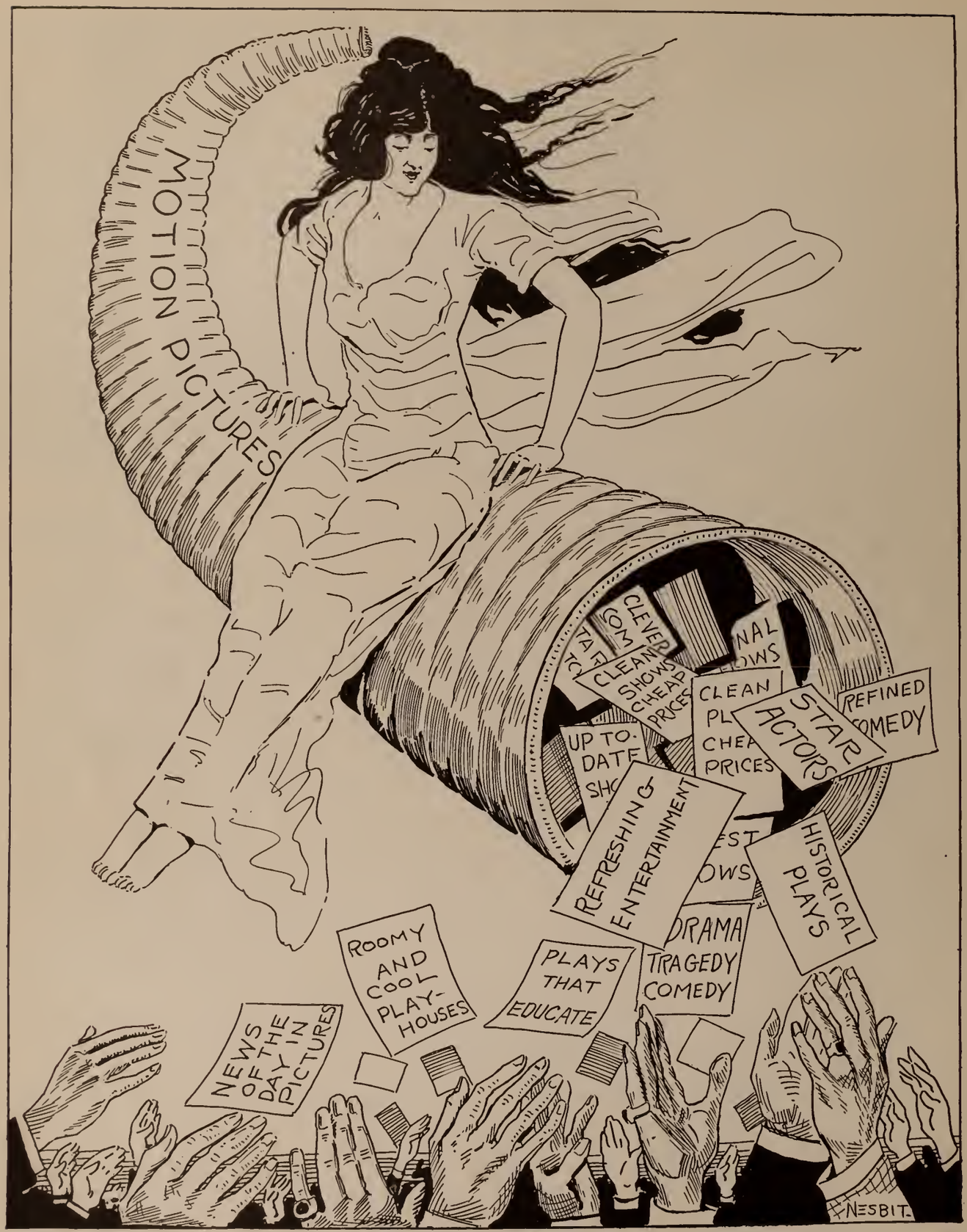

HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

By H. J. KRIER

Rejoice with me that every day has end,
And comes the night with solace and with cheer;
A time to build new hopes, a time to mend—
To new believe that life and love are dear.

A time to watch the drama on the screen,
To share their hope, to see their love prevail;
A time to think of those who work unseen,
Without whose toil the greater work must fail.

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THE HUNTRESS

BY NORMAN BRUCE

Adapted by CATHERINE CARR from the Novelette of G. VERE TYLER

THE woman among the tossed, silken sheets and laces of the bed raised round, creamy arms above her head in a luxurious yawn, like Aphrodite rising from the foam. Two heavy plaits of dark hair lay along her sides, dwarfing the pale oval of her face to child-contours, tho there was nothing of the child in her mocking eyes. Her neck was delicate and pearly-skinned against the flesh-colored ribbons of the robe-de-nuit. She lay back, after her indolent awakening, watching the bar of late morning sunlight slanting across her bosom, with the half-closed, inscrutable eyes of a dreaming animal.

"Est-ce-que mademoiselle peut la chocolat, maintenent?" With the padded foot of service, the maid was beside the bed, silver tray in hand. "C'est bon jour, aujourd'hui, et la manicure viendra——"

"Chocolate? Yes, Felice; but it is making me outrageously fat!"

"Mais non! Mademoiselle est maigre, vraiment! Mon Dieu — *fat*, ees eet?"

In her secret soul Felice wondered how a woman as small and lacking in fleshly charm as her mistress could be adored, as it was evident, even to her astute French eyes, that mademoiselle was adored by the scores of men who came evening after evening to worship her. She drew the mauve-colored curtains back, raised the pillows deftly, and laid the steaming tray, with its rose-wreathed chocolate-set and little mound of golden toast, on the coverlet.

"Et la robe pour la nuit, mademoiselle?" she questioned on the edge of flight. "W'at gown you weesh I prepair for zees evening, plees?"

The rose-wreathed cup paused midway to the lips of her mistress. She considered, half-smiling between disdainful lips; then her heavy-lidded eyes lifted toward the maid.

"The blanche et noir, Felice," she said, "and the bracelets with the chain and opals."

Comprehension lay in Felice's malicious smile, as she tripped away to get out the most striking of mademoiselle's striking gowns. It meant, as she knew very well, a new man; no doubt the Harcourt monsieur, who had appeared last evening. There was a subtle meaning in every robe in the scented wardrobe. The black-and-white meant conquest.

Over her chocolate, Nadine Girard, known in every club in New York as The Huntress, frowned with sudden memory. Some puzzlement, some gnat annoyance had buzzed thru her dreams all night, and now she understood what it was. That man last night—the big, broad, silent man with the steady eyes; they baffled her—those eyes—and challenged her.

The Huntress smiled scornfully. She put down the cup and flung the covers back, bringing her body to the edge of the bed. Stooping, she groped for her slippers, then crossed the deep carpet to the cheval glass, and faced her image within. For a moment she gazed, head flung back haughtily; then she spread out one white hand as one motions to a fawning dog at one's knees.

"I am not afraid," murmured The Huntress. "He is big and cool and different from the others—perhaps a bravo among other men—but he shall love me, and I shall laugh at him—him, too!"

In the embrasure of the French window, Fleming Harcourt let his cigar ebb to a red pin-point of light. Across the flat city roofs the strange electric constellations of the city flared on the sky, as a month ago he had watched the Southern Cross burn red and blue. A jargon of street noises crept up to him—a throaty sobbing of violins from the music-room, where his hostess and her court were lingering over coffee and liqueurs; and six weeks ago he had stood in the gusty moon-washed groves of an African rubber plantation, listening to the chattering of small, brown apes above his head! Well, life was a patchwork of contraries, and he was a bit tired of exploring and journeying into strange places, so he had come home, resolved to put on the sack-coat of citizenry, to marry some comfortable, sensible girl and settle down.

Harcourt laughed softly to himself. Once an explorer, always an explorer, it would seem, for here he was, on his third night in the city, in the drawing-room of the notorious Huntress, whose personality, in the two brief glimpses he had had of it, opened the view of as exotic, wild, unexplored a country as any he had seen on his wanderings.

He flicked the long, gray ash-bar from his cigar with a nervous gesture, and pressed his forehead to the cool panes of the window, frowning. It occurred to him that he had been a bit of a fool to let Ned Ashley's maudlin panegyrics anent The Huntress arouse his curiosity to the extent of accompanying Ned to her house. He had come, sneeringly, prepared to find a typical vampire woman, either long and sinuous and scrawny or over-developed and provocative. He had found, instead, a slight child-figure with a face of dainty disdain and a short, curling, red upper lip that a man—he realized suddenly—might be willing to die to kiss; and, moreover, this Huntress, to whom rumor credited a hundred conquests, had a mind as well as a body, and a scornful wit like a flashing rapier.

"H'm! lucky there's a strike on at my mines," he muttered wryly. "If I didn't have to go West in a couple of days, I might—— Well, I might be a d—n fool and stay!"

The cool tinkle of Nadine Girard's laughter trickled like crisp water-drops across his thoughts. He half-turned, took a step toward the curtains, and checked himself roughly, seeing thru the folds that Ned Ashley was with her and speaking with a deadly earnestness that left no doubt as to the purport of his words.

"Dont laugh at me, Nadine—*Nadine!*" the poor dupe was pleading. "I tell you I mean it—every word. I cant play poker for thinking of you, nor even read the newspaper. Hang it all! I—I adore you, and you laugh at me! Haven't you got any heart at all?"

"I have never felt it if I have," said the woman coolly—"at least it is certain you will not be able to find it for me, my poor Ned."

She laughed low. Fleming Harcourt

"DONT LAUGH AT ME, NADINE—*NADINE!*" THE POOR DUPE WAS PLEADING

held his breath, gazing. In the black-and-white witchery of her strange gown, with the heavy, gold wristlets linking her slender arms together by a long, golden chain, this woman caught the imagination irresistibly. Once, in an East African forest, Harcourt had met a little, striped feline-creature of the leopard breed and dared to contest the right of way with her. He bore the savage marks of the encounter on his body now, but it had been he who had conquered and watched, thru the raining blood, the humbled cat-creature crawl to lick his feet and die. As he stood in this luxurious house, behind The Huntress' velvet, rose curtains, a sudden memory of the scene flashed across his brain, and he felt his muscles tauten and his blood thicken.

"I could tame her," he thought, breathlessly; "I *will* tame her!"

Beyond the curtains Ned Ashley was sobbing over The Huntress' white hands.

"I might have known I was a fool to dream; but you make us all fools, Nadine," he said; then, with a touch of dignity, "but I'm not fool enough to stay here for you to make fun of, nor to come again. Add me to your list if you want to, but dont expect to get any more fun out of me. I'm done, dear—*done!*"

To The Huntress, smiling secretly over her own thoughts, came a big, quiet figure from the curtained window and faced her, drawing her gaze.

"I owe you an apology," said Fleming Harcourt, slowly. "I played eavesdropper just now. I was interested in seeing what sort of a woman you were."

"And did you discover?" The Huntress shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "I give you full leave to find out—for yourself."

The glove of her challenge fell at Harcourt's feet. He almost stooped to snatch it up, then, despite the thick beating of his veins, managed a cool, aloof smile.

"I am in New York for only a week longer," he said. "I fear that is too short a time for exploration. But no doubt you will find it a simple matter to get a substitute. And now good-evening, Miss Girard." He bowed, with ironic politeness, met her glance fully, and went out of the room, every nerve in his body quivering.

"Lord!" he muttered, as he went down the steps and paused to light a cigar with shaking fingers, "I'm going to see this thru. A week, did I say? It cant be a day longer, or those strikers out at the mine will get the upper hand. It's up to her now, and, of course, I may never hear from her again. But I dont imagine she ever had a man show indifference before. I'd bet my bottom dollar she writes——"

Here his third match burned his fingers without meeting the cigar-tip, and he flung both away and plunged into the surge of traffic, toward the nearest taxi-stand, hands deep in his coat-pockets. If the woman left alone in her beautiful drawing-room—curling, crimson lip caught savagely between white teeth—could have seen the little matter of the discarded cigar, perhaps it would have eased the intolerable smart of her pride; but, as it was, she sent her visitors home summarily and went up to Felice's ministrations with flashing eyes. And for half of a sleepless night she tossed among her embroideries and laces, recalling every note of a slow, sarcastic voice, every contemptuous expression of a strong, handsome face.

"I hate him—I hate him!" she cried. It was her boast that no man had ever made her love him, but she did not realize that this same hatred was bringing her perilously near her Waterloo.

To Fleming Harcourt the days of the succeeding week crawled by on stumbling feet. With every knock on his door, his heart leaped up suffocatingly, only to sink again at the sight of the yellow telegrams that reminded him of his neglected duties in the West. And then, when he had almost ceased to expect it, her letter came. It was very brief, almost formal—as tho each word in it had been written grudgingly; but it asked him to call on her, and Harcourt knew, when he read it, that triumph was not so much his sensation as a profound, sickening relief.

"I love her," he said aloud, slowly, over the scented sheets of paper. "I did not mean to, but it is stronger than I. But I am not one of her fools to play to her vanity and weakly take dismissal. She shall never know I love her, until she has confessed first that she loves me."

It was the last possible night of his stay in the city. Tomorrow, whether or no, he must be speeding across the continent to his mines. But he would spend this last evening royally—he would be spendthrift of its few, golden moments, for the stakes for which he was gambling were very high.

The Huntress received him alone, a concession that was almost a confession, if he could have guessed it, and for an

"I HAVE BEEN FAVORED OF MEN ABOVE ALL OTHERS—EVEN TONIGHT YOU COULD NOT HELP BUT HEAR THEIR ADORATION"

hour the two sat in conventional chatter, wary of each other as two wrestlers watching their advantage.

"He shall look at me," she resolved, fiercely; "he shall not sit there like a stick or a stone——"

"I must be careful," he told himself; "she is very beautiful—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen——"

So he rose, leisurely, and walked away from her, feigning interest in a print on the wall.

"Charming!" he vouchsafed—"eighteenth century? The coloring is a bit decadent, tho——"

"Do you find nothing in my room more worth looking at?" asked The Huntress, in a suppressed voice. Harcourt glanced at her calmly.

"Infinitely more worth while, my dear lady," he assented—"but hardly as safe."

"You are afraid?" Scorn edged her tone. It brought him, as she had desired, to her side. But the look she had desired was not on his face—only fury and a sort of savage purpose.

"Are you trying your tricks on me, my lady?" he asked thru set teeth. "You will find me a different metal from your other—friends."

"Yes?" She was smiling lazily up at him over the rage of her heart. The heavy lids above her dark eyes were violet-tinged. A clear pallor, more warm than color, ran across her skin. The short, curling crimson of her upper lip invited him.

Before he could stop himself, he had her in his arms, kissing her again and again. Then he groaned and thrust her roughly from him, burying his face in his hands. A silver laugh aroused him.

"Different metal?" echoed The Huntress, ironically. "You are only a man, my friend!"

Fleming Harcourt went into the hall and returned with his hat and coat and carrying a long, silken wrap of hers. His face was very white and very—terribly—stern.

"Put this on," he said—"you are coming with me."

"Where—cave-man?" But The Huntress' voice was frightened above the flippant words.

"I kist you," said the man, sternly—"kist you for the first time I have ever kist a woman—kist you as I promised myself, when I was a boy, I would kiss the woman I was to marry. Now you are coming with me. You are going to marry me tonight——"

"But I do not love you!"

"It is not a question of loving," he said bitterly. "Put on your wrap. I am waiting. I shall wait until you come."

The comet-like courtship of Fleming Harcourt and Nadine Girard furnished the cocktail of gossip for New York's club-lounges for many days, but nothing of their buzzing speculations or comments reached the ears of the principals, who had left for the West on the very night of their marriage. Before amazement had had time to tarnish, however, they were back again, and had taken up their quarters in the most exclusive apartment-house in town.

"NOW YOU ARE COMING WITH ME. YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY ME TO-NIGHT——"

And then elbows were nudged and eyebrows lifted and significant shoulders shrugged. For it became known that Harcourt and his wife occupied two separate apartments on different floors of the building. And before gossip had caught her breath over this juicy morsel of news, The Huntress issued invitations for one of her evenings, sent them to her old court of admirers, and received them gracefully, without obtruding her newly acquired husband's society into the general gaiety of the reunion. And the honeymoon was hardly dim before men were worshiping at The Huntress' shrine as hopefully and hopelessly as before.

All this on the surface; but beneath the placid crust of their lives, Harcourt and his wife, each unknown to the other, felt the surge of volcanic upheavals. Before the world and one another they

(*Continued on page* 63)

SCENE FROM "STANLEY'S SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN CITY" (CENTAUR)

The Effect Motion Pictures Have on Heathens

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE modern method of educating heathens is by Motion Pictures. With the able assistance of a fairly durable projection machine and a collection of suitable films, the missionary can do much to convert them to Christianity.

The missionary may use all the eloquence in his power and distribute books, but the fact remains that the ignorant natives can understand neither at first. Teaching them how to speak, read and understand English is both a lengthy and uphill task.

In the days before Christianity, the recognized thought transference medium, so we are led to believe, was to cut crude pictures on slabs of stone. The modern equivalent of this is the Motion Picture. The eye can absorb much which the brain cannot. Imagine, then, the effect such a classic as "From the Manger to the Cross" would have on heathens out in Africa or the South Seas. Would not the life of our Saviour impress them to a favorable degree? There are many Biblical stories which could bring home to them the foolishness of worshiping stone and wooden idols.

Educational films, on the other hand, would afford them a comprehensive insight into how the Christian world lives today. American cities, industries, customs and sanitation are some of the subjects which are eminently suited for the purpose.

It must be set on record, however, that the efforts of one missionary in the wilds of Africa were not very pleasing, but one must expect to encounter some pioneer work in this direction as in others.

Besides, the persevering man tried divers ways in order to gain the attention of the hard-to-please natives, but failed in every instance. So when a stranded American came along to the nearest township and was glad to sell his Motion Picture outfit for a mere song, the missionary decided to try out the Motion Picture as a last resource.

One night he rigged up his camp-show near the heathen village and invited all the inhabitants to be present. Unfortunately, as it turned out to be later, all his films were slapstick comedies, otherwise the right kind of films might have rewarded his untiring efforts with success.

The natives were so astonished at first that they all stood up and then went down on their hands and knees as if to show reverence.

Before long they literally laughed themselves to death and became so unruly that the missionary had great difficulty in continuing the perform-

SCENE FROM "STANLEY AMONG THE VOODOO WORSHIPERS" (CENTAUR)

ance. He experienced a sample of the effect the films had on them when, about a week later, he came across a band of natives acting what they had seen with great vigor.

Particularly exciting were the chase scenes, in which the blacks chased one of the tribe, whose face had been covered with white clay to resemble a white man.

Things looked very serious when they staged the trick incident. One of the films they had witnessed depicted a man beating a tattoo with his club on another man's head, only to find his victim suddenly disappear in thin air.

To the amazement of the natives, however, the victim remained where he was. Just as they were going to deal the victim another vicious blow, the missionary intervened.

When their attention was eventually secured, he told them that the thing was not done in reality. The fact that they had been deceived "got the goats" of the natives, who, on the next day, attacked the tent, when the missionary was absent, and completely wrecked everything, including the projection machine. They used the strips of film as articles of jewelry.

But in the South Sea Islands, Vicomte de Geron, a Frenchman, runs a chain of Motion Picture shows on the principal islands, which are doing much to breed the spirit of content among the natives.

Outside of dances and feasts, the natives have no other form of amusement, and the Motion Picture, therefore, comes as a boon and blessing.

The theater operator, at the first performance, blundered, which resulted in one of the reels of film running loose from his box. The natives did not know what to make of the incident, so they each purloined a strip of the film as a souvenir.

Today the natives attend as regularly and orderly as any American audience. They are not, however, particular how old the films are. Those they see have first gone the rounds of a number of theaters in New Zealand.

Apart from enlightening them in regard to how the civilized world lives, there has been less law-breaking since the advent of the Motion Picture.

FILMIGRAMS

By EDWARD ABBOTT

You never can tell from the looks of a reel how far it will make the business jump.

There may be risks in movie acting, but at least there are no eggs to be dodged—they all land.

Shakespearean actors are gradually turning to the films for their Bacon.

A director can learn by listening even to the woman who scrubs the studio.

Many a career on the screen had as its foundation the ability to wear clothes well.

Some scenario writers are of the opinion that tale should have been called "Ali Baba and the Forty Film Directors."

When a man has had his ear-drums ruined by some cat-voiced prima donna he becomes a firm advocate of the silent drama.

Some movie actors only stop knocking the business long enough to receive their salaries.

It remained for the silent drama to put the real noise in amusements.

Individual preferment among movie stars is very often limited to the man in the mirror.

My profession—may it always be noble; but noble or not—my profession.

APRIL—

American

This story was written from the Photoplay of CLIFFORD HOWARD

by

Dorothy Donnell

"'Pears like April is the purtiest month they is!" The girl in the calico gown, sitting on the springless wagon-seat beside Doc Jenkins, caught at the scarlet-budded branch of mountain maple, blown across the narrow roadway, and laughed aloud—the pure, ringing laugh of joyous youth. At the sound, the man turned his weather-colored face, with its quizzical eyes and kindly mouth, toward her. He had grown old here among his mountains and seen life very deeply and very simply, as a country doctor must; but he had never seen anything fairer than this slim, star-eyed girl in the faded pink gown, shrunken till it showed every curve and sweet line of her young body, as the seed-case clothes the unfolding bud.

"Lor'! April-gal"—the wistfulness of age, looking at youth, was in his voice. He put one great square-fingered hand on the bright head, burned, by the sunshine of seventeen years, into a dozen shades of umber and tawny orange and ripe gold, and turned her face toward him, solemnly—"if you-all aint the *livest!* Whatever got into ye, honey, to make you grow up this-away?"

He was thinking of savage Tim Fagan and his faded, joyless wife, Martha, with her greasy wisp of hair and eternal snuff-stick—strange parents for the Ariel-like creature at his side: vivid and eager like a slim flame; sensitive as no mountain-girl should be; avid of life——

The old doctor sighed. He had brought April Fagan into the world, and he loved her as tho she had been his own flesh; but he was afraid for her—terribly afraid.

"I 'low hit's 'cause I was borned in April, Daddy-Doc!" laughed the girl, gaily. "The whole mountain is livest then, you know—sun a-shinin', trees comin' alive again, little specks o' blue-an'-yaller posies in the grass! Glory! but I *love* my mountains then, Daddy-Doc!" Her eyes grew solemn, with an odd, mysterious glow of wonder. She pointed away toward the low hills, with one small brown paw.

"But—I dont sense *why*—somehow I wist I knowed what's yonder, Daddy-Doc, beyant the hills."

She looked up at him vaguely. "Sometimes I dream 'bout hit," she said—"'bout cities with streets an' stone houses an' grand stores, where they sell ribbins an' hats an' purty gowns, an' sometimes I shet my eyes an' pretend I'm ridin' in a fine kerridge, all rigged up in a pink satin gownd with a trail, like the one the actress-lady wore at the Forks Op'ry House, an' all the folks are lookin' at me, an' the men are starin'——"

"April!" cried the old man, sharply. "April-gal!"

"Lor'!" laughed the girl, shamedly, "aint I plumb foolish? Reckon I'd look like crow-bait in one o' they gownds!"

But there was no laughter in Doc Jenkins' soul. His old mouth shook distressfully, and his old hands fumbled with the reins

"You're a mountain-gal, April," he said harshly. "We-all o' the hills belong amongst the hills; mountain folks an' valley folks dont mix. Hit's agin' God's laws, gal. The air down yonder in they cities—hit's pizenous to hill people. Stick to the mountains, where you-all was borned, an' quit dreamin' o' cities, gal, an'—an'—city men. Aint thar 'nuff beaus in the mountains, honey?"

"Oh, *beaus!*" April's shrugged shoulders scorned them. "Reckon I dont keer so much for *beaus.* Thar's Casper, now"—distaste lurked in her tones—"he's allers a-pesterin' me to marry him, an' dad he's set on Cas-

per, too; but me, I hate him like a pizen snake!"

"Casper's a han'some fellow—" the doctor's voice was troubled. As in a vision, he saw the coarse, reckless features of the young mountaineer; his thick, red-lipped smile; his small, bold eyes and heavy hands on this slim girl-creature at his side. The vision sickened him, but he was stubborn.

"Casper's one o' yore own people, April," he said slowly. "A mountain-lass must make a mountain-wife. Keep yore eyes on the hills, honey—an', mark my words, they's trouble for the hill-gal that looks down into the valley——"

A sudden, vivid rose colored her round, childish cheeks, and the tight breast of the faded calico rose on the swell of her breath. She would not quite meet his eyes.

"Hyar we are home!" she cried hastily. "Good-by, Daddy-Doc. Thank you f'r totin' me."

The old man watched the slim figure vault lightly over the wheel and run up the weedy path to the cabin, vanishing into its dusk like an extinguished sunbeam. He sighed heavily, feeling, on a sudden, old and helpless. "G'lang Dapple!" he said—"g'lang!"

In the low-roofed cabin, odorous with old bacon-scents and crowded living, Tom Fagan and his crony, Casper, sat huddled over a pack of greasy cards. As April entered, a look passed between them—a greedy, covetous look: the young man's greedy of the girl; the other man's, of something else, something that clinked in Casper's hip-pockets as he struck them with his open palm.

"Four hundred," muttered he, following the slim figure with his small, blinking eyes. "Come on. You-all knows you dont keer nothin' for her, Tim, an' never have."

"A father's feelin's comes high," grinned Fagan. "Five hundred's my figger—not a d—n cent less. An' you're gettin' a bargain at that, too!" He chuckled evilly. "I reckon they's others would give hit, yes, an' *more*——"

"What d'ye mean?" The younger man's voice was ugly. "Ef ye try any low-down tricks with that gal—— I may be a crook an' a counterfeiter an' all that—an' so are you, Tim Fagan—but I mean honest by April. I wants her f'r my woman—lawful; an', by the devil! ef I thought——"

"Quit thinkin', Casper," growled Fagan; "hit's yore deal."

"Whar you-all been, April?" complained Martha Fagan, shifting her snuff-stick to one corner of her slack mouth. "'Pears like you're never hyar when I want you, gal."

Tho her words were whining and fretful, the dim eyes that looked at the girl were full of a passionate pride. In the way of mountain-women, Martha never voiced her love for April, but, if the girl could have read the starved, dreary heart of her, she would have been amazed. It was the only passion left the woman. Life had sucked the blood from her hollowing, gray cheeks, the joy from her heart, the hope from her soul; it had worn her and bleached her and shriveled her, stolen youth and beauty and love; but it had left April, and, looking up at her young, warm beauty now, Martha Fagan was content.

"I been journeyin' with Doc." The girl glanced merrily down at her mother's face. "What you-all think he said?" she laughed. "He said he wondered where I came from to be so different from the other gals—— Why, mammy, what's the matter?"

For the small, wizened face had suddenly gone deathly white. Martha Fagan stole a hunted look at the card-players and leaned back against the chimney, one claw-like hand on her breast.

"The Doc war—talkin'—plumb foolish, April," she said, with difficulty, between blue lips. "Haint you-all *my* baby, I'd like ter know? Reckon he war hyar when you war borned——"

"'Course I'm yore baby, mammy!" said the girl, wonderingly. "Doc war only funning. What makes you-all look so?"

"Hit war jest my old mis'ry," said Martha. "I been feelin' plumb ornery lately. Reckon some sassafras 'll set me up peart again."

She turned, with an effort, toward the basket on the bench by the fire. "Hit's corn-bread an' aigs an' bacon for the artist-man in the holler," she said, resuming her natural whine. "Reckon you-all have t' tote it down, April. Yore pap haint fitten to talk to when he an' Casper's playing kyards."

April bent her face suddenly over the basket, to hide the color that sprang to her cheeks.

"All right, mammy," she said, dutifully, "I'd jest as soon. Hit's a sightly evenin'."

"Hit looks moughty dark-like yender," worried her mother. "The holler's four miles away, an' hit's gittin' plumb late——"

"Dont you-all fret," said April, gaily. "A few drops o' rain-water wont melt me, I reckon."

She passed out into the sunshine sedately enough, but when she had turned the clump of mountain-ash, already in new, vivid leaf, her steps broke into a little dance. The unhidden blush on her round cheeks was like carmine velvet; her eyes were shy and eager, and her breath panted between parted lips. It was her fifth trip to "the holler," and four of them had been made with this same sense of tumultuous adventuring. April did not confess to herself the secret of her fast-beating heart or dancing steps, yet her behavior in itself was a confession.

At the turn of the path, a noisy mountain-brook, leaping down hill, left a still pool lying in the sunshine beside the way. April knelt down beside this pool and peered expectantly into the water. It was the only mirror she had at which to array herself for love's eyes. Snatching off her sunbonnet, she smoothed her golden glory of curls into staider order; she unbuttoned the top button of her tight dress, freeing a warm column of throat, and thrust a handful of scarlet maple-buds into her belt. Then, still dissatisfied, she remembered, suddenly, her cherished brooch, a thing of gilt and colored stones the Doc had given her on her last birthday, and turned back to the cabin to get it.

As she neared the door, loud voices arrested her feet, and her thoughts tripped over her own name on Casper's tongue.

"I tell ye, once an' fer all, I'll give ye four hundred f'r April an' no more," he was saying angrily. "Take hit or leave hit—*I* dont keer!"

"I'll take hit," snarled the deep voice of Tim Fagan. "Hyar—hand it over now. Whar's the gal, Martha?"

"Gone a-walkin'." The woman's tone was sullen.

"D—n hit!" roared Tim. "Well, when she gits back, you-all kin take her t' th' Forks an' git that thar circuit rider t' splice ye——"

April waited to hear no more. Blindly, she stumbled away from the cabin, down the path, basket swinging recklessly from her arm.

The trip seemed hours long—full of strange pitfalls for her frantic feet. Overhead, the clouds drew on across the sky, and a livid twilight fell, but April did not heed. Her one thought was to reach "the holler," where—she had a strange, unreasoning feeling—she would be safe from brutal fathers who sold their daughters like cattle, and from Caspers with their thick, wet lips and horrible, strong hands.

Jerry Gordon was cutting kindling to replenish his supper-fire when the tragic little figure stumbled, at last, into the clearing beside his tent. At the sight of the stormy look on her face, he sprang to her side with a little, involuntary cry.

"April! What's the matter, dear?"

He had not meant to say that, but the tiny, tender word slipped out

unwittingly on the tide of his anxiety. It was the way he had thought of her for two weeks, and the last thing in the world he had intended to call her; but the harm was done now. In an instant she was weeping and trembling in the artist's arms. Then, suddenly, he knew that he wanted her there—wanted her more than wisdom or prudence or the warning voice of conscience could deny. He had come to the mountains, it seemed to him now, just for this throbbing ment under the lurid. thunderous sky—just for this tender pressure of her round arms against his arms, this sweetness of her hair across his face.

blazed across the sky, tearing the swollen clouds and letting out a cascade of gusty rain.

"Quick!" gasped Jerry, and drew April into his tent, fastening the flap to keep out the wind. Then, a trifle breathless, the two faced each other again.

"I hope you dont mind—this," said Jerry, awkwardly, at last. April's eyes questioned him.

"I mean being here in—in—my tent, you know," he stumbled—"alone with me. If you like, I'll—I'll go away till the shower is over."

"And get plumb wet?" she asked. "Why should you-all do thataway? Isn't thar room for both o' we hyar?"

Her innocence went to his heart like a pain. He drew away from her, trying to forget that mad moment before the rain fell.

"Why did you cry, April?" he asked, in what he considered a proper, elder-brotherly tone. "On my word, you startled me, child. I thought something had happened to you."

"Something has," said April, shuddering, and, in a few words, she panted out the story of her sale to Casper, who was waiting for her and drinking raw, moonshine whisky back in the cabin.

"But I wont marry him!" she finished in sudden passion, lifting her arms in a wild gesture. "I'd liefer die! Listen! Thar's a ravine near hyar. Folks call it Sal's Ravine, because a gal, whose lover died, killed herself thar oncet. Ef pap makes me marry Casper, I'll go to Sal's Ravine!"

"I WANTS HER F'R MY WOMAN LAWFUL; AN' EF I THOUGHT——'

He forgot that, after her last trip to "the holler" with his basket, he had resolved to go straight home without seeing her again; forgot his mother and father and their conventional, orderly world; forgot, in a word, everything but the glorious fact of April, nestling like a hunted thing in his arms.

So he kist her, and, quite simply and naturally, she lifted her lovely, tear-flushed face and kist him; and this might have gone on quite indefinitely had not a zigzag fork of lightning

The storm roared outside, and the pale daylight in the tent flickered like a blown candle. Jerry strode up and down, jaw set like granite under the skin, hands clenched at his sides. Then, suddenly, with a broken cry, as tho his will had torn itself loose from the clinging hands of memory and reason, he went to the girl and took her gently in his arms.

"Dont think about it any more, April," he said quietly. "Casper shall

APRIL HAD GOTTEN ACQUAINTED WITH JERRY ON HER DAILY TRIPS TO "THE HOLLER"

not marry you. Trust me. You *do* trust me, dont you?"

"I reckon I do," whispered April.

Outside, the thunder died and the rain lost its wilder fury, settling down into a steady, driving all-night pour, that drew a curtain of darkness and silence around the little tent under the trees.

In the wrack of the morning, two men plowed their way, cursing, thru the ruin of boughs and leaves that choked the path to "the holler." Both carried guns, and the faces of both were distorted with drink and rage. April, standing in the tent-door, cried out at the sight of them, bringing Jerry to her side.

"See!" she pointed. "They-all will kill you. Pap totes the best rifle in the mountains. Oh, you mustn't stay hyar——"

But Jerry put her clinging arms gently aside. His young mouth was set sternly. He picked up his rifle from the table and strode out of the tent to meet the intruders, April at his side, with all her golden wealth of hair blowing blindingly about her face in the fresh wind.

Fagan saw them first and called April a wicked name.

"An' as f'r you," he shouted at Jerry, "you've done me out o' four hundred dollars, you d—d scoundrel, and I'm a-goin' to blow you to h—!"

His gun went to his shoulder, and a shot shivered the peace of the dawn. But, blinded by rage, he missed Jerry, and before he could pull the trigger again a voice from the pathway stayed his hand.

"Tim Fagan," roared Doc Jenkins, "put down yore gun!"

There was something so authoritative about the doctor's mien that Fagan sullenly obeyed. But he began to bluster instead, and at his shameful words April's face flamed.

"Oh!" she gasped—"oh, Daddy-Doc, you-all dont understand."

"But you're going to understand right now," said Jerry, in a dangerously quiet voice, drawing April to his side. "That besotted scoundrel sold her to another of his breed—*sold* her as you might sell an animal——"

"She'm mine," broke in Casper's sullen voice; he turned to Jerry, and his lips drew back from his teeth in a snarl. "You-all aint our kind. What d'you want o' we-all's women?" April's mine, I tell you—*mine!*"

"What do I want of her?" said Jerry, quietly. "I want to love her and protect her and make her happy. I want to take her home with me to my people. I want her to *marry* me. April, will you—will you marry me, dear?"

"Yes," said April, gladly.

THE PICTURE OF THE CHILD CALLED UP POIGNANT, DEATHLESS MEMORIES

"Yes, Daddy-Doc—I want to marry him."

The old man bent his head to hide the pain in his eyes from her joyous gaze. April was his sun and moon and stars—the light of his lonely life; and April wanted to go away. Yet she was young, and young things must follow the mating call wherever it leads them, even if it be into the valleys beyond the sight of an old man's eyes. Stiffly he climbed down from his saddle and went slowly across the wet grass to the two by the tent.

"Ef you-all want to get married, 'pears like I'm the man to do hit," he said. "Reckon a justice o' the peace will do well as a minister. Jine hands, you two, an', Tim Fagan, put down yore gun an' hold yore peace."

It was a strange wedding under the morning sky, with only the two sullen mountaineers as witnesses. At the end, Doc Jenkins kist April and put her gently into Jerry's outstretched arms.

"Take keer on her," he said sadly, "f'r she's all alone in the world now."

Something in the words drew the girl's eyes to his face in terror.

"Doctor!" she cried sharply—"not *mammy?*"

"Yes, honey," he told her gently—"two hours ago. That war why I came to find you. She done told me whar you'd gone."

He was fumbling in a pocket of his old homespun coat, drawing out a tiny bundle of soft, yellowed baby-clothes, richly embroidered, incongruous to a mountain-hand.

"Afore she died, April," he said, "she told me a queer thing. She told me that you-all warn't her child at all. 'Pears like her little April died while Tim yonder war off a-huntin', an' some one left you thar in the cabin afore he came back. She never knowed who, an' it 'peared to her then moughty like 'twas God. She knowed Tim would turn you-all out ef she told him, so she let him think you war they own——"

April was sobbing desolately, face buried in the tiny garments. "Mammy! Oh, mammy—ef I'd only *loved* you-all a little harder—ef I'd only told you-all how I loved you——"

Over her bent, golden head the doctor spoke very low to Jerry.

"I reckon she maybe never had a pappy," he said sadly. "Hit are that-away in the mountains often—some pore, frightened gal—God pity um! But ill borned or well borned, she'm *April,* an' you-all has promised God to love her till death parts you, sir—not

"THAT BESOTTED SCOUNDREL SOLD HER TO ANOTHER OF HIS BREED"

till folks' tongues, nor education, nor valley ways, but till *death* parts you —remember that!"

"I will remember," Jerry promised simply. "I love April and nothing else matters—*nothing!*"

The old doctor watched him lead the girl across the clearing and into the misty grove beyond, saw the protection of the strong arm about her slender shoulders and heard the tender murmur of his voice as he comforted her. Yet there was a shade on his face as he turned heavily back to his waiting horse.

"Mountain and valley," he muttered. "Hit's agin' nature. They's trouble ahead for them, I'm afeared."

But for a glorious springtime month, it seemed the doctor's forebodings were uncalled for. April and her valley husband spent their honeymoon in the tent in "the holler," where the echo of the world's acrid comments on the young artist's foolish marriage could not be heard; he sketching long, sunny hours at his easel, while April posed for him in the torn grace of her calico gown, and colored gloriously whenever his ardent eyes met hers.

Then, abruptly, into the harmony of their retreat came the De Voes, from the city, like a discord in a pastoral. They were old friends of Jerry's, traveling for Mrs. De Voe's health, and it was quite natural they should call on the young couple. The Judge was big and kind and hearty of voice, and his wife was sweet and gentle and tactful; but, as soon as she could find opportunity, April stole away into the kindly shelter of the woods, where she could still the tumult of her heart unseen. So these were Jerry's people, these well-dressed, cultivated folks, with their smooth hands and their speech that made her own sound crude and uncouth. April's heart swelled. How ashamed of her Jerry must be before his fine friends; how ashamed of her he would be when he took her down from the mountains into his city world! Doctor Jenkins had warned her, but she had not known what he meant—then. Now she knew.

" 'Pears like hit'll be moughty hard for him," she thought desolately. " 'Pears like I cant *bear* hit to make him ashamed——"

Thru the ruin of her world she heard her husband's voice calling her excitedly, as tho from a great distance, but she did not answer. As swiftly as her heavy limbs could take her, she moved out of the grove into

(*Continued on page* 64)

ETHEL TEARE—AND THAT FLIRTATIOUS WAY

By CECILIA MOUNT

A HARD-WORKING press-agent, banging away at a typewriter in the New York office of the Kalem Company, had all but exhausted his dictionary of synonyms. "Vivacious," "sprightly," "captivating," "alluring," "animated," "joyous"—all these, and many more, had been plucked and applied to Ethel Teare. He had even descended to the comparative tameness of "peppery" and "enthusiastic."

Then he emitted a sudden laugh of glee. "I've got it," he shouted. "Just the word that describes her. The one adjective that pictures that dashing, enchanting personality. 'Flirtatious'—that's it." With unholy joy he wrote it over and over again, in advertisements, news stories, circulars and what-nots. He stalked the office with the air of a discoverer.

But little did he reckon the full effect of his deed. Far out in California, at the Glendale studio, a pair of flashing eyes read the statement, and in a second the studio was a flurry of excitement. When a director with visions of all sorts of calamities finally calmed the little tempest down, he heard a sad tale.

Between gasps and near-sobs, it sounded something like this. "That horrid man—I'm not flirtatious—what does he mean by saying such things—I'd like to pull his hair—flirtatious, indeed!"

Such was the scene when I arrived at the studio to keep an appointment with Miss Teare, for an interview for MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC readers. For a moment I thought that my quest was in vain, but in the quiet of the dressing-room, a few minutes later, Miss Teare turned a smiling face to me, and I saw that the storm had passed.

"I suppose I am very foolish to get excited over it," she said, "but it really isn't very pleasant to be called flirtatious. You know me. I'm not at all flirtatious, am I?"

Appealed to, I sought refuge between tact and flight. "But," I faltered, "you really cant blame him. You—you look that way. He just meant to describe your peculiar fascination and charm."

A cheery laugh and a faint blush were my first reply. Then Miss Teare went on: "I'll overlook that flattery,

if you will promise not to do it again. But, really, if you say I look flirtatious, then I can only reply that it's not my fault. I cant help it. I am just working, with every ounce of energy I have, to please people all the time—that's all. I like to smile and laugh and be gay, and I just cant be dignified, to save my life. If you call that 'flirtatious,' then make the most of it."

"That's why he called you 'flirtatious,'" I volunteered. "You see, on the screen you just radiate good cheer and whole-hearted jollity, and I imagine that was the nearest he could come to describing it with the woeful limitations of the English language."

Miss Teare's face puckered in the slightest of frowns. "I really think you are forgetting what I said about flattery. It's a good thing you are not a mere man. But, I suppose, I am doomed to go thru life under a cloud of adjectives—flirtatious, vivacious, and so on. That is one of the penalties of trying to please. When they dont call you flirtatious, they tell you that you have personality—whatever that is.

"Speaking of that mysterious thing, personality—it is to that I owe my entrance on a picture career. I was playing in vaudeville, when a Kalem director happened to attend a Los Angeles theater at which I was appearing. Before the close of the engagement, I received an offer from him to take up Motion Picture work. He said I had 'personality' that

(*Continued on page* 68)

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Ann Murdock, Pauline Frederick and Nan Carter Give Some Interesting Recipes

By LILLIAN MAY

A "STAR" MENU

JELLIED SOUP
(Ann Murdock)

PLANKED STEAK WITH VEGETABLES
(Nan Carter)

STUFFED CELERY
(Nan Carter)

PINEAPPLE SALAD
(Pauline Frederick)

WAFFLES WITH MAPLE SYRUP
(Nan Carter)

LEMON MERINGUE PIE
(Ann Murdock)

ANN MURDOCK Begins With Jellied Soup

WINSOME Ann Murdock sat curled up in a big chair in her dressing-room. "I have no home," she said; "at least I dont live in one place, if that is having a home. Sometimes I settle down for a summer, or something like that. I have a real housekeeper, and home is where she is.

"I dont have much time to think about cooking or things to eat, but if I were planning meals, I should always have them begin with jellied soup and end with lemon meringue pie—especially the kind I will tell you about.

"Jellied Soup.—Wash two pounds of lean beef from middle of round and two pounds of knuckle of veal. Put to boil in four quarts of water. Bring slowly to boil, removing scum as it arises. Cook slowly about three hours. Add one onion filled with whole cloves, one half-cup chopped carrot, one head celery, one half-can tomatoes, one half-dozen peppercorns, three bay-leaves, one-half lemon, half-teaspoonful of sugar, a few leaves of cabbage, salt and pepper to taste. Let simmer till soup is reduced to quantity desired. Have one package gelatine soaking in cold water; add this to the hot soup. Strain thru cheesecloth, set in a cool place, then in the ice-box. This should be clear and firm and enough for twelve persons. Serve in glass cups.

"Lemon Meringue Pie.—Blend together one cup sugar, the yolk of two eggs, one tablespoonful butter. Add juice of two lemons and the rind of one, and two heaping teaspoonfuls cornstarch. Put on stove and cook, stirring constantly. Pour into baked crust. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of chopped nuts and prepared or grated cocoanut. Spread on pie and brown in oven."

PAULINE FREDERICK Makes Fine Pineapple Salad

"I never knew the days were so wonderful," said Pauline Frederick, "until I went into Moving Pictures. That is because I go to bed at night instead of the morning, and get up early. When I was on the legitimate stage, I worked half the night, slept all day, and ate any time it happened. This life is much more normal. I go to bed at a reasonable hour, and eat three meals a day. Best of all, I have a real home."

Her home is an apartment on Park Avenue, and it is as dainty and artistic as Miss Frederick herself. The softly shaded lights gave an atmosphere of restfulness. There were flowers everywhere. A small dog, evidently very much one of the family, compelled attention in a most friendly manner—even the canary chirped hospitably.

"I have heard that you are a regular cook and housekeeper, Miss Frederick," I said. She raised both hands in protest. "Not now," she said, "tho I could be; I know how. Let me see. What *can* I cook best?

"There comes mother," she said, in a relieved tone. "Mumsie, come here and tell this magazine person what I can do."

"Mumsie" proved to be a strikingly handsome, dignified, but exceedingly gracious, lady.

"Pauline is so modest," she said. "I nearly always have to see the interviewers. We are New Englanders, which means that Pauline was brought up to know how to do everything about a house. She was just a small girl when we lived in Boston, but she would go down to the basement and coax the cook to let her help make bread. The cook was good-natured, and would give her a piece

ANN MURDOCK AT HOME

of dough to knead, and every week she would make her own little loaf of bread. So that's how she learnt to make bread.

"She makes nice hot biscuits, pies and cakes, and, you know, that is something most people dont bother about these days. But we are old-fashioned (and New England) enough to like to have home-made cooking—part of the time at least.

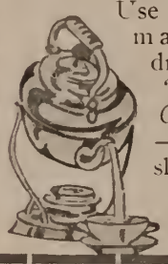
"Pauline does beautiful sewing, and her darning is as artistic as fine embroidery. If necessary she can scrub, sweep, do fine laundry work (there's nothing she cant do), and she likes to do it.

"Her director says, 'Nothing is too hard for Miss Frederick; she is full of enthusiasm all the time.' And that's the way she does everything—puts her whole heart and soul in it.

"It makes no difference what road to fame one aspires to follow, does it?—whether it is to be an artist on the screen or an artist in the kitchen—that is the whole secret of success," concluded the mother of one of the most popular and dearly loved screen artists of today.

The interview seemed to be over, and I was wishing for one more glimpse of the fascinating Pauline, when she appeared in the doorway. "Salad, mother," she said; "tell them about my fruit salads. It is my favorite kind of salad, and one can have an endless variety by combining different fruits.

"Pineapple Salad.—Place lettuce leaves on individual salad plate. Place one large slice of pineapple on this. Fill the center with a ball of pimento cheese. Use French or mayonnaise dressing.



"White Grape Salad.—Use a sharp knife and remove seeds. In the center of each put a portion of walnut or pecan meat. Serve them on a nest of lettuce with a dressing made of oil and a little lemon juice.

"Grapefruit Salad.—Cut the grapefruit in halves. Scoop out the contents of each section with a pointed spoon. Cut a green pepper into small bits, mix with the fruit and serve on lettuce or romaine."

PAULINE FREDERICK AT HOME

NAN CARTER

NAN CARTER Is Noted For Her Waffles

"It is neither milk and honey nor a bed of roses," said Miss Nan Carter, "to live only to have a good time. One just goes round and round in a circle, never getting any place. I was afraid I would get to the place where I couldn't even jump over, so decided to make my escape and see what I could do for myself."

It did not take her long to show what she could do for herself, for she is already far along the road to success in the profession she has chosen. Miss Carter is youth, beauty, ambition and pure-joy-of-living personified, so she is bound to succeed.

Before entering upon her career, Miss Carter was very busy at her job of being a society girl, but she has the training and all the instincts of the real home-maker.

"I have never known anything but the home-life," she said. "Do you see that water-color over there? That is our country home. We live there seven or eight months every year. Of course I play golf and tennis, and drive, and go to the country-club dances; there is plenty going on all the time. But we keep only one maid and try to live as simply as possible. It is a real farm, you know, and there is lots of work. I have made butter—yes, I did the churning. I work in the garden and have made all the bread for weeks at a time.

"When we come back to our apartment, it seems so small at first. We seem to be all falling over each other.

(Continued on page 67)

The Dresden Doll of the Movies

EVER since Lillian Walker played the leading part in "The Little Doll's Dressmaker," in which she was even more charming than usual, she has been identified with dolls, and it has occurred to many that she is very much of a doll herself. She is not much larger than one; she has the waxen complexion of the daintiest Dresden doll; she has the perfect features of the model doll, and, as for dimples, what doll can boast of such beautiful ones as the fair Lillian? Miss Walker made another big hit in "Green Stockings," which was so admirably directed by Wilfrid North, now her regular director, and also in "Doctor Polly" and "Lily of the Valley."

The title of "Dimples" has stuck to Miss Walker for a long time, and that is her nickname at the studio; but now it will, perhaps, be changed to "The Doll-Lady of the Movies"—season with the word "Dimpled" and you have her complete.

Among her friends in the "profesh," however, Lillian Walker is known as "Daredevil Lil," having earned this soubriquet thru her ability to do all kinds of athletic stunts. In "Love, Luck and Gasoline," for instance, the dimpled ingénue star won a swimming race, handled the tiller of a racing craft and steered a sea-plane thru the clouds—she is more than ambitious; she has all the qualifications of a duck, having equal command of earth, sea and air. As a diving Venus and dansuese she has turned all the summer girls sea-green with envy.

Photo by Floyd

LILLIAN WALKER

Photo by Floyd

LILLIAN WALKER

Turning Timid Hea

Noah and Nero Didn't Know Half So as the Modern

By PETER

IT wasn't so long ago that Mrs. Vernon Castle, whose husband is now hovering in a scout aeroplane "somewhere over the firing-line" in France, wired for hotel reservations at a certain swell hostelry in Utica, N. Y. She asked for five rooms with three baths en suite, and got them. But she arrived alone—with an entourage of two spider monkeys, one macaw in his cage, and a Persian kitten worth about eighty-nine cents a cubic inch. The dancer and her maid were to occupy two rooms—the rest were for her pets.

It took some time for the astonished hotel-clerk to become reconciled to the invasion of his immaculate gold-and-white Watteau rooms by the Misses Polly, Tabby and Monk, but, you see, he had never heard of the *art nouveau*.

Mrs. Castle explained things later. By her intimate study of the movements of animals she had devised some of her most graceful and natural steps. But where did the gorgeous-feathered macaw come in? He is nothing but a base imitator himself.

Seriously speaking, the animal kingdom has come into its own and is slowly migrating from the stage to the screen. A few years ago the simple repertoire of Larry Trimble's "Shep," a beautiful collie, set his audiences in a furore of enthusiasm; but with the rapid advancement of pictures the animals have had to keep apace. We now demand them with either a college education or served *au natural*—the more bloodthirsty, the better. Movie animals, then, are of three distinct types: the educated, the wild, and the domesticated, such as the unambitious cow, or Mary Pickford's silly geese. The common or garden variety can be picked up anywhere, and any one, from an "extra" to a scene-setter, can work in pictures with them. They lend atmosphere, or are classed as "props," like a cup of movie tea. But the trick- or wild-animal specialist is a much-

rts Into Bold Ones

Much About Wild and Woolly Animals Movie Star

WADE

sought-after person; in fact, such actors or actresses are dubbed "specials" and always command a fat pay-envelope.

An almost perfect exemplar of the "animal actress" is Lyllian Leighton, of the E and R Company. This sterling character-woman, who was for many years a Selig leading-woman, has the animal instinct developed to a rare degree. Just at present her ménage is composed of a pair of apes, "Napoleon" and "Norah," the male and female of the species. And a rare old boy and girl they are. Nobody knows just how old they are, but they've surely earned their golden wedding as far as salary is concerned. The uncanny skill with which they act with Lyllian Leighton, and she with them, is a latter-day product of screen resourcefulness. Miss Leighton is a "mother" to all kinds of animals and birds. In the environs of her Los Angeles bungalow she is a perpetual wonder to her neighbors—one moment she is gamboling with a litter of lion-cubs; the next she is calling to her pet eagle, who swoops down to perch on her shoulder from his eerie patrol.

Another bird-fancier par excellence is Lois Weber; and a sight that would moisten the eyes of an artist, or of a director with a "seeing soul," is her mother-call that brings a white-and-gray storm-cloud of pigeons around and about her, filling her ample bosom and tapping lovingly at her white kernels of teeth.

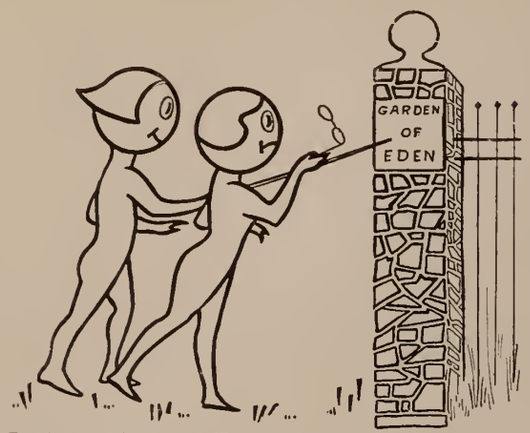
So much praise has been sung of Kathlyn Williams, the only legitimate successor to Daniel, the original lion-tamer, that no animal story would be truly wild without mention of her. She shall not be dragged in, editorially, by the heels, as it were. So here's a toast to her: "Kathlyn—lithe as the wrinkling skin of a panther; brave as a lioness fending her whelps; sure-footed as a bighorn scaling the mountain-lined clouds; dowered with the skill of Nimrod, the wisdom of Noah, the compassion of Androcles, and the lion-heart of Richard—we crown you liege-woman of your animal queendom!"

The jungle and the pasture now lie down together.

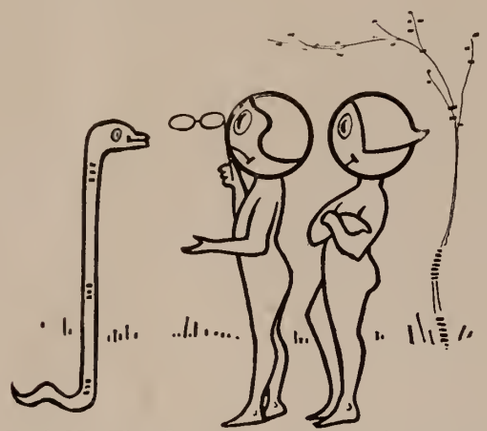
First Authentic Film Version of Adam and Eve In the Garden of Eden!

Presented in Six Beautiful Reels

By HARVEY PEAKE



Reel I—Adam and Eve arrive at the Garden and, disliking the name, decide to call the place "Eden Terrace."



Reel II—The Serpent enters and is unable to give a letter of introduction. He is received upon promise of good behavior.

Reel III—Being unable to hire a chauffeur in the neighborhood, Adam is forced to drive his own car.

Reel IV—The Serpent proves an adept at mixing apple cocktails. Eve divides the first one with Adam.

Reel V—Eve manufactures a gown for herself. "Adam, is it too short?" "No. It's nothing to what they will wear in 1916!"

Reel VI—The expulsion, with Eve explaining why it was Adam's fault.

The MOMENT BEFORE

by Gladys Hall

This story was written from the Play of ISRAEL ZANGWILL

THEY say—the ones who know—that in the great moment of transition—the climacteric, ultimate, miraculous Moment Before—the varied panorama of our human life is lived again. Lived for the last—the toll-taking time in that brief instant of finality. May it not be, perhaps, a screen unfurled for the adjudging eyes of God?—a vision fresh before Him of our life's story?—a piteous story told again in that last breath when there is no amendment?—a thing held up to Him all stained with human passions and scarred with human wrongs?—a sorry manuscript, blurred with the gray tears of the spirit and awry with the yearnings of the heart? What He does with them we do not know.

But upon the dead, once passionate face of the sorry Duchess of Maldon there strayed, benignantly, the hand of a tender peace.

Lights of a gypsy camp, and the strange, guttural sounds, and the stranger, strong odors. Dirty, picturesque, evil-eyed girls and slender-hipped, indolent men. A scraggy herd of horses here and there, and the motley pitching of the tents, flaps drawn back to show barbaric interiors. Under it all the throb of lawless, ancient Romany blood—the sickly swamp of superstition and the laggard moorings of the nomad.

In one corner of the camp crouched Madge, the light o' desire to every man in the tribe. She was watching two of them—the swarthiest, the most brutal, the most feared of them all—fight with their naked, raw-red hands for the possession of her—men who

RED JOHN WINS THE FIGHT FOR THE HAND OF THE FAIR GYPSY

would knife her for an infidelity, she knew; men who would rend her in bits rather than abandon her, the one to the other; men who would beat her into submission, bruise her into subjection—and call it love. They did not want her mind or her negative soul. There would be no nice analyses with them. They wanted her primordially, nakedly, uncouthly—the touch of her mouth to quell the lust of theirs—the surrender of her twining arms. It was for this that they were fighting.

They knew that she hated them, loathed them, feared them. They did not care. The greater joy would the taming be. The greater triumph the victory, tho her splendid body be a blue-black pulp as token thereof.

And of the two, Red John she hated most bitterly—John, with his hairy arms and hands of an ourang-outang; with his great, thick, sweaty body; his ear-ringed ears; his coarse, brutally seeking mouth. Every fiber of her sensitive flesh crawled at his touch; every drop of her fiery blood chilled and receded at his approach. And she knew that he would win; and, as she watched, a sneer—habitual, cynical, contemptuous—curled back her voluptuous mouth. The fitful lights played over her sullen, magnificent face, and still more magnificent body, and imbued her with a strange potency. The epitome of all the passions looked from her narrowed, sinister eyes. The curves of her cheeks and chin cried out for the mad kisses of maddened men. The scornful, poisonous mouth laughed out a diabolical defiance to the touch of love. And her crouched body had in its lines the tenacious resilience of the tiger, the soft undulation of the serpent, and the unbelievable whiteness of the flesh of pampered women—a whiteness angrily stained by the flood-tides of her blood.

The tribe had gathered about the fighting men and were glancing at the solitary, brooding figure of Madge with knowing nods and irrelevant, loud laughs.

"John'll win," said one; "he's moon-crazy for the girl."

"What do they want so of her?" asked an old crone. "She is like an ill-omen—a thing of bad luck." And the hag crossed herself with gnarled, nut-brown fingers.

The men staggered into the open. Their bodies creaked and pulled under the strain. They sweated, and oaths burst from their mouths like fetid waters from a pent-up dam. In their belts flashed their knife-blades. Then John caught a glimpse of fingers seeking for his knife, and all of his vast, untampered strength went into a last, mighty effort. He won. And as the vagrants sang and pranced and otherwise held carnival, the girl slunk into her tent and lay there, quivering, like a trapped animal.

The old crone dressed her for the gypsy marriage rite. And when she had done, she drew the girl to her knees and opened her palm. As she looked, her faded eyes closed under their hanging bags of wrinkled flesh. The mystic light of the seeress defied unlovely age, and her voice took on the singsong intonation of the prophetess.

"I see tragedy," she monotoned—"a death of your own making."

Madge drew away, but the hag kept tight hold of the hot, nervous hands.

"I see sorrow," she crooned eerily, "then—your death at high noon."

"Stop!" cried the girl, and jumped to her feet. "Old hag," she hissed, "I am going to a million deaths—to

"I SEE SORROW," SHE CROONED EERILY, "THEN—YOUR DEATH AT HIGH NOON"

the low-down embrace of that dog of a man—I—I who have fought them off with my bleeding nails—with my teeth, with my feet, with my body; I who have stood at bay and defied them—the gluttonous, lustful pack; I who have held myself for something that I know there is, somewhere, away from this place, away from these hideous people. I must go to him—to *him*—to be beaten and kicked and bruised like a whipped cur. God! God! take me from this man—from this place! Lead me into tragedy—into death—into passion and despair, but take me from this man—from this people!"

"I see tragedy," moaned the hag, leering, furtively, fearsomely, at the invocative, supplicatory figure, "and then—your death at high noon!"

Once to every man—and to John for the next two weeks—came the heaven of his heart. He had fought with his naked fists for his woman, and when he obtained her he proceeded accordingly. The law of self-preservation persists under the vilest of degradations, and Madge gave him her sullen, unresponsive mouth for the sake of her own protection. He watched her with the grim, unremitting fidelity of a dog, and for the slightest show of insubordination there was a brutal cut across the vivid face or a warning flash of a ready knife. Days of this brought to the cat-yellow eyes a cringing fear, and into the girl's hot, rebellious heart an agony of hatred.

In such a mood she met Harold, second son of the Duke of Maldon.

Poaching upon the preserves of the castle-grounds one day, John was imprisoned by two of the game-keepers. Watching from a slight distance, Madge saw a slight, erect figure coming toward the scene of the disturbance. Something in her stirred. Thru the sad aftermath of that chance meeting she never forgot her glimpse of the light, boyish form, the leafy, pale-green canopy, and the red-gold in his hair. There was something about him—the something she had wondered about; something clean and aloof and different; something that would count. He spoke to the sullen John and to the two keepers, and then came over to the hesitant gypsy girl. She raised her mutable, wonderful face, and the eyes met and lingered and locked. They had never loved before—either of them. They knew, in that wordless, indefinite way all of us know things sometimes, that they would never love again as they might love one another.

"What do you—want?" he managed at last. And he felt himself a bally ass for standing, without speech, before an unkempt gypsy maid, when he was noted for his insouciance, his debonair

manner among the "Gaiety Girls" and others up in London.

Madge kept her magnet eyes upon him. Her lips spoke what her eyes denied. "His—release," she said at last.

Harold nodded curtly, and spoke an order to the keepers. Then he turned again to the gypsy girl. "We must meet again," he said.

She nodded. Her throat felt thick and choked. Her temples beat with an influx of blood. She quivered, and her nostrils distended. Harold watched her, and he leaned nearer. "You——" he broke off and tried to smile. "Come back again—tomorrow——" he begged.

She smiled slowly, then turned to John, who was awaiting her with the smile of servility on his lips and an evil passion in his eyes.

Harold watched them as they left. "She is the kind of a woman men dream about," he thought, "and read about, and crave while they take what's served up to them. She's the meaning of sex—the answer to the needs of the heart and flesh. God! how that woman could love—to what frenzied depths she could go!"

She came back the next day, and the next and the next. Wonderful, illicit, maddening days they were—days when the heart of the gypsy woke to vivid life, like the heavy, odorous, cloying leaves of the scarlet passion-flower; days when they clung together, lip to lip and breast to breast—when heaven seemed to reach down its ineffable lips and kiss the earth to a riotous exuberance of verve and glamour.

"There is no love like ours," she sighed.

"World without end—amen!" added he. And neither dreamed that they were plagiarizing from the Eden romance.

John ceased to obsess her with the old fear. She felt as tho the love of this man wrapt her about in a garment of soft flame—as tho nothing but his voice could penetrate—nothing but his touch reach.

Then, one day, John found them. The look in his eyes stirred the gypsy's heart to a poignant fear. She jumped to her feet and faced the enraged man, arms akimbo. "Well," she mocked into his face, "are you ready to take me home—husband?"

She drew near to him, and her nearness promised him her lips, her caresses. He swayed a bit, and his savage eyes softened imperceptibly. "By Gar! I'll knife ye if I find ye this way again," he hissed, and he grabbed her rudely by the arm.

Harold watched her swaggering exit, and waited. An instant later she was flying back thru the trees, but her daring face was white. "I have knifed him!" she cried; "he will be after me! Cant you find me work in your home? Cant you take me?"

Harold nodded eagerly. "I will," he assented.

They were young, and their passion flamed in the gray life of the baronial hall like some incongruous exotic. The startling beauty of the girl, the rapt eyes of the younger son, the all-too-frequent meetings penetrated the dullest consciousness at last.

When it came to Lionel, the elder son and direct heir to the title, he was enraged. In his aristocratic veins ran the undiluted blue blood of his forebears. The family name, the family tree, the family seat—these were the things that mattered to brother Lionel. If he had ever stooped from his correct deportment to the crude sowing of wild oats, he had stooped in guarded privacy, atoned, and gone his untroubled way. An English gentleman was Lionel—one who would marry the pale, proud daughter of an adjoining lineal estate and breed a race of pale, proud children.

The clarion-calls of the flesh were for beefy-faced housemaids and obnoxious "fellers" who walked out Chelsea way of a Sunday afternoon, or for variety actresses and cheap, stage-door habitués with a horrid ambiguity as to their immediate parentage. The idea caused Lionel a shudder down his unbending spine.

His brother's taste was reprehensible. Breach of good taste was the unpardonable. And to bring the wench to Maldon Towers! To defile the peopled corridors where had paced their lady-mother and stately duchesses before! As for her beauty—one could go to the zoo, if one cared for the purely feline, and watch the great cats swing gracilely, evilly by, with fitful, savage lights in their yellow eyes and impossible contortions of their lithe bodies.

When the gossip reached the tenantry, Lionel took it upon himself to speak. Harold took the rebuke vehemently.

"I wont be dictated to," he bawled forth; "you can have the d—d name, Lionel, dontcher know, and the estate and all. I want the girl, and I mean to have her."

"You admit——" gasped Lionel, his delicate ears affronted by the boy's brutality.

"I admit nothing but what your near-sighted eyes have probably already seen," protested Harold. "I love her, if you ask me, yes—yes—such a love as a Maldon has never had the red blood to feel. I love her, and I always shall."

Lionel spoke despairingly to the aged Duke. "He is disgracing us," he lamented.

"Young blood," countered the father, harking back to certain halcyon days before his spirit and his flesh became over-oppressed with titular glories.

"Bad blood!" grunted the heir, and the matter dropped.

Two weeks later the Duke of Maldon stumbled across the dead body of his son and heir in the great living-hall of the castle.

Harold was sent for, and when he saw his lifeless body he collapsed.

"We quarreled," he admitted to his accusative, implacable father, "over—the girl. I struck him; but it seems impossible that it could have *killed* him. Still it must have. God above me! I have murdered my brother; I—— Call the police, father—I'll give myself up.

The old man raised his sunken eyes and looked at his youngest born. All irrelevantly, he recalled him as a sunny-headed baby rollicking on the spacious nursery floor and a nurse predicting a famous future for the lusty youngster. A murderer! The slayer of his own blood! The father shuddered, and his gaze burned from the dead son to the living.

"Go forth and wander as did Cain when he killed Abel," he pronounced, "and may the brand of Cain be upon you. Go!"

Harold bent his head. The spilt blood of his brother must wash away the craving of his heart and wipe out the lusts of his flesh.

Seven years later a lone horseman rode down the dusty road in the heart of Never-Never land. His wearied eyes gazed straight ahead of him as tho he saw a duty to be fulfilled in which was only the dry comfort of the duty done. Abnegation was written on his face, and the starved heart of the much-denied pleaded in his eyes.

A cabin showed in the distance with spirals of smoke curling from its chimney. "I'll stop here," the horseman said, "and put up for the night, if they'll have me."

A woman stood facing the cabin as the man rode quietly into the clearing, and as he looked at her an appreciative light fired his dulled eye. "What lines!" he thought—"what an easy—yet what a weary grace!"

"I beg pardon," he spoke aloud; "I——"

The woman turned, with a springing, startled movement of her body. Her yellow, cat's eyes widened, then narrowed; her vivid, tired mouth opened. "Harold!" she cried; then, sibilantly, yearningly, like a woman

MADGE SAVES HAROLD FROM THE TREACHERY OF RED JOHN

who loves the sound of a certain name, "Harold—lover—mate!"

The man jumped from his horse, and for one filched moment from the miser hands of perfect bliss they wrung their halcyon hours back again.

Life is full of such happenings as that, after all. Page upon page, chapter upon chapter of dull pedantry; then suddenly, unexpectedly, with the radiance of a brilliant gem, one comes across a perfect thought clothed in most perfect rhythm, and the quivering echoes haunt the heart with the sad fragrance of pot-pourri till the heart is a crumpled thing itself.

How our little pawns of selves are moved back and forth across the board, and here and there, and hither and thither, not even immortal Omar could divulge, but turned in his quaint wisdom to declaim, "He knows about it all; He knows—He knows!"

"I am going home—to England," Harold said, after the first rapture and the assurance that John was riding the range and only a deaf but abhorrent black was on the place. "My father has died—and I must take the title. But I am going back—a murderer——"

Madge raised her head. "A—what?" she asked.

"I killed my brother, my darling; that is why I left you so without a word. My father sent me forth to wander upon the face of the earth with the brand of Cain upon me. I——"

The woman threw back her glorious head and faced him. "Listen to me, core of my heart," she commanded; "you are as guiltless of that crime as you were in your mother's womb. I did not know of your flight—because—John killed Lionel, best beloved, and he forced me to fly with him. Lionel came to me and remonstrated with me after your quarrel with him. I resented it and struggled to break loose from him. John forced a long-sought-for entrance at that moment, and killed your brother Lionel in a jealous fury."

Harold stared at her as one who dreams over long of grewsome horrors and wakes, at last, to the peace of a quiet room and a balmy, untroubled day.

"You have taken the brand of Cain from my shoulders," he whispered; "it has never left me, and neither has your face, my love, my queen. You have crept into my very veins, and you stir me to deliriums. Seven years I have hungered and thirsted for you; sweated for you; moaned for you in my sleep. I have been like a man on a vast desert who gasps in his parched, swollen throat for a draught of water. I have raved for you; sobbed incoherently to God for the touch of you; cursed you, my sweet, for the very desire you have inoculated me with. And now I shall never let you go. You must come home with me—to stay."

Madge crept close to him. In her gypsy blood there was no law but one—to follow her man tho he lead to the outermost brink of the world.

"Come back for me tomorrow," she begged, "and I will go."

Red John was there when he came, and he leered at him as he faced him sullenly. Madge, crouching behind a clump of bushes, watched the gypsy suspiciously, and her tired eyes gleamed.

John whipped a pistol from his belt and threw one to Harold. "I've fought for her once, by Gar!" he said, "and I'll do it again."

He paused and looked at the woman, gloatingly. She raised a deprecatory hand. "If both of you should go," she begged, "what of me—then?"

John laughed harshly. "There's the black in the kitchen," he said noisomely.

Madge shrank back and Harold dropped his pistol.

"I wouldn't fight a dog like you," he said. "We'll toss a coin for the one to shoot."

The coins tossed and John picked his up. "You win," he said.

Harold paused, and in that pause

THAT NIGHT THEY RODE FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND AGAINST THE WESTERING SUN

Madge saw John's hand creep stealthily to his belt. She knew the skulking meanness of the man—the black blood in his veins. And she drew forth her own gun. There came a sharp explosion, a dense puff of smoke, and Red John lay lumpily still upon the ground. From under his cooling heart there crawled and oozed a deathly stream of blackish red.

That night they rode from Never-Never Land against the westering sun. Ahead of them lay the proud title of the Dukedom of Maldon—a heritage of wealth and beneficent years. Back of them reached the blood-red tares of murder and adultery—lawless passions and the fruits thereof.

People called her "queer"—"a woman with a past"—"an unhappy creature." Even the tenantry, to whom she was all bounty and loving kindness, questioned her. Her mouth, like a pale pink flower now, smiled easily, but the dulled yellow of her cat's eyes looked forth, shadowed with a vast tragedy. Life had laid brutal hands upon her. Her own vehement passions had seized upon and annihilated her. The ancient superstitions of her tribe assailed her and she came to dread the hour of high noon.

And two months after their return to Maldon Towers Harold was brought in from the hunting field to die. Only as he lay upon his last bed did the glorious eyes blaze again with a final, surging appeal; and when they closed his ardent, glazing orbs, she bent under the grief as tho stricken to the very earth.

There followed dreary days when she sat in the family pew and listened, avidly, to the holy words, hungering for some token of absolution—craving peace for her troubled heart and peace for the man she had worshiped.

She grew as thin as a reed, and her face was formed on the delicate lines of a cameo, save where two bright scarlet spots touched her cheeks. But she seemed to stay strong and her eyes were on fire with resolve.

Outside the church, one warm, midsummer day, she stood talking to the archbishop. "I desire to give all of my property, real and personal, to the church and to charities," she was saying; "I——" The chimes in the tower tolled sonorously out. It was the minute of high noon. The archbishop looked up at them with a smile of pleasure on his reverend face. When he looked down——

All this passed in that eternal, transitory Moment Before, and the eyes of the Adjudger turned earthward that He might behold a thing held up to Him all stained with human passions and scarred with human wrongs. What He did with it we do not know.

But upon the dead, once passionate face of the sorry Duchess of Maldon there strayed, benignantly, the hand of a tender peace.

Making Up For The Movies

By J. W. Chamberlain

On the stage, where the footlights throw their artificial illumination upward, you behold, evidently, a beautiful girl. Her perfect, cupid-bow lips are ruby-red; her neck and her bosom are like alabaster; her cheeks are like the bloom of the peach, and her large, soulful eyes look out at you with an innocent, entreating gaze from beneath deep-fringed eyelashes and perfect eyebrows. Put this same young lady, with exactly the same make-up on, out in the daylight, before the lens of the movie camera, and what is the result?

Those cupid-bow, ruby-red lips will have become jet black when shown on the screen. Her alabaster neck and bosom will look like the high-lights on a piece of polished steel—hard, ghastly white and cold; her peach-blow cheeks will have become dark and sunken; there will be ludicrous black circles beneath her eye: her eyelashes will appear as tho whittled out of black whalebone, and her perfect eyebrows will have every appearance of having been cut from black court-plaster and stuck in place.

This is because the art of making up for the stage to appear before the footlights in person is one thing, but to make up for the searching lens of the little camera that reels off hundreds and hundreds of feet of film, to appear before an audience on a Moving Picture screen, is quite another thing. There is all the difference in the world between making up the actor who is to appear in person and making up the actor who is to appear only before the camera in person. Each is an art in itself. Making up for the footlights is an ancient art; making up for the movies is comparatively new, and as yet there are very few real masters of it.

RALPH INCE AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The reason is that the camera knows only two color values, ranging from pure white to jet black, with all the tones of grays in between. Red to a camera means black; bright blue to a camera means white; light orange means gray; a light red means a dark gray; pink means a light gray; consequently, the ruby-red lips of the actress would appear jet black, the powdered whiteness of her neck turns out a ghastly white, and the peach-blow tint of pink on her cheeks shows upon the movie screen as a light gray, which gives her the appearance of one fading rapidly away into a living skeleton.

To accentuate her eyes—to make them appear large and soulful on the stage—they are penciled beneath with blue-black crayon. Before the movie camera this comes out like a charcoal mark. The thick grease-paint around the eyelashes shows in the film but not on the stage, and so it is that the best make-up man in the world for the stage would fall down completely in attempting to make up actors for the movies.

Every big film-producing concern has its make-up man and his assistants. Where there are immense crowds for some of the scenes, it takes the greater part of the day to make them up. Hundreds of them are, of course, only "supes," but they all have to be made up with the greatest of care. The picture must be made in the daylight; the "supes" cannot sleep in their make-up, as it would rub off, and so there are times when the make-up man has to start in as early as five o'clock in the morning in order to get his characters ready for a picture to be taken at three o'clock in the afternoon.

When the picture entitled "Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg" was

MARY FULLER, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

KING BAGGOT, OF THE IMP COMPANY

an old-fashioned sofa. The lines in the forehead, if examined closely for a moment, look just like what they are—dark crayon lines over the skin. The white paint necessary for the stage make-up makes them look in the photograph like an animate ghost, or as tho the actor had just dipped his head in a flour-barrel. If the actors in a Moving Picture play all looked made, the make-up man had to make up seven hundred and thirty-eight characters. He started at five o'clock in the morning and had his seven hundred and thirty-eight characters made up and ready five minutes before the time scheduled for the members of the cast to take their places. In the mob scene from "The Little Minister" he made up five hundred characters, and these were even more difficult than those in the Lincoln scene.

If you were to see some movie actors, especially those in character parts, in person, instead of on the screen, in this make-up, you would see a most grotesque-looking person. The entire face is sometimes made up in deep pink to give the rather sallow, grayish complexion of age. Lines are used between the eyebrows, across the forehead, about the eyes and running down each side of the nose, all of crimson lake—a bright red color which photographs black. When this crimson lake is blended with the pink color covering the skin and a trifle of light put around the edges for the high-lights, the camera makes it look like real wrinkles. Even the quality of hair in the wig has to be finer for the camera, or else it would look more like the stuffing of a hair mattress than the hirsute adornment of a human being.

All this hideous mess of pinks and crimson lake, and white outlines around the crimson-lake streaks, makes the face grotesque, laughable and clownish to look at. In the picture the result is perfection.

To see such a character made up as he would appear on a stage before the footlights, the eyes appear as tho they were popping out of the head; the eyebrows look as tho they were glued on, and the false hair does indeed look as tho it came from the musty anatomy of

ORMI HAWLEY, OF THE FOX PLAYERS

as they do in these pictures, it would give an impression of a convention of Fourth of July antiques and horribles. For this reason it may be readily understood why there is a great difference between the art of making up for the footlights and making up for the movies.

The same care must be taken in setting the stage for the movies. Every one who has visited a photograph studio to have his picture taken will readily understand this. He will have noticed that there are no scenes in colors. They are in blacks, whites and grays. In the stage-setting for Moving Pictures, the drawing-room of a multi-millionaire, for instance, is a dull-appearing scene to the onlooker. On the stage, such a drawing-room would appear in rich wood panels, beautifully colored tapestry, gilded chandeliers and the like; but these colors are of no use for a movie scene.

MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

Photo copyrighted by Hartsook

POLLY MORAN, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

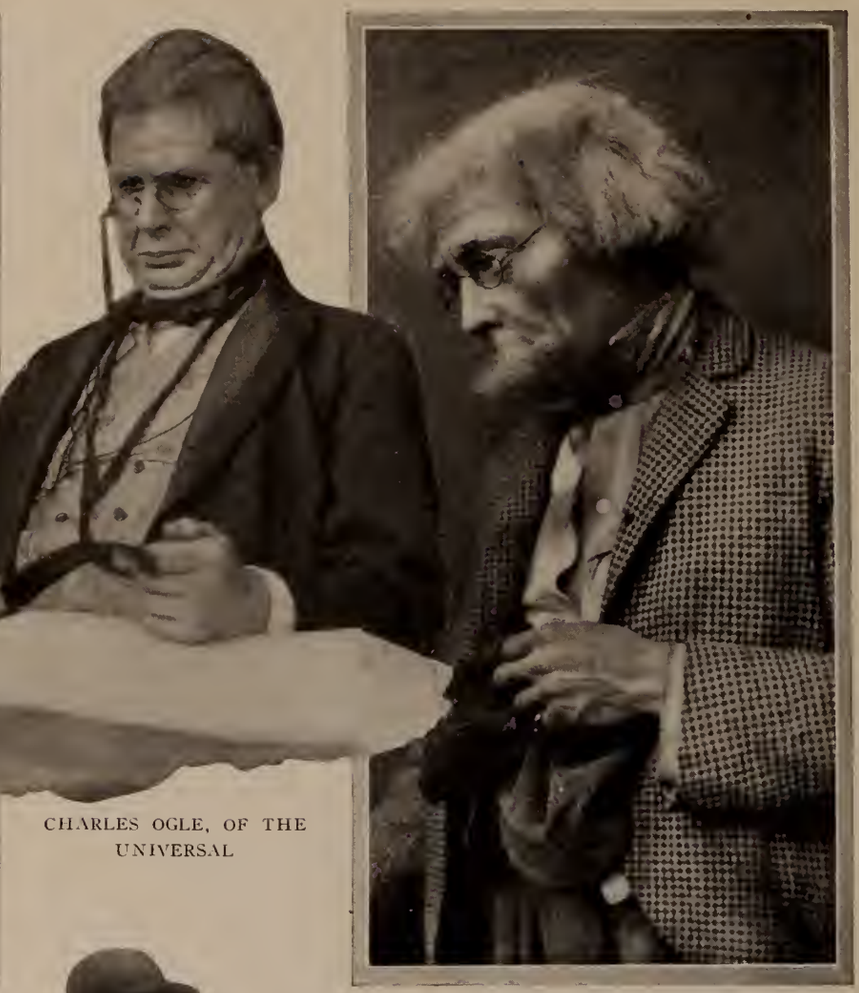
Photo by Photoplayers Studio

VERA SISSON, OF THE BIOGRAPH COMPANY

They are more frequently a detriment than otherwise. The red rosewood would appear like ebony; the blues and yellows of the tapestry and gilding would turn out a sickly white; the pinks and other warm colors of the rugs and pictures would, on the screen, be a dull gray. Consequently, the making up of these scenes for the stage-setting of movies is also quite an art.

In the Russian photoplay, "My Official Wife," the queen of the nihilists attempts to explain why she is a nihilist. As she talks, her vision of the past is thrown on the screen. It is the humble home of a Russian serf. Suddenly the Czar's soldiers break down the door and murder her parents and her lover. All this explains to the audience, without words, just why the beautiful girl has become a nihilist. To make this scene, great care was necessary in order to get the proper color values. The walls of the room look gray. If, however, they had been painted gray, they would have been the color of the soldiers' uniforms. In order to give a light-gray appearance, the walls were painted a light orange. The peasant's smock, instead of being light blue, as it is in reality, was made of dark blue, because the light blue would have photographed white. The "Queen's" boots appear lighter than those worn by the men. This was brought about by means of making them of light-red leather. They show at a glance to be of lighter and finer material than the black boots worn by the men. To get the perfect gray of the helmets of the soldiers, they were in reality a yellowish orange. Every other detail of these sort of pictures has to be made with the mind always on how they will look in the photograph.

FRANK DANIELS, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY



CHARLES OGLE, OF THE UNIVERSAL

ARTHUR HOUSMAN, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

There is no means of making a woman's eyes appear large and luminous before the lens of a camera. For the footlights, this is easily accomplished; for the movies, only certain types of women who really take a good picture can be used for scenes that demand a beautiful girl. The dark-blue eyes of Irish brunettes photograph quite well, but very light-blue eyes will not make a good picture at all. Dark-gray eyes, and especially hazel eyes, are strikingly beautiful on the movie screen. Footlights always favor the shadows, but the Moving Picture camera favors the high-lights. The skilled movie make-up man becomes a quick judge of just how certain high-lights and certain shadows will appear on the screen, and so he tones down the high-lights and builds up the shadows. He also supervises the colors and the costumes that are worn, because he is responsible for the effect on the screen. The acting is up to the director, but the color values are always up to the movie make-up man; and when he has learnt his art thoroly, he has a profession that is worth while and one that brings him an income that would make many a professional man envious.

Photo by Witzel

HAM AND BUD, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

Learning the wizardry of camera make-up, too, has been the turning-point in many a movie actor's career. "Youth must be served" is an axiom that nowhere more forcibly applies than before the unerring little lens of the camera. Let a leading-man gather a few crow's-feet under his eyes and not know how to dispel them with make-up, and his career is suddenly, mayhap cruelly, ended.

Speaking of wrinkles, the converse side, or the art of making movie wrinkles, can be no better illustrated than by Ralph Ince, "the man who made Lincoln famous." His study of the rugged features of deep facial lines was one of months.

The Most Beautiful "Good Woman" in the Movies

Great Girl Within Inspires a Charming Character Which Exudes Joy in Volumes—An Ardent Jap Captivated by Her Figure—But No Wedding Bells for Anita Stewart

By TOM BRET

I HEARD a rippling melody in prose!

At first in the distance, then gradually drawing nearer, the cheery call of a youthful celebrity re-echoed thru the corridors of the west wing of the great Vitagraph studios, while I waited.

That sound was as clear as the high note of some rich-reeded, soft-toned organ, and as ear-pleasing as the clarion-call of an oriole. And it heralded the approach of a creature as sweet as her voice.

"Well, I got my pie!" And there, in the door of her dressing-room, a radiant vision of loveliness stopped short when she saw that her secretary was not alone, and that I was lying in wait for her.

Mark my words, however, that was a striking entrance, for, as this little leading lady of the films stood there, in her pretty blue gown, with a dash of filmy pink heightening the peach-like complexion of her pretty, inquisitive face, it was so surely natural and vivacious that she seemed to exude joy in volumes, and it revealed, in a mindful manner, the great girl within, the heart of the most beautiful portrayer of the "good woman" in the movies.

I know you're impatient, dear reader, to get a glimpse of the throne-room of Miss Stewart. When I reached there, I found she was visiting in another dressing-room, on her way in; consequently, I reached the conclusion that she is a very chummy sort of a person. This, however, gave me the opportunity to meet her secretary, Mrs. Margaret Talford, who, because of her motherly appearance, gives one more the impression of a chaperon than of a secretarial lady. The dressing-room itself is a dream of white and blue furniture, containing also upholstered, semi-circular divan; olive-green, fireproof lockers, fairly bulging with costly costumes; and an art gallery, strung by brass tacks about brown- and cream-colored walls. In that galaxy of stars are Mother Maurice, Hughie Mack, Wallie Van, Eleanor Woodruff, and nearly a hundred other celebrities of the Vitagraph family, past and present. I was struck by the fact that S. Rankin Drew, that

Photo by Campbell

ANITA STEWART (Vitagraph

brilliant young scion of a brilliant theatrical house, which includes the Drews and Barrymores, occupied the high altar of Miss Stewart's affections, for his photo stood on a center table, beside a vase of roses and rich, red carnations, all emblems of undying devotion; while on a dainty side altar, as it were, a portrait of Earle Williams, the celebrated leading man, was also enshrined among a profusion of pink carnations. I had just about sized up the place well, noticing the running water, fancy electric lights, and various other fixtures of modern convenience, when the most exquisite young woman in the movies, the lover of pie and children and pretty things, made her appearance. With the businesslike directness of an executioner, I shortly had her maidenly confusion subdued, and proceeded with the interview. She told me, without a blush, that she is fully nineteen years of age, and that she gets from seventy to a hundred and fifty letters a day, most of them from girls, attracted by her remarkable screen personality. Incidentally, I noticed her toys, a goat (her own—no one's got it yet), and a doll in the gown of a French maid.

Her beauty secret?

Early to bed and late to rise, and, as the devoted Mrs. Talford interpolated, Miss Stewart's abundant good humor.

Talking shop with this bit of female Tiffany, I learnt that she believed her greatest dramatic triumph was not in the famous serial, "The Goddess," but in another gripping production, entitled "A Million Bid," written by the late Mrs. Sidney Drew, who was Phyllis Rankin. This revered authoress, by the way, was the mother of S. Rankin Drew, Miss Stewart's present director.

The genial young star confided in me further that she is quite as exemplary in her habits as a well domesticated married man. She doesn't smoke cigarets, drink, or stay out late at night. She is never out late, except at a movie ball, or a charitable affair, where her presence is frequently a notable event.

Her next picture will be a Russian masterpiece, in which she is to grow from girlhood to womanhood and do all sorts of romantic adventures.

To the construction of a magnificent mansion, which Miss Stewart is having erected, of stucco and stone, at Brightwaters, Bay Shore, N. Y., is attached a bit of sentiment, for she is to call the place "Wood Violet," in commemoration of the fact that her first screen appearance, three years ago, was as a wood-nymph, in a play of that name.

Photo by Apeda

Photo by Apeda

Photo by White

Photo by White

When, rather timidly, I inquired whether or not she was engaged, Miss Stewart became radiantly enthusiastic about not getting married. No; she is not engaged, and positively will not become involved in matrimonial entanglements for the next five years. In this she seems a most sincere young lady, caring perhaps as little for the admiration

ANITA STEWART IN HER FIRST GREAT SUCCESS, "THE WOOD VIOLET"

of the opposite sex as she does for jewelry, and she doesn't wear a trinket of any sort.

Here's another mighty pretty thing about her. She doesn't even use slang. Her every effort seems to be to cultivate within herself a refined and noble character, for she is a firm believer in the principle that her personality shows in her work, and, to move and entertain the hearts of the throng, she strives to live so as to reflect a lovable soul as well as a pleasing personality.

She gets proposals by the bushel. A widower, in Wales, with some cash, a farm and a whole hennery full of chickens, said he would pull out his hair and have no peace on earth should she refuse to come to him as his bride. He'll be bald entirely before Anita sees him. Soldier Ramson, 'way over in the trenches at Verdun, wrote her that he expected to die on the morrow, that he had no kith or kin, and so he wrote her a note of farewell, because he had grown to love her on the screen. He has not written since and has probably been killed in action.

But the best of all her mash notes is one from an ardent admirer in flowery Japan. Here it is, fresh from the Orient:

Tokio, Japan,
Jan. 10th, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS A. STEWART:

I saw the biograph of 413, which are very amusing, and the great scale in the picture-theater of our city previously and I specially suit your skilful performance in it. You are very highly spoken of.

I like very much you. Even now I cant forgot yours figure from my head, and therefore if I can see your art in other day, I am glad very much.

I hope to send you anything what you wishes, and I beg you will henceforth favour me with your friendship.

I am anxiously await your photograph enclosed answer.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,
CHOGI YACHI.

She thought that was the "most cunning and cutest thing" she had ever read, and made haste to take the address of her quaint Japanese wooer; then, with hands clasped fervently over her knee, she mused aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Talford, have we sent him a photograph? Let us do it now. We must surely send him one."

I really dont blame the Jap. There are only *seven* reasons why I should not be tempted to do the same thing myself—*a wife and six children.*

Oh, yes; I had a long and enjoyable talk with Miss Stewart, whom I pronounce clever as well as pretty. Her composite loveliness lies in the fact that she has a modest demeanor, the freshness of youth unspoiled by fame, the gift of sympathy, a charming personality, and, withal, a radiant beauty that emanates from a good and perfect heart. 'Tis said by wiseacres that an actress should sink her personality in her part. If so, I dont want to see Anita Stewart on the screen again; for it is the dainty and charming and heart-whole ensemble of her—her personality—that makes her the hit she is. Seeing this exceedingly remarkable young woman and great artist, one may well be reminded of the poetic tribute of John E. Barrett, the Scranton bard, when he wrote:

For it's not the new woman we want,
nor the old woman,
But the good woman;
Then bend the knee as we address her,
Here's to the woman who's good! God
bless her!

IN HER GREATEST TRIUMPH, "A MILLION BID"

Tears as a Screen Asset

Successful Photoplayers Are Required to Have the Faculty to Weep at Will

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

MARY FULLER

For what man is able to master
Or stem the great fountain of tears?
O'SHAUGNESSEY.

SINCE the beginning, tears have been the last and greatest refuge of the gentler sex in their dealings with the male. Hard, indeed, was the heart of a cavalier who could withstand the plea of lovely, tear-stained eyes. Formerly a woman, if she were capable of weeping at will, could use this gift to wheedle herself into a man's heart; but nowadays, with the era of photoplay, it can be used to much greater advantage—in finding her way into his pocketbook.

The tense, dramatic scene seems cold and conventional, if the actress goes thru her part with dry, untouched eyes. It is the tears—that slowly fill the eyes of the misused one, then trickle gently down her cheeks—that put the human, gripping touch into the scene and strike the sympathetic chord in the heart of the spectator.

Iva Shepard, playing leads with the Gaumont Mutual Company at Jacksonville, Florida, has never found the time when a dramatic climax could not be supplied with real tears. Recently, her reputation was on the verge of a collapse, during a scene in "The Haunted House." Conflicting emotions were portrayed on her face as, with half-closed eyes, she confidently awaited the warm flow of tears; but, to the surprise of the director, Mr. Middleton, and herself, none came.

"It's too cold today, Mr. Middleton; I cant weep," was the forthcoming explanation. All were distracted; the schedule must be finished, so that the production would not be delayed; but without tears the scene would be a dismal, flat and unconvincing failure.

IVA SHEPARD

Finally a stove—one of those oil affairs you never really appreciate until you spend a winter in the sunny South—was brought onto the stage. In the embrace of its gratifying heat, Miss Shepard once more brought her dramatic powers to the front, and great, soul-racking splotches of emotion trickled down her cheeks as the camera started once more.

Miss Shepard threatens even to excel her fine performance in "The Drifter," in her newest screen production, "The Sorceress."

Mary Fuller is a convincing and graceful exponent of the watery art. Many a lovelorn admirer has had forcibly to restrain himself from leaping to her rescue, or trying to comfort her, when a close-up revealed her beautiful eyes desolate with tears.

Perhaps some remote, Irish ancestor is responsible for the temperamental nature of Rosemary Theby. Without warning, her sunny smile will suddenly quiver; big tears will sparkle on her eyes, making them look like drenched, purple pansies, and their tragic loveliness wins your ready

IVA SHEPARD

sympathy. Then, before your mood can readjust itself, she is once more the saucy little sprite of a funmaker she was in the beginning, and, with true, Celtic inconsistency, the three-cornered, roguish smile appears once more. Miss Theby likes sympathetic parts; in these, tears are truly indispensable.

In the old Biograph days, when David W. Griffith reigned supreme, a little girl named Mary Pickford was just beginning her rapid climb to success. Owen Moore was leading man in the same company, and the older, more sophisticated stock members watched with interest the outcome of their pretty romance.

MARY PICKFORD

At that time her dramatic ability had not reached the prowess it now boasts, and occasionally Mr. Griffith could not arouse in her the depths he desired, until one day a happy thought struck him. From that day Mary's tears were at his command. A few sharp words of fault-finding with Owen's acting, and Mary was dissolved in tears. Lights were called. A protesting, weeping heroine went thru her scene, and eventually the finished photoplay started its long round. Ere long, many tears had won for her the sympathy and love of the people of every country in the world—for we all spill tears.

Now Mary Pickford can weep at will, not needing the spur of outraged feelings to egg her on, for, since those bygone, happy days in the old Fourteenth Street studio, she has climbed the highest pinnacle, and holds her own amongst the best screen-players of the day.

Nor is it only the woman who can resort to this method of winning an audience. Henry Walthall, the emotional actor, caused a quick contraction in the heart of every spectator when his remarkable courtroom scene in "Temper" revealed his eyes, which are even at their brightest a trifle sad, full of unashamed tears.

ROSEMARY THEBY

In direct contrast to Walthall's dreamy, idealistic nature is William Farnum—virile, strong; essentially the sturdy, out-of-doors man—yet, in "The Plunderer," when he is struck by his best friend, his eyes tremble with sudden tears. No one—at least no woman—could restrain the little tug of pity felt on seeing this big, apparently so self-sufficient man resort to the luxury of tears.

Cleo Madison is still another of the long list of screen-actresses who have learnt the art of tears à la carte. Her large and eloquent eyes can instantly bedew themselves with the tortures of her soul, and it is needless to say that her audiences suffer with her.

But the High Priestess of the Tear Duct is sans doubt the tousled-headed, great-eyed Blanche Sweet. It is averred by stage-folk that Cora Tanner, of a past generation, invented the stage-tear—at least she was its harrowed mistress in "Camille" and "The Lady of Lyons." And Blanche Sweet has truly caught her secret. In "Judith of Bethulia," the tear-whipped face of the woman who sold her soul and body for her people will never be forgotten. Some day, like kisses, tears will be classified and tagged—spiteful ones, remorseful, self-pitiful, and fearsome. But they will never lose their power as a deadly screen missile.

DOROTHY GISH AS JOAN OF ARC

The Champion Hero Exploits, Plots

Pearl White, the Girl with Ninety-nine Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits Hand," and "The Iron

By HECTOR

WHEN one thinks of Pearl White, they are quite likely to think of her as she was pictured in "The Exploits of Elaine" and many other thrilling episodes. But when one meets her face to face, she is refreshing in her simplicity and womanly charm.

"I am a Western girl by birth," she began, "and have been on the stage since I was a wee girl, but every one knows that about me, dont they, and about my work in pictures?

"This is the way it began—perhaps every one doesn't know that: One day, when I was quite small, a strange man came along and stopped at our house for several days. I will never forget how thrilled I was when I found he was a real actor. Father had taught me some things from Shakespeare and Tennyson, and I recited for the actor person. He told me that I should study for the stage.

"From that moment I had no other thought, and when my chance came to take a small part, I was too happy for words. I have been in the circus, too; that's where I got the nerve and some of the training for the adventurous deeds people think are so wonderful. But it is born in every Western girl to like outdoor life and to do all kinds of wild, daring things.

"I went back to the stage; then my chance came to go in Motion Pictures. I have been doing serial work exclusively for two and a half years. It suits me perfectly, tho it is very hard work, every day in the week, with long hours and a great deal of traveling. But, you know, work that interests us, and that we thoroly enjoy, is never drudgery.

"No; frankly, I am not domestic. Could you expect it when I have had no home life whatever since I was a little girl? All the home I know is a hotel. Why, I dont even have a dog. The only thing I have about me that is 'permanent,' as you might say, is my maid. She has been with me a long time.

"Other girls in the profession have homes, but they usually have some one of their own to live with them and help to make a home. I dont know the first thing about cooking or taking care of a house, and as for ordering a meal or suggesting a menu, I should be absolutely helpless. You see, my life has been strenuous, with no time or place for a real home. But I have accomplished things, even tho I dont keep house like a regular person.

"Now, here is a picture of

ine of Movie Perils, and Conspiracies

Lives, Has Been the Victim in "The of Elaine," "The Clutching Claw," and Still Lives

AMES

my daily life," she said. "I get up in good season, I eat no breakfast at all, and go to work from seven to ten. I eat lunch wherever I am, and as I often work until seven or eight, my dinner-hour is from seven to ten. I like the theater and dancing, but can never make engagements with any certainty of fulfilling them. My life is my work, and that is about all."

Just then her maid came to the corner of the big studio, where we were sitting, with a tray of tea-things. Miss White poured the tea and dispensed lumps of sugar and slices of lemon. "This is as near to being domestic as I ever get," she said.

"If you would ask me what I know about running a car, instead of a horse, I could give you a good story," she went on. "There is just one thing in the world I want to do, and some day I am going to do it. When the war is over, I shall take my car and travel around the world. I shall start from Honolulu, or some place, and go straight around until I come to Italy; there I stop, and there I shall stay."

I looked at her inquiringly. 'Yes," she said, and her wonderful eyes, with their changing lights and shadows, grew misty. "There *is* one place in the world that I call home, and that is Italy. I am American-born, but see"—turning her profile to me—"that is Italian, and see"—turning her head again—"that is Irish. Cant you see it, and isn't it an awful combination?

"I have visited my relatives in Italy several times. They are at the front now, and if they and their home are not demolished when the war is over, I think the dream of my life will come true."

"What will you do there?" I asked.

"Play the Italian theaters," she said, "and live and die there—that is, if the Motion Pictures leave enough of me to die anywhere," she laughed, with one of her sudden flashes from grave to gay.

It was at the Pathé studio, and, judging from the hazardous scenes taking place in filming "The Iron Claw," it seemed doubtful if she, or any of the company, would be allowed to die a natural death. Miss White showed untiring interest and cheerful patience in all the details of the work. She was everywhere present, and one

could see that she was adored by the whole company.

A small boy, who had been brought in for a scene, interested Miss White greatly. She tried to make friends, but he shyly withdrew from her embrace and made small response to her kindly inquiries. When she left him, I said, "You were not very friendly to Miss White." He gave me one disdainful glance. "Oh, g'wan," he said, "that wasn't Poil White." "It certainly was," I told him, but he was plainly skeptical. In a few moments Miss White came back and gave him a bright half-dollar. His impassive face lightened as he gazed at the coin and at her. "Say, you must be Poil White!" he gasped. And from that moment, until she was called to work again, he never left her side.

Soon every one was gone from the big studio but the director and half a dozen of the principals. I lingered—loath to lose sight of this girl, whose work compels the admiration of all lovers of the photodrama. When, at last, it was over, she said, "Now, wait until I change, and I will be ready."

In a few moments she appeared. In the picture she wore a most becoming creation of purple chiffon trimmed with spangly things, purple satin shoes, and purple bands, with more spangly things, in her hair. Now she was wearing a long fur coat, and a tailored hat, with a veil. She was none the less charming, but different, and I nearly exclaimed, like the small boy, "That's not Poil White."

The following interesting letter from Miss Pearl White came in answer to our request for a few lines and a picture for our "Favorite Scenes of Favorite Players" department. Since writing this letter, Miss White has signed a new contract with the Pathé Company, and is now engaged in doing a new serial:

My dear Mr. Brewster—Your favor just reached me, as I have been away on my vacation. I am quite willing to do all I can to grant your request for an article on "my favorite scene," but for the past two years I have been appearing only in thrilling pictures, in which the big scenes were hairbreadth escapes, and, of course, in these there are no favorites. Of course they are all terrible, and the only joy you derive from appearing in them is when it is all over and you find yourself still alive. I am mailing you, under separate cover, two "still" pictures of the last scene taken in the "Elaine" series, which I can say was the happiest, if not the favorite, scene in my career, because it was then I received the news that I was to have a four-week vacation on salary, and, owing to the fact I had not had one day off in two years, naturally it was a joyful tiding. Sincerely,

Pearl White.

PEARL WHITE'S FAVORITE SCENE, FROM "THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE" (PATHÈ)

When Sparrows Muss Up Motion Picture Scenes

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE sparrow is such a harmless creature that it is hard to believe he is capable of interfering with the production of Motion Pictures. Yet he has spoiled many a Motion Picture scene for the director, who, as may be expected, does not regard his interference in a favorable light.

The roofs and sides of many Motion Picture studios are of glass, and when the weather is favorable the glass windows are opened for ventilation purposes. It is thru these windows that the sparrows fly in and swing on the steel supports.

One director of my acquaintance had just ordered the camera-man to "shoot" a carefully rehearsed scene. The row of arc lamps was switched on, and just as the leading woman was settling down nicely to her part, two sparrows swooped by her head. She and her companion players hastily quit the scene, as they at first mistook the birds for bats.

The director's temper was ruffled, but the sparrows were driven out of the studio. However, they returned twice more, by which time the director was well nigh crazy. Altogether, the sparrows caused an hour's delay.

Another instance occurred in a romantic photoplay in which the hero enters his house and is reminded of his broken romance by seeing rice on the floor. He shows great sorrow, but when he was acting this situation, three sparrows descended on the floor and started to pick the grains of rice off the carpet. The incident was so unexpected that the hero could not restrain his mirth, with the result that the scene had to be done over again.

There is a well-authenticated story of a studio that was closed during nesting time. When the company returned and turned on the arc lamps, a protest went up from several hundred feathered throats in the nests above. It took a day and the fire department ladders to oust the little squatters.

A certain popular child player never attends the studio without a bag of rice, with which he feeds the sparrows. One day, however, as he was acting before the camera, a bunch of sparrows flew by his side in expectation of receiving their usual daily ration. The youngster was so touched that he stopped to feed his little charges. Altho the scene was spoilt, the director's sympathy was aroused.

MAY ALLISON HAROLD LOCKWOOD HARRY VON METER

A BIG MOMENT FROM "LILLO OF THE ZULO SEAS" (AMERICAN)

ROLLIN STURGEON NELL SHIPMAN WM. DUNCAN EDGAR KELLAR

THE PLAYERS IN VITAGRAPH'S BIG FEATURE, "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"

CHARLOTTE BURTON WILLIAM RUSSELL

SCENE FROM "SMUGGLERS OF SANTA CRUZ" (AMERICAN)

"The Edwin Booth of the Screen"

Henry B. Walthall Has Earned That Title for Himself, and Has But Few Competitors

By RICHARD WILLIS

HENRY B. WALTHALL

Is there a photoplay fan who does not know the expressive face or the earnest work of Henry Walthall on the screen? It would seem impossible that such could be the case. Yes, I believe that about every one, and his wife, knows the screen-Walthall, but there are mighty few people who know Walthall the everyday man.

To know Walthall, the man, is a privilege enjoyed by the few. This is not because "Wally" thinks himself above having many acquaintances, or that he has a very high estimate of himself and his own abilities. On the other hand, one of his greatest drawbacks in the past was that he underestimated himself and was more inclined to discourage praise than to court it. In fact, it was only after some of his best friends had gone to him and talked to and at him that it dawned upon him that he might, after all, be a person of some great importance.

He presents one of the exceptions to a general rule. It is said that a man is taken at his own estimate; in Walthall's case he was, and is, taken at other people's estimate, and all the modesty in the world could not prevent his being placed on a pedestal and receiving the recognition due to the man who is said by the best experts to be the greatest actor of them all.

Walthall is not a man who can be successfully interviewed. The best a writer could expect from him would be a short talk, forever being hedged away from the subject of himself and his doings. The padding would have to come from references to other interviews and from talks to those about him. My data have come from the memories of quiet evenings, of talks of many things, and from the careful mind-storage of details which he has dropped from time to time concerning his ambitions, his friends and his past. When he does refer to his birthplace, it is to recount amusing tales of childhood's ambitions, joys or woes. The love of the plantation where he was born is very evident, and one easily understands how tenaciously he and his brothers and sisters are holding on to the place o' memories. Walthall says he is going to return there when he is thru with art and work, and that he hopes to end his days on the place where they started.

Walthall retains the most grateful appreciation of his association with David W. Griffith, and never hesitates to give that great director the full credit of presenting him to screen audiences. It was Griffith who discovered Walthall; that is, so far as

his ability as a photoplay actor is concerned. It was Griffith who had the foresight to know he had a great actor, and it was he who brought out the genius of Walthall thru the medium of the genius of his own direction. Between them there has always been friendship and respect—that kind which makes them both preface each other's name by the courtesy of "Mr." It was not the kind of friendship which bred contempt.

MR. WALTHALL IN SCENES TAKEN FROM NOTABLE PHOTOPLAYS

Henry Walthall is naturally of a sympathetic and emotional character. The blood of the South runs in his veins, and it is not such a hard matter to bring the tears to his eyes. A wounded dog or a suffering child will suffice, and his purse has ever been ready to help the needy. Walthall does not talk of these things; he will not even like mention of it here. I was present when he uttered a quiet and dignified rebuke to a man in his dressing-room. This man asked Walthall to relate some act of charity he had done; he wished it for publication in an article in a Motion Picture publication. Walthall told the applicant of the request that such an act would surely be spoiled by recounting it—especially for publication!

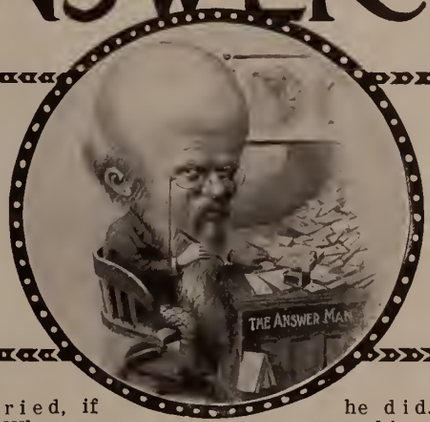
I write Henry Walthall down as a man without sham, without silly pretense and totally without conceit. He has a quiet contempt for successful people who suffer from exaggerated ego. He is a Southerner and slow to anger, but I have seen him angry. I saw him angered at a man over some mean piece of business, and his mobile mouth almost disappeared, his eyes grew hard and his whole aspect changed. Yes; Walthall has a temper, thank goodness—otherwise he would never get much of the tragedy which he injects into his characters.

The acme of the art of Walthall is that we *can see his thoughts on the screen.* With all the artists I can recall, I know of but one or two who can actually do this. Florence Turner is one; Charlotte Walker, in "Kindling," did it. Several artists have succeeded in this remarkable achievement in certain pictures, but Walthall manages it in nearly every photoplay he appears in.

His great performance was, to my mind, in "The Avenging Conscience"—a marvel of character-drawing and of the dragging forth of the innermost emotions. In this Walthall was almost uncanny, and every movement of the man—the twitch of the lips, the eloquent changes of the eyes, the hands, even the feet—was caught by the audiences with painful reality. He was helped in this play by marvelous direction. He will do other great things; it is inevitable. All his work is interesting; and when I last saw him it was when he paid a flying visit to Los Angeles. He was well, full of quiet enthusiasm and happy. He likes his surroundings at the Essanay studio, his director and company, and under such conditions we all look forward to a further fulfilment of his art, thru which the Motion Picture and the great world of photoplay-lovers have been the gainers.

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.



ADA S.—Yes, I consider Henry Albert Phillips a good authority on photoplay writing. Violet Mersereau is 18.

HUMANBUD.—Consuelo Bailey was Dora in "The Gangsters of New York." Yes, I believe he is. Florence Dagmar was Rowena in "Puddin'-head Wilson." We will publish a chat with E. Forrest Taylor soon. Yes, he was Justus opposite Beatrice Van in "The Hills of Glory."

MARY Z.—The picture you enclosed didn't look much like me. Yes, they are constantly changing. Frederick Church is with Universal, Dolly Larkin with Equitable and Arthur Allardt with Kalem. Thanks for your cunning little note.

MELBA, BROOKLYN.—I am sure I cannot tell you why Harold Lockwood got married, if he did. When a person dies, they publish the cause of his death. Why not publish the causes of marriages?

O. U. KNUTT.—Hal Cooley was Willie in "Red Lie" (Universal). Garry McGarry was Jack in "From Out the Past." So you liked Rupert Julian in that Universal. He is a good player. Fannie Ward was Tennessee in "Tennessee's Pardner." Blanche Sweet was Vera in "Black List." Edna Maison left Universal. Wheeler Oakman is with Fox.

SARATOGA.—You need not be afraid of my shuffling off this mortal coil simply because I am 75. Of every million persons, 906 die of old age, 1,200 of gout, 2,700 of apoplexy, 7,000 of erysipelas, 7,000 of rheumatism, 7,500 of consumption, 18,400 of measles, 25,000 of whooping cough, 30,000 of typhoid, and 48,000 of scarlet fever, so you see that old age is the safest disease, after all. By the time you read this Jack Pickford will be with World. Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers are with Vim.

SHAKESPEARE.—Indeed! We are always glad to get letters telling what you want. We try to please every one, but it is a hard job.

DEMOSTHENES.—I began my career as a very little boy. Eleanor Woodruff is with Equitable, and Paul Kelly is with Imp.

IGNORAMUS.—A whole lot of statesmen (?) have censorship on the brain, but they have very little brain on censorship.

YES, WE DO HATE TO GET INTO THE MOVIES!

These are the signs of good health.

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Has he a good appetite—a clear pink skin—bright wide-open eyes—alert springy muscles—a contented little face? Does he gain each week in weight—does he sleep quietly with eyes and mouth tightly closed?

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PUNKEYDOODLE.—He was arrested for sneezing. Never sneeze in public places. It spreads germs. I always carry an umbrella, which I raise whenever I see a person about to sneeze. Ker-choo! Lillian Gish is the only name she has. You have the wrong title on that Thanhouser.

JULIE A. C.—Thanks for that information about "Rosamond." I shall make use of it. It was kind of you to bother.

G. U. STIFF.—To tell you the truth I dont like your name, but you seem to think it just the thing. Glad to get your opinions. You say the three players who have the most beautiful eyes are Anita Stewart, Clara Young and Alice Joyce. I wonder what my other readers think. Winnifred Kingston was Sally in "The Call of the Cumberlands." I enjoyed yours.

56 MORRIS ST.—You did not give your name. You also do not give a complete title. Do you refer to No. 329? If so, Agnes Vernon was Mary. Thanks for fee.

ARIZONA.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Then you can write to them about a position. It is a hard job, tho. Write direct to the companies for pictures.

CORALIE.—Sydney Ainsworth was Dave in "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Henry Walthall was interviewed in April, 1916. Grace Darling is not playing now. You were a little late for May. Glad you like our covers nowadays.

NELLIE F. L.—It is the Jacksonville Gaumont Co. that Gertrude Robinson is with. Theda Bara has been on the stage. Dorothy Kelley plays opposite Donald Hall now. No, they are not married.

BISMARK.—I suggest the following game for your party: Provide a pencil and paper for the scorekeeper and then start a game of conversation, each person trying not to use the personal pronoun I. Let the scorekeeper charge every person with each offense, and at the end of the allotted time make the winners pay forfeits. Try it.

FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER.—Grace Cunard was interviewed in July, 1915. Francis Ford in June, 1915.

AMELIA T., KALAMAZOO.—You had the audacity to ask me what the weight of a silver dollar in dollar bills is worth. I tried all over to get an answer to this question, but without success, so I borrowed a silver dollar and a lot of dollar bills, and I found that it took just twenty of the latter to equal the former in weight. Now are you satisfied?

DOROTHY.—That was Evelyn Brent in "The Lure of Heart's Desire" and in "The Soul Market." Kenneth Casey is growing fast now. He is playing in vaudeville—plays piano, violin and sings.

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J. B. V.—Well, I should smile! I was indeed very glad to know you. Tom Forman is with Lasky.

TOGO T.—Looky here! You must read the rules at the beginning of this department first.

FRENCHIE T.—Earle Williams, the Vitagraph star, stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 173 pounds. He was born in Sacramento, Cal., on Feb. 28, 1880. He was educated in the Oakland public school, and later attended the Polytechnic College of California. It was the Photoplay Philosopher who said "Love is like the film; it is best developed in a dark room." Oh, yes, he is still around; and you want him to start a department in the CLASSIC, do you? Well, he might.

OLGA, 17.—No, m' dear, I do not do up my hair in curl-papers as Lord Byron did. Look at my picture and see if you believe me. I cant tell you anything about Mary Pickford now. Yes, we still have our restaurant in the building, and we have a flower garden in the rear of the building. Come over and see us again.

CARUTHERS, MEMPHIS.—That report about Miss Joyce is true. She does. Ethel Clayton is married. Black Thursday was the day on which a terrible brush fire occurred in the colony of Victory, Feb. 6, 1851.

DORIS W. H.—No, I haven't heard Billy Sunday as yet. I am the same as you are. And why do you speak of my wife? Alas! I haven't any. You ask me what time I retire. I try to make it ten; but it is more often eleven. I go to bed with reluctance, yet I quit it with regret. I make up my mind every night to leave it early, but I make up my body every morning to keep it late. Everybody should hit the feathers not later than ten every night. Thanks for yours.

JUSTME.—Frederick Warde is still with Thanhouser, and Marc McDermott with Vitagraph. I believe Miriam Nesbitt remains with Edison. Joseph Kaufman is a director for Famous Players.

HELEN S., LOGANSPORT.—Francelia Billington is with Universal. We will, no doubt, have a chat with her soon.

REX, NEW YORK.—You seem to love to dictate; you should have married a stenographer. Yes, you needn't say it; I know it is an old one. Vernon Steel was Robert opposite Olga Petrova in "The Vampire." Winnifred Kingston opposite William Farnum in "The Gentleman from Indiana."

DAN, 88.—That game isn't on the market as yet. It may be out before the first of the year. You want to correspond with a boy whose favorite player is Clara K. Young. You failed to enclose the stamp, Dan.

SYLVIA M. KEMP, OF THE HORSLEY COMPANY, SPENDS MUCH OF HER SPARE TIME MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SOME OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE BOSTOCK ZOO

JOHN M.—You want a picture of Francis Ford in the next CLASSIC. Very well, I shall tell the Editor. Yes; Cleo Madison. Wheeler Oakman was with Selig, but now with Fox. Yes, that is the same William Brunton of Kalem, now with Signal.

LESLIE W. H., VERMONT.—Sorry, but you should have put your name at the top of the sheet. Robert Brower was with Edison last. They do say that Lillian Gish was born in the Buckeye State, in Springfield, October 14, 1896, and Dorothy in Dayton, March 11, 1898. Lillian is a beautiful blonde, and was educated in Ursuline Convent, St. Louis. Dorothy plays the piano and Lillian dances.

ELSIE T., BROOKLYN.—May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—Lottie Pickford (Mrs. Rupp) is the mother of a baby girl. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are no longer with Universal.

MRS. J. L., B'KLYN.—I believe if you write to Henry Walthall he will answer your letters. "The Birth of a Nation" was taken in California and in the South.

DEMOSTHENES.—Well, well, you here, my child? Gladys Brockwell is with Fox, Arthur Mackley with Fox also, and Lillian Leighton with the E. & R. Jungle pictures. Have you seen those monkeys?

Photo by Photoplayers Studio

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THE QUIZZER.—Alan Hale is with Equitable. Isn't it so—the great philosophers live under different conditions? Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I in a hallroom. Lester Cuneo is with Metro. That is true that Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual. I know Metro denied it.

LUCIA E. LUGO.—Of course you may be my friend, and I have no objections. No; Pearl White has not left Moving Pictures. She had a narrow escape the other day at the Pathé studio. Address your letters to Miss Tapley at the Vitagraph studio.

FRITZ T.—Beware of love at first sight—always take a second look. Ruth Stonehouse will soon be seen in Universal pictures. Well, the Rialto Theater is not quite so large as the Strand. It is on Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, and opened on April 21st, 1916.

MARGOT.—Sorry I didn't see you in that play at Madison Square Garden. Yes; Harry Morey did splendid work in "Salvation Joan." Every one liked Edna May's work very much. The "Life of Earle Williams" is a fine book for the money. So you saw many slips the director let go thru in "Heights of Hazard." Surely you dont mean what you say about my $8 per. I could, of course, support several wives on that.

DELIGHT L.—I think it is more difficult to be a great photoplayer than a great stage actor. The latter has dozens of tricks to aid him, such as accent, intonation, inflection and modulation. If you will send for a list of film manufacturers, it will help you. Crane Wilbur is with Horsley, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, write again, old top.

BARBARA T., NEVADA.—So you thought Ina Claire resembled Mary Pickford very much in "A Wife's Sacrifice." I have heard others say that, too. I would rather be poor and healthy than ill and wealthy.

G. U. STIFF.—Dont call me Eddie. That's not my name, and besides, it is so overworked now. Yes, I have met Mr. Bushman here in the office. He is a fine chap. So you think Bud Duncan is twice as funny as Chaplin. We had an interview with Miss Stewart in December, 1913, and you will see another in the June CLASSIC.

JOY.—I cannot tell you why it is that a woman likes to be called a duck or a ducky, but not a goose. And a chick or chicky, but not a hen or chicken. A bird, but not a crow; a peach, but not a lemon; a dream, but not a nightmare; a vision, but not a ghost; a lamb, but not a sheep. Western Lubin are producing. L. C. Shumway and Helen Eddy are the leads. Kempton Green and June Daye are playing opposite in the Eastern studio.

SMILAX, ROME.—Rupert Julian was Jack, and Zoe Bech was the child in "The Desperado." Next time you come to New York look me up. Reading this department is like eating—of little use without digestion.

ST. L., No. 1.—Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis in the Pathé "Iron Claw." No; Arnold Daly is playing in "Beau Brummel" at the Cort Theater, New York. Thank you.

ESTELLE S., NEW YORK.—It will be quite impossible for me to look up those ten players you mention and tell you where they were born. Sorry. Next time I will try to give you a more complete answer.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Thank you. Yes, I am a good reformer, but a bad performer. Lots of reformers are good for nothing else. A horse too fine is useless, for it will not do for riding, driving nor ploughing. I have indeed missed you. I see Richard Tucker is still playing. I, of course, welcome you with open arms.

ADA K.—George Gebhart is with the Vogue films. Edna Purviance is playing opposite Charlie Chaplin now for Mutual. Vivian Rich remains with American. Princess Mona Darkfeather played Ukana in "None So Blind" (Lubin).

SALLIE T., CHICAGO.—Fred Mace and Anna Luther in "The Village Vampire." So many vampires nowadays. Yes, the scenery was very beautiful in "Sold for Marriage." There were a number of beautiful scenes in that picture, but isn't it so with a good many of the Triangle's?

Popular Player Contest

Here's the Opportunity to Crown Your Favorites

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a wonderful contest, which began in the June number, and we are enabled to give our readers a little advance information thereon. Be sure to get a copy of the July magazine and to see how the players stand, with full particulars. You will find a voting coupon elsewhere in this magazine which you should clip out and send in at once.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO NOON, APRIL 24

Mary Pickford	3,440
Marguerite Clark	3,350
Francis Bushman	2,655
Warren Kerrigan	1,785
Henry Walthall	1,755
William Farnum	1,750
Anita Stewart	1,715
Alexander Gaden	1,665
Nellie Anderson	1,540
Theda Bara	1,535
Beverly Bayne	1,285
Earle Williams	1,215
Dustin Farnum	1,100
Crane Wilbur	1,075
Wallace Reid	1,050
Pauline Frederick	885
Pearl White	865
Harold Lockwood	815
Mary Miles Minter	770
William Hart	760
Norma Talmadge	725
Grace Cunard	695
Marguerite Snow	680
Ruth Roland	630
Clara K. Young	625
Edward Earle	620
Carlyle Blackwell	615
E. K. Lincoln	610
Romaine Fielding	600
Cleo Madison	580
Blanche Sweet	565
Edna Mayo	520
Antonio Moreno	515
Florence LaBadie	510
Douglas Fairbanks	505
Ella Hall	490
Robert Warwick	485
Kathlyn Williams	475
Harris Gordon	465
Lillian Gish	445
Ruth Stonehouse	440
Owen Moore	430
Edith Storey	425
Olga Petrova	420
Richard Travers	415
Milton Sills	410
Mabel Normand	400

The Huntress

(Continued from page 16)

were coldly polite, finely indifferent, but the small, secret hours of the night often found the man pacing up and down his unshared room, fighting the passionate longing to fling prudence to the winds and go to her with his love humbly, a suppliant; often found the woman staring, dry-eyed, into her mirror at the beautiful face that was powerless to bring her her heart's desire.

And so—for they were both stubborn in their pride—it might have been with these two till the end of the chapter, but for Nadine's dinner-party and the events that followed it.

One morning, over his solitary breakfast, Harcourt opened a rose-tinted envelope, with the suffocating sense of excitement his wife's handwriting always aroused. Then he smiled grimly. It was an invitation to dine with Nadine that evening and to meet her old friends.

"In these days," he muttered, "it is an honor to be asked to dine with one's wife; but—I shall decline."

For he saw that it would be fatal to yield to half-way advances now. It must be surrender or nothing, and he was beginning to fear that it would be nothing. He had no terror of the other men who surrounded Nadine—his greatest rival was himself. He remembered the bitter days of their sojourn at the mines: his sternness, her cold fury, the warring of their wills, and it seemed to him that there could be no tender meeting-ground for them in the long, lonely years to come. He was very nearly at the end of his endurance, when he wrote his answer, pleading a previous engagement to dine with the Countess Panoushka, a dancer of great beauty and greater notoriety.

When evening came, inaction became unendurable. He put on his hat and coat and strode out into the night, to fight out his misery under the open skies. Laughter and the tinkle of glasses and Nadine's voice speaking gaily drifted out to him as he passed her door. He thought of her short, upper lip, curling like a scarlet flower-petal, and clenched his hands till the nails bit the flesh.

"I want her!—God! but I want her!" he cried aloud, as he drove thru the misty streets at heart-breaking speed—"and I want a man's natural life, a home and children, and dear, quiet, gentle ways——"

He was tired almost to exhaustion, when, hours later, he climbed the stairs and pushed open the door of his rooms. And then he fought with the cry that sprang to his lips as he saw Nadine herself standing before him, holding one long, white glove in her hands.

They faced each other silently. Then the woman extended the glove.

"I found this on your dresser. Tell me—is it *hers*—your Countess'; I suppose it is. Only a lover, I believe, cherishes such tokens."

The barbed malice of her tone pierced his heart, but, with an effort that turned his face gray, he controlled himself.

"By what right do you ask?" he said.

"By the right you gave me when you married me," she retorted.

"Then," he said, slowly, "you are right in your surmise that the glove belongs to the woman I love."

Nadine bit her lip. Then, suddenly, helplessly, she began to cry. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, but she disdained to wipe them away. Sudden, strangling hope seized him. He went to her and stood looking down into her upraised face.

"And now it is my turn to question," he said, sternly. "Why did you come here, Nadine?"

She looked down at the glove, then up at him, with a queer, sad little smile.

"I have deserved this, I suppose," she said, quietly—"at least I can take my medicine bravely, I hope. I, who have been favored of men above all others—even tonight you could not help but hear their adoration—am humbled, shamed by the man I have married."

"You are seeking only your natural bent," he said coolly—"water cannot run uphill."

"But a woman must love," she cried, quite hysterically, "or, unloving, die or disgrace herself."

"I must ask you again," Harcourt said quietly, "why did you come here tonight?"

Nadine watched his face closely, altho her eyes were dancing with defiance. "I could not leave you," she said simply, "without saying good-by, and, perhaps, leaving a wifely kiss behind me."

"Then you are going?" She read the agony in his eyes, back of the words.

There came a moment of silence—the rending of their world. "I came," she decreed slowly, "because I love you and could not stay away."

"Nadine!" he cried. "Oh, my girl! At last—at last, Nadine!"

And he caught her in his arms. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "that is your own glove. I picked it up where you had dropped it long ago. It is worn away—almost—with kisses. It was all I had of you, Nadine."

The face against his breast was shy and solemn. The Huntress of men's hearts was gone, and in her place stood a bride on her marriage night.

"But now," she whispered, so low he had to bend to the words—"now there is no need to kiss—a *glove,* for—if you want me—I have come—to stay."

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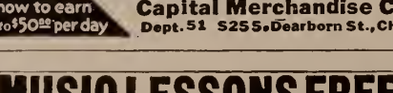

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April

(*Continued from page* 24)

the pathway, crouching till the trees hid the tent from view, and ran, panting, muttering over and over, with dry lips:

"He mustn't be ashamed of me—he mustn't be ashamed of me——"

Sal's Ravine lay dank and earthy-smelling, shut away from the sunshine by moss-strung trees and wet rocks, whose dripping sounded in the stillness like falling tears. April shrank from the edge of the bluff with a healthy recoil of soul, but her purpose, stronger than fear, urged her on. Suddenly faint, she sank down on the moss. A few moments—she must have a few moments more of life to gather together the precious memories of the last month to take with her into the cold dark. Jerry's words, Jerry's kisses—she went over them all as a drowning person cons over all of life in one crowded moment. Then, very white, she got to her feet.

"Good-by, Jerry," she said aloud, quietly—"good-by, world——"

Sudden feet thudded on the path above her; a big figure vaulted down; strong, frightened arms closed her round.

"April!" cried her husband's shaken voice in her ear. "Oh, my God! little girl, what were you going to do?"

The raw agony of his voice broke thru her chill lethargy, warming her to her shivering soul. She clung to him, as frightened as he.

"I reckoned," she whispered between his kisses—"I reckoned you'd be—plumb—ashamed o' me——"

"Ashamed of you? April—April—and I love you so! I remembered what you said once." He drew a deep breath and tried to speak quietly, but she could feel his big frame trembling. "Dear, the most amazing thing has happened. You remember the little baby-clothes Martha gave the doctor? Well, I showed them to Mrs. De Voe just now and she almost fainted when she saw them. For she had *made* them, April, for her own little baby, who was stolen by a discharged nurse and never found. For *you*—do you understand, dear?"

"My father and mother?" She whispered the words, awed, incredulous. Then, suddenly, she looked up into Jerry's face.

"It's moughty strange," she said. "I reckon I ought to be glad; I reckon I *am;* but somehow, now, nothing matters, except——"

"Except—sweetheart——"

"Except you an' me, Jerry," she murmured, "and—bend yore head down, honey—and—the baby that's comin' to we-all—some day——"

June Daye should worry just because Siegmund Lubin received a self-commendatory letter t'other day from one aspirant named May Knight.

Naomi Childers, who recently announced her engagement to the manager of Shraft's candy factory, has sorter gone back on sweets. There's a saying "Too much is enough," or something of the kind.

Kate Price hears from the war zone that she is the only anti-fear tonic they know. Whereat Kate is more joyous than ever.

Huntley Gordon, recently supporting Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney," is another recruit from the vocal boards. He has recruited himself to the Vitagraph forces.

Kittens Reichert, of the Fox Films—and Kittens is her name given in baptism, too—has a large and ever-increasing family of dolls. Each doll is named after some particular star, and not always very flatteringly to the star, however. Kittens also has a "mind-child" called "Margo." Margo accompanies her everywhere, and is the airy heroine of many astounding adventures.

There are disciples and apostles of Realism—but listen here! Anita King, the Paramount girl, drove up a steep incline in a racing automobile that belonged to the famous driver, Barney Oldfield, and shot into space, landing on a cushioned platform 72 feet away. And some women are afraid of a mouse!

Florence Dagmar, Lasky ingénue in Paramount Pictures, has just had a girls' club named for her in Louisville, Ky.

Since it became known that Mary Pickford wore corduroy trousers in many scenes of "Poor Little Peppina," many have been the requests from Italian mammas for the donation of the aforesaid corduroys. So many have been the pleas, indeed, that Miss Pickford has decided to preserve strict neutrality and hold on to them herself. It isn't safe—mixing up in these foreign affairs.

First we had Gerry Farrar in "Carmen," then Theda Bara, and now—oh, merry Fates, Charlie Chaplin! Not as "Carmen," of course, but as "Don José."

The actual shooting of an actual oil-well will be one of the big scenes in "The Toilers," starring Nance O'Neil.

William Wright, the Kalem executive, says that new themes are needed in photoplays. Too many of the prominent authors seem to think that their hashed-over ideas are good enough for the screen.

Henry W. Pemberton spends his absent-from-studio minutes in raising chickens and dogs.

Friends of Carlyle Blackwell, who have watched his nomadic wanderings from one company to another, can now look forward to three unchanging years. For Carlyle has signed a three-year contract with the World-Equitable.

John Mason is responsible for the rise to stardom of one of the Equitable program's best-known stock players, Clara Whipple. After viewing the finished picture in which Miss Whipple appeared with him, he declared that her work in the picture merited co-starring. It was done, and now passers-by will see Clara Whipple's name along with the great histrionian's.

After some years with the Universal Company—years of faithful work and artistry—Edna Maison has left. She plans taking a short holiday before deciding just what her next step will be.

Lives there a woman with purse so dead as to refuse Charlie Chaplin's bloated salary? Yes. Ruth Roland is "her." It has been connoted (?) that if the King of Comedy gets the trifle of over half a million annually he'll have to give $26,870 of it to Uncle Sammy for income tax. Says Miss Roland, "To be separated from that much money for taxes would surely kill me, and I dont want to die yet."

Roland Bottomley, who is Jackie Saunders' new leading man, has had the distinction of rehearsing under Bernard Shaw, and of appearing in the London première of two Bernard Shaw plays. He is full of anecdotes of the famous satirist.

In her latest feature production, "The Battle of Truth," Vera Sisson doubles as her own ghost. If all spooks were as lovely as Vera, dying would outdo the dance craze.

Just hang over a garden gate—the rest is E Z. That's what Vola Smith, the dainty Biograph star, was doing—opposite the Eastern Biograph studios. D. W. Griffith came along, decreed a career for her in pictures, and there you are—*voilà tout!*

José Ruben was Bernhardt's leading man for several seasons before he joined the Filmers. He is a marvelous impersonator of female rôles.

Anna Luther will return to her fans very shortly in "The Village Vampire." Work was begun on this picture nearly three months ago, but owing to a serious operation which the young star had to undergo, it was necessary to delay the filming.

"Happy" is Myrtle Reeves' new nickname—and this notwithstanding her "vamp" rôles. She has a crop of hair as sunny as her disposition—and—well—the sobriquet fits as none other could.

Ruth Roland, who has been appearing in the Balboa serial, "The Red Circle," recently received a letter from a girl in Pennsylvania who stated that she awoke one morning with a red circle around her right eye. As she had been attending the weekly instalments of "The Red Circle," she wondered— We wonder too— We dont know what Miss Roland thinks about it, but perhaps she is wondering also.

Hugo Munsterberg, the well-known psychologist, is soon to utilize the screen to teach the fundamentals of psychology in colleges.

The Pallas Pictures are to give Lenore Ulrich a car if her favorite ending in "The Heart of Paula" is upheld by the public as well as the press.

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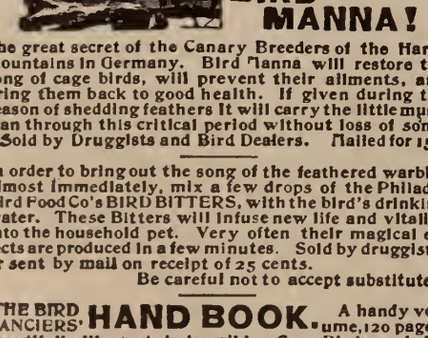

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We hear that Essanay have bought the picture rights to "Septimus," and will star Henry Walthall therein.

Helene Rosson, leading woman with the American Company, has started a fernery in her dressing-room. Callers complain that the fernery is an ulterior thing—a snare and a delusion—for if a sprout is inadvertently stepped upon, Helene shouts at them, and altogether a call in the fernery is a nerve-racking procedure. A method in her madness?

Henry B. Walthall has been doing excellent work in the "Mary Page" serial. But there are many who will be glad to see him again in some good, strong feature. Walthall in a serial is somewhat out of place.

Mabel Normand is to appear in a new field—comedy-drama. She has burst the bounds of Keystone comedies with her ability. As there has always been a touch of drama in her comedy, so there will undoubtedly be a touch of comedy in her drama. She will appear in plays something on the type of "Peggy," Billie Burke's pronounced success.

Alexander Gaden, now a leading man with the Gaumont Company at Jacksonville, Fla., is quoted as preferring the professional type on the screen—rôles of the brainy, quiet sort. It is not to be wondered at, since Mr. Gaden has wrestled with bears, fallen from a ship's mast, been thrown from a train, fallen down an elevator shaft, et cetera, et cetera.

Valeska Suratt got in wrong with the London authorities because she simply couldn't help writing home the interesting things she had seen in France, where she showed Motion Pictures to convalescent soldiers. After being summoned to Scotland Yard and there reprimanded, then sedulously watched and followed, Broadway sounded pretty good to Valeska—which accounts for her hurried departure for home.

Virginia Pearson comes from the South, and believes firmly in some of the old darkey remedies. The stomach-ache—despised malady, for instance—catch a beetle with both hands and throw it over the left shoulder without looking back—then just wait and see!

The Rialto, Broadway's latest picture palace de luxe, opened its doors on April 28th—symphony orchestra, uniformed corps of ushers, grand opera interludes, but no stage—the ghost of stage-sets has finally departed. Douglas Fairbanks and Roscoe Arbuckle head-lined the program.

Mary Miles Minter has signed with Mutual, as has also Audrey Munson of "Inspiration" fame.

In the future, Vivian Martin will be seen in Morosco-Paramount features.

Announcing the return of Alice Joyce to the screen. Negotiations are pending in several quarters. Definite connection will be published later.

Evangeline, the temperamental "Iron Claw" parrot, has acquired a habit of crabbing all the scenes in which she appears.

Sydney Ainsworth, the "villyun" in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," is a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

See "God's Country and the Woman," the eight-reel Vitagraph. It's a humdinger.

Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby are now making one-reel comedies for Vim.

We have with us this evening: Mary Fuller and Sydney Bracey, p. 14; Joseph Girard and Mary Fuller, p. 16; E. Forrest Taylor and Helene Rosson, p. 22; Pauline Frederick, p. 33; Edward Sturgis, Pauline Frederick and Thomas Holding, p. 37.

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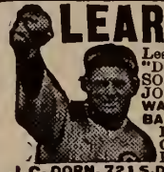

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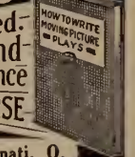

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Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players

(*Continued from page* 28)

But I like it—no stairs to climb and everything so convenient. Of course each place has its advantages. Yes, I can do every kind of housework, make my own clothes, and, truly, I do trim all my own hats.

"I'll tell you how I learnt to cook. In our family there are just mother, two sisters and myself. When we are in the country we girls take turns getting the dinners. That means I have two, sometimes three, dinners to plan, buy and cook every week. That is real practical experience, you see, when one has all the responsibility for meals.

"I have given waffle parties, and cooked all the waffles myself, for twenty people. Can you figure out how many waffles that would be? Some one is always saying, 'I want your recipe; I never ate such delicious waffles.' That is absurd. I make them just as any one does. My cooking is mostly plain, substantial things. You know what I mean—real things for hungry people, like planked steak and plenty of vegetables.

"Planked Steak.—Have plank very hot. Place steak of required size on this and broil in oven. The length of time to do this depends on individual taste, as some require well-done steak. Have peas, carrots and mashed potatoes ready for serving. In a frying-pan have hot fat ready, and drop into this spoonfuls of the hot mashed potatoes. When done, they will be round, brown balls. Place steak on large platter. Put the peas, carrots and potato balls around. Thicken the gravy from the steak, add one pepper and one small onion that have been put thru food chopper, pour over steak and serve. On the bread-and-butter plates I put nice stalks of celery, with the hollows filled with cheese. Any brand of soft cheese preferred, or plain American cheese may be used, first putting it thru the food chopper.

"Waffles.—Mix and sift three cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one half-teaspoonful baking soda. Add two cups sour milk gradually, yolks of eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls melted lard and whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Cook on hot waffle-iron. Serve with maple syrup or honey and butter. Waffles may be served for luncheon, supper, breakfast, or 'high tea.' The waffle-iron should fit closely on range, be well heated on one side, turned, heated on other side and thoroly greased. In filling put tablespoonful in each compartment. If well heated, turn almost at once."

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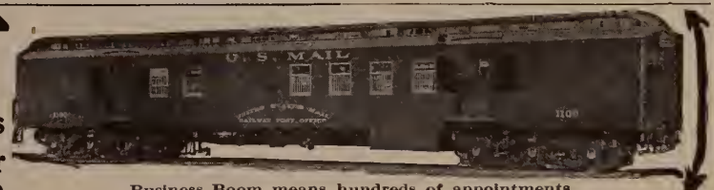

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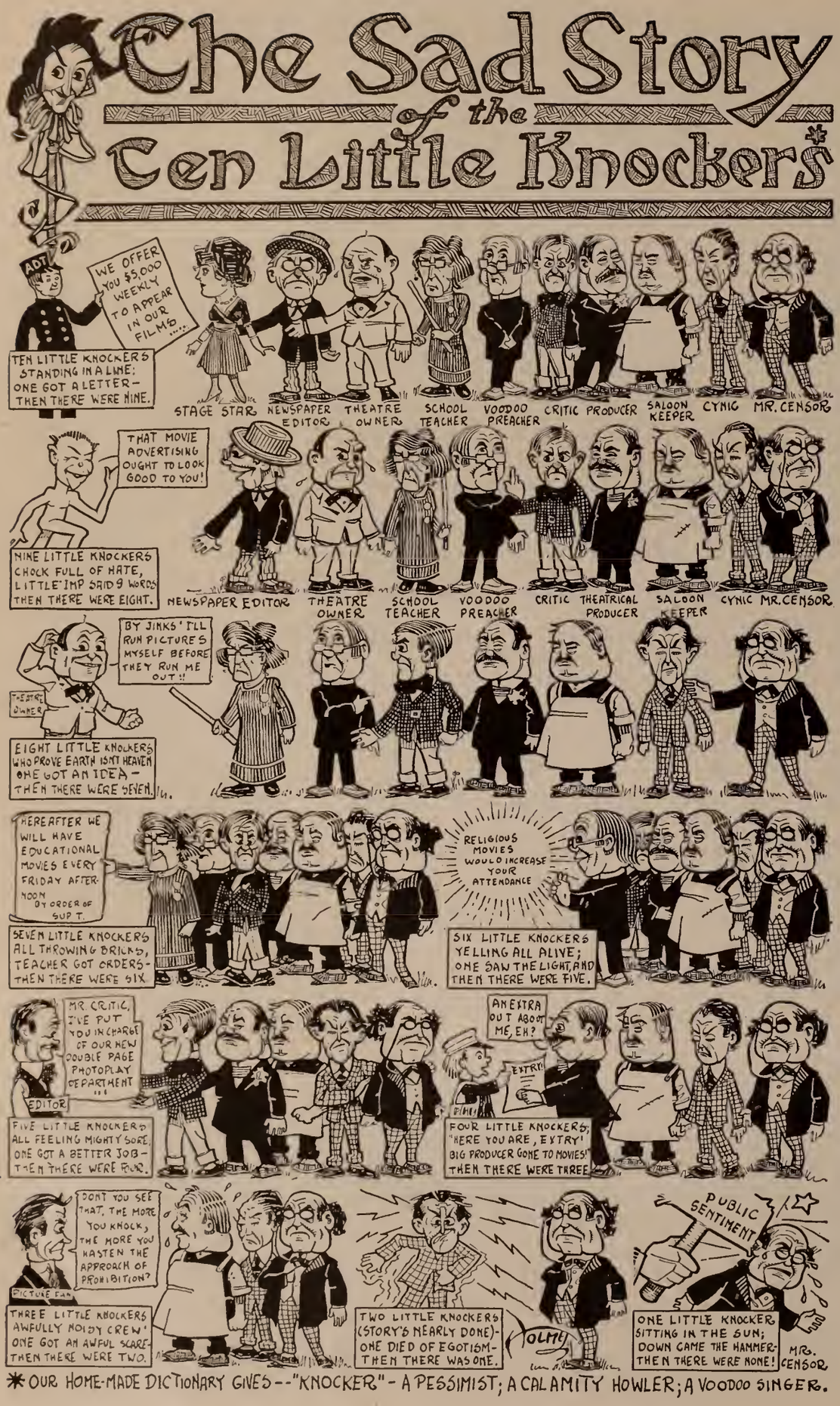
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Ethel Teare, and That Flirtatious Way

(*Continued from page* 26)

would get over on the screen. I wasn't quite sure that I had what he said, but I ended my vaudeville tour right there in Los Angeles, and the following week found me out here at the studio.

"I can assure you that I am glad of the change. Instead of those long rehearsals in a stuffy theater, I have the glorious outdoors of my native California; and in the place of the stuffy hotel rooms and jouncing trains, I have a pretty little bungalow, with my mother and sister and everything that makes 'home.' Believe me, 'This is the life!'

"I imagine I have been rather fortunate for a girl who has been in Motion Pictures only a year. I started with Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan, in the 'Ham and Bud' subjects, and, I must confess, I enjoyed playing with those funny fellows so much it wasn't really work. Then, when Ham suffered his unfortunate accident, it was up to Bud and me to bear the burden entirely.

"The company officials evidently liked my work, for when Ham returned, they suddenly surprised me with the news that I was to star in a company all my own. They said that letters from the fans, and reports from exhibitors, showed that I had secured a large following, so I deserved to be a star all alone. You can see that I owe a whole lot to the dear fans, who are thoughtful and kind enough to write letters once in a while. More than one star has been made thru the good-will of the fans, who enjoy saying a good word.

"But I hope the fans dont think I am flirtatious, too. I guess they dont, or they wouldn't be so kind, because no woman or girl likes a flirtatious cat."

"Supposing we leave it up to them," I declared. "Let me take some of these very pretty photographs that I am sure I might almost describe as 'flirtatious.' We will publish them in the CLASSIC, and leave it to the readers themselves to decide just what adjective applies."

But I had stumbled into expressing an opinion of my own—so there was nothing left for me but to cover my confusion by quickly securing the photographs and seeking safety in flight. As I went down the road from the studio, I turned to see Miss Teare waving a pretty farewell. I may get my hair pulled for it, but I am going to say right here, that the only word to describe that bewitching personality standing at the end of one of the outdoor stages, and waving a good-by to me, is the word "flirtatious."

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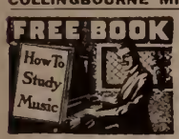

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The Spoken Drama

A New Department for Playgoers of the Speaking Stage

By ROBERT GRAU

ALTHO there are many plans just now to intermingle the distinctly Motion Picture play with that of the spoken drama, the writer does not believe that such combinations will be attended with the happiest results.

It is known that the present successful régime at the New York Hippodrome has in mind to stage a combination photoplay, interspersed with spoken text, on a colossal scale, the coming season; but up to now it is not believed that the Motion Picture producers, who have the most at stake in the outcome of such combination productions, are in sympathy with such undertakings.

The reason for this is not difficult to explain. In the first place, the financial results of every effort heretofore made to intermingle film and spoken plays have either been disastrous or else, in desultory instances where they have been partly successful, it was discovered that the public was not interested in an exposé of the secrets of the screen. One producer, Thomas H. Ince, who scored by far the greatest success as yet achieved with such a production, concluded that "An Alien" was less appealing to the public in mixed form. After its New York City première, just as the picture play combination was about to be withdrawn, he devoted the last week of its run to eliminating the spoken text, with the final result of a greatly improved presentation, larger box-office receipts and a sensational success of the film ever after. This, too, despite the fact that George Beban's spoken portrayal of the "big scene" of the play has never been approached.

There is that something about the picture play—the technique of its construction—which should decide those who have the art of the screen at heart to discourage the directors of photoplays against trifling with the constantly accumulating miracles of a wondrous new art, and there are those who believe that the motives of producers bent upon combining the two arts are wholly selfish, and mostly due to a desire to ultimately discredit the infant art.

The greater Motion Pictures of tomorrow will have less to do with plays than with vital truths, and we are now only on the threshold of this wondrous art, which a few years ago would have scorned to affiliate with our spoken players, but enlightenment is so progressive these days we expect to see in the present decade a type of play on the screen which all mankind will proclaim as ushering in the vital era. Until then, it is enough to know that photoplays have led and spoken plays have followed.

Their fields are distinct, as are their methods of expression, and we should not attempt to confuse them by mixture or to weaken either by unfair comparison. That the photoplay will breed a race of new players for the spoken stage is a most probable prophecy.

Guide to the Theaters

Plays That Are Worth While

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Harris.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday." A farce dealing with small-town folks, featuring Fred Niblo in a sort of Billy Sunday character, who becomes a spectacular temperance lecturer. A trifle old-fashioned, but it seems to be popular.

Thirty-Ninth Street.—"A King of Nowhere." A romantic comedy-drama of the first class, beautifully staged and played. Lou-Tellegen is handsome and picturesque and so is Olive Tell, but Sydney Greenstreet, as Henry VIII, more than shares the honors—he is great! An unusually entertaining performance—one of the best that Broadway has seen for many a day.

Booth.—"The Co-respondent." An interesting, well-acted drama featuring Irene Fenwick, who plays excellently the part of a too-trusting country girl who is nearly wedded to a millionaire villain by a make-believe judge, but who finally wins a managing editor, and everybody is happy.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona." A pleasing Indian story with Lenore Ulrich and William Courtleigh, who are well known in pictures, beautifully staged by Belasco, and splendidly acted by an excellent cast.

Lyric.—"Potash and Perlmutter in Society." Those who enjoy Jewish types and wit should not miss this highly amusing farce, which is quite as laughable as the original, of which this is a continuation.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy role. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip Hooray." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"Just a Woman." A strong melodrama in which Josephine Victor admirably shows what a woman can do when everything seems to go against her. A strong play, strong cast, strong plot.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies), and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folk will be held spellbound, and the old folk will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Comedy.—"The Fear Market." An interesting drama with a few comedy touches, showing how society people are blackmailed by alleged reformers.

Metropolitan Opera House.—The wonderfully beautiful Russian Ballet, and wonderful music by a wonderful orchestra. If you like dancing, dont miss this classic.

Cort.—"The Blue Envelope." A bright, breezy farce, full of amusing situations that keep the audience good-natured thruout, and causing occasional explosions of laughter. A trifle old-fashioned, and it does not run so smoothly as it might.

Astor.—"Cohan Revue." Wonderfully clever musical burlesque of the popular plays of the season, done by thoroly competent players.

Playhouse.—"Capt. Brassbound's Conversion." Grace George and Robert Warwick make the most of this effective, pleasing, Shaw comedy, which is in about the same class with Miss George's other great Shaw success, "Major Barbara."

Gaiety.—"Erstwhile Susan." A comedy in which Mrs. Fiske proves that she is still entitled to first honors among our great comediennes. The author might have made more of a splendid opportunity. Interesting, but there is not much humor in the play.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer." One of the best farces that New York has seen in years. Full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line.

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A cash bonus, divided into first, second and third prizes, in addition to liberal commissions, will be given to those who send in the most subscriptions to either the MAGAZINE or the CLASSIC during each month. Thus, by becoming a Special Solicitor for the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, you can help boost your favorite player and in addition earn some extra pin-money.

Begin voting now by sending in the coupon which you will find on page 69 of this issue of the CLASSIC, and if you desire to enroll as Special Solicitor, just fill out and mail the coupon below.

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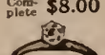
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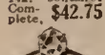
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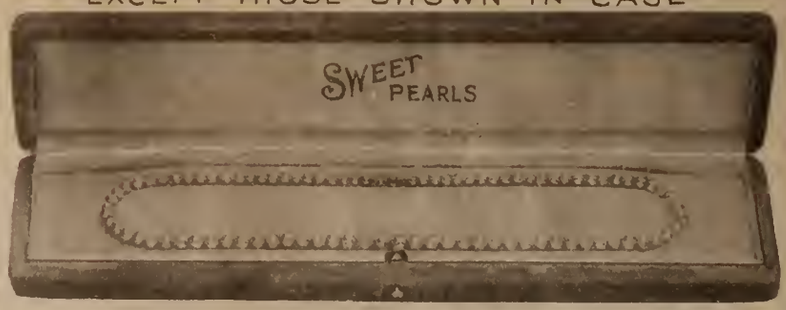

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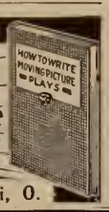

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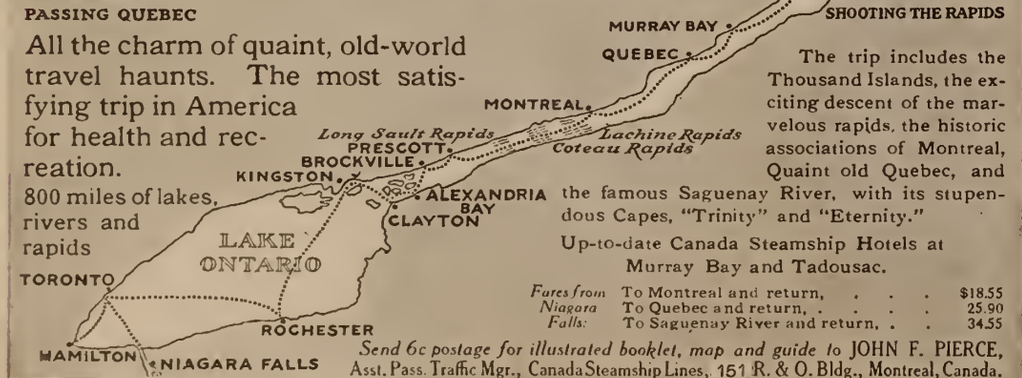

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VOL. II. JULY, 1916 NO. 5

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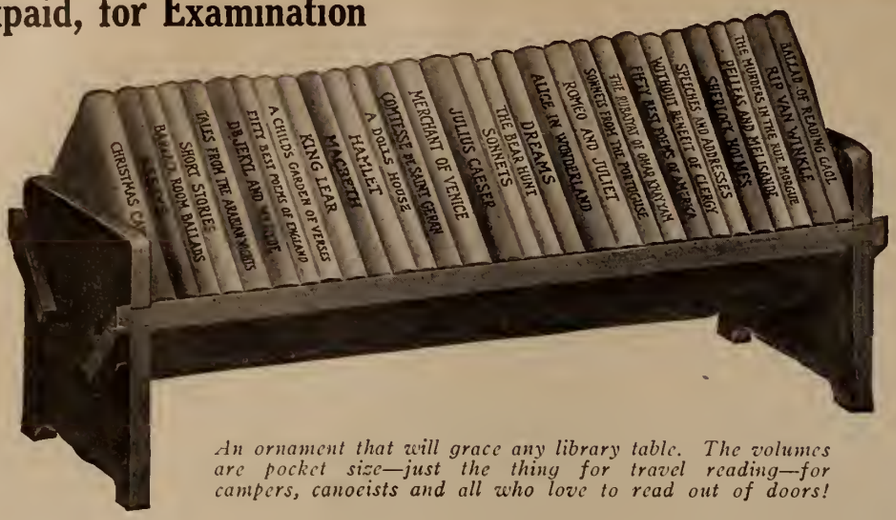

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The Suspect

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BACK in the darker, more unenlightened days, before there were such things as anarchism, socialism, positivism, absolutism and nihilism, lived and labored the great Russian peasantry, known as serfs—creatures annihilated of individualities; oppressed, suppressed; miserable specimens of man's dependency on man. As so many cattle—and often less than the cattle—they bent their splendid, vital backbones to the earth in feudal, cringing submission to overlords sans any quality of mercy. Gradually there emerged from the masses an independent mind here, a radical thinker there—one, perhaps, with a wider vision, a deeper sympathy. Propaganda was circulated, the dullard blood of serfdom stirred, and the serf raised his head and gazed about him as an individual, thinking, seeing, feeling for himself. There was no thought of socialism then, nor of political reform, nor of the later dawn of terrorism—merely the slowly assertive right of the individual. And so was nihilism originally conceived—an embryo destined to a multiple birth; to much destruction and some construction; to bloodshed and the fine temper of justice; to the hocus-pocus of right and wrong, without which no great Cause is won, or lost.

Sophie Karrenina, daughter of a nihilist, traced her ancestry back to the days of serfdom. She was Russian of the Russians; in her veins ran the tortured, resentful, smouldering blood of the serf, the later heat of the more thinking rebellion, and the great bruises of the oppression which festers the Russian people today and breeds, like some unhealthy malady, the dark fears and the darker realities with which the land abounds.

Sophie Karrenina had been suckled on the Cause; she had eaten it, slept it, drank it. It had grown with her growth. Drummed into her small head was the relative unimportance of the individual to the propagation of the Cause. If one must die that the truth might live, how glorious a triumph!

And when she was fourteen she witnessed the horrible mutilation and death of her beloved father and the consequent death by shock of her delicate mother. All the teachings of her childhood crystallized and hardened. The nerves in her sensitive body brutalized. The violent shock to her affections—her heart-strings—robbed her of her dawning womanhood, and she turned a face to the Cause, shorn of all mercy or compassion—hard, relentless, crucified of emotion.

Sophie Karrenina stood in front of the great, heavily carved table, and looked at the four men standing at attention. Her full lips curved in a sinister smile: her deep-lashed eyes narrowed. She drew herself up to her superb height and raised her hand. Valdor stepped nearer her—he had been her father's friend and physician, and he had not left her since that night of terror, seven years ago, when Karrenina's ghastly body had killed his wife and turned the heart of a child to a thing of ice and stone.

She was speaking, and the men listened eagerly. "Karatoff, 'The Butcher,' enters Warsaw an hour from now," she said distinctly; "he is—better dead. He stands between us and freedom as a squat, stubborn, cruel bulwark to the sea. He is far better—dead. To you, Mouroff, I entrust the throwing of the bomb. Aim well, my man, for the blow is a vast one for the Cause. 'The Butcher' of Warsaw is stained with blood and rotten with women's tears; he is an oppressor—an——" The thick, passionate voice halted abruptly. The distant eyes were seeing, as always, that piteous, flayed body of the author of her being, and the dead face of her mother. She was seeing, thru her personal tragedy, all miserable victims of man's tyranny to man—all dead women who have died of grief; all children aged and mummified by terror. And the implacable Cause gleamed from her eyes and fired her gaze.

The men filed out silently, slipped down the stairway in the back, entered the cellar, and were admitted into a tunnel in the wall by Vasil, Sophie's silent, faithful man-servant.

Sophie turned to Valdor, and her eyes flamed. "If he succeeds, Valdor," she cried, "I shall have begun—I shall have begun to erase from my memory that poor, poor body. It will not swing before my eyes of nights. I will not hear the lashes in my ears. He will rest quietly in his tortured grave, and the gaping wounds will heal. The dead face of my mother will smile at me; that stricken, mortal look will fade away. I must succeed, Valdor. The Cause—the Cause must live!"

Valdor watched her compassionately and ardently. With her by day, guarding her by night, he had come to love her, silently, sullenly, with the dumb worship of the dog. He had loved her first for her fervent espousal of the Cause he loved himself, then for the womanhood that glowed thru all the crusts of other aims and thoughts. "She is a woman first—a nihilist

second," he would think jealously, "but she does not know it—yet."

"We will succeed, Sophie," he answered quietly; "the Cause is founded on justice and inflamed with the faith of its people. It must have its travail as all other Causes do; it must have its martyrs, too; but its birth will dawn on some heavenly tomorrow."

Sophie touched his arm affectionately. "My good Valdor," she smiled tenderly—"my physician and more than friend—how should I have stood it all if it had not been for you? You have been my rock of strength; you have not failed me; you cannot fail me now."

Valdor winced while he smiled. Then he turned to the window and pulled open the door excitedly. "Some one is heading this way!" he cried. "It is not one of our men—and he is wounded. Ah!"

The stranger leaped over the steps and sagged down against the door. Valdor opened it and dragged him within. "It is Prince Karatoff," said Sophie, as the man swooned and Valdor laid him on the couch. "How is he wounded, Valdor?"

Valdor looked up at her. "Had he not better be wounded—altogether?" he asked meaningly. "If they have let the father go, here is still—the son."

Sophie was thinking—her eyes taking in the slender form, the high-bred face, the shapely, muscular hands. A strange light gleamed in her stranger eyes. "No," she said—"no—he must—live——"

When Paul, Prince Karatoff, revived, he found the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen bending over him. Her eyes were softer than stars set in a Sicilian sky; her lips were like some flower too tender to unfurl; her lovely, yearning form held all the graces of all the women in the world; and her voice, when it came to him, stirred him like the deeper notes of a harp. "She is more wholly woman," he thought instinctively, "than any woman I have ever seen."

"How did you get here?" she was asking him. "Why did you come?"

Then he told her of his father's and his entry into Warsaw; of the attempted throwing of the bomb at his father; how one of the guards averted it, and how the thrower made good his escape. "I gave chase," went on Paul, "and traced him to almost this very door. Then I dont know what struck me; evidently he did—the dog; but I ran crazily for a moment, and I awoke with—with your face over me." He smiled up at her. "It was a beautiful awakening," he said simply.

Sophie smiled and exulted, even as she had planned. For all his princely honors, this man was a man still—little more than a boy—credulous and simple of faith.

They talked a little more, and she leaned near him, nearer, till he caught the subtle fragrance of her, probed the witchery of her eyes, visioned her mouth cupped for one perfect kiss, found himself idly contemplating the living strands of her hair. "This is crueler than torture," Sophie was thinking—"more subtle, more evil than bombs or sudden deaths."

"TO YOU, MOUROFF, I ENTRUST THE THROWING OF THE BOMB"

An hour later Karatoff departed, to assure his father of his well-being, save for the broken collar-bone, and to chant the praises of Madame Sophie Karrenina with all the callow greensickness of youth. "She is like no woman you ever saw, father," he averred; "more beautiful, of course, but so exquisitely tender—so fine—so purely bred——" And "The Butcher" raised his hand and laughed, and sent Sophie a ring he wore in token of his gratitude for her care of his only son.

A month later they were quietly married, with the grim Valdor and the silent Vasili for witnesses. "It is for the Cause, Valdor," Sophie had assured him in reply to his objections. "Cant you see the irony of it—the dénouement there will be? Paul, Prince Karatoff, the husband of the nihilist leader of Warsaw—the instigator of the attacks on his father's life, perhaps the successful slayer of his father in time! To end a man's life is to deal him a single blow, half the time of which he realizes nothing. It is to consign him—who knows?—to some more blissful sphere. But to ruin his pride, to sap his very blood, to drag into the mud the name of an *autocrat*—Valdor, Valdor, cant you see?"

"Yes," assented Valdor, tonelessly, "I can see."

He did not see fit to add that he could see Sophie's heart of stone soften and turn toward the young ardor of Paul Karatoff. He did not expatiate on the hold he would have on her once he had her close within his arms. And a child—God of all Causes!—what could not a child do to a woman like Sophie Karrenina?

Valdor was right. As the year waxed and waned, Sophie turned ever more eagerly toward Karatoff. As a flower reared in the cold shadow turns its starved face to the sudden sun, so she turned to his love, and her heart opened and drank it in. His kisses numbed her memories; his passion cooled the ferment in her veins; and when the year's close saw the birth of their little son, Valdor groaned and averted his gaze from the pain and the sacrilege. She hung over the tiny bundle with the fond fatuity of the ordinary woman. And to the father she accorded that mysterious something that typifies the indissoluble bond. The Cause was submerged by the Trinity. And to Valdor's remonstrances she said only: "A brief respite, Valdor, that is all. I am a woman—and I must live my little share—awhile. I have not forgotten—no; tell them all I surely have not forgotten."

But Valdor smiled ironically, and knew that she lied with her heart, whatever her lips might say. The warm, satisfying present had obscured the traditional past. The woman had trampled over the Cause and was asserting her right to live—to live a woman's life.

And then, one day, Paul came to her with a strange look on his face—a white look of doubt and entreaty. "Sophie," he began uncertainly, "I have heard a horrible thing—from my father. Why do you pale? I have not finished yet. He says you are—a nihilist—a suspect almost beyond the pale of the mere suspect. Sophie—

answer me; tell me. Oh, God Almighty! It is impossible! Not you—not you—my baby's mother—my—— Sophie, listen; I am waiting to hear you deny it. I am waiting to hear you laugh at it as ridiculous. Why dont you answer me?"

Sophie put her hand to her throat. "I cannot—deny——" she rasped, and the Lethean waters gurgled and bubbled icily about her soul. The brief thaw of happiness chilled, and she swayed.

He stared at her. "You—cannot—" he repeated—"you mean——"

Sophie woke to sudden, vehement life. She grasped him by the shoulders and faced him, eyes afire. "No," she rang out, "I dont deny it, for, look you, Paul Karatoff, I dare not deny my father's mangled body, nor my mother's stricken face, nor my own abortive age. While man oppresses man with absolute rule, there will be no happiness, no liberty, no glory of freedom to do and to think. Each and every one of us—you, born of the autocracy; I, born of serfdom—each of us is endowed with a heart—a heart that bleeds the same at pain and death, and joys the same at life and laughter. Each of us is born with a mind, an intellect, that triumphs above the peasant or the princely flesh; a splendid, independent, solitary thing—infinitely capable—infinitely dominant. Each of us—" she stepped nearer, and her voice dropped, "is born with—a soul. A soul that is often hungry—often very hungry, very bewildered, and afraid. A soul that, after all, kneels to the same God—worships at the same shrine—goes at last to the great Heaven of us all. Then tell me, what is this oppression—what is this wanton massacre of humans—what is this creed of the devil that makes Nihilism *live?* But, Paul"—she crept nearer to him, pleadingly—"I *am* sorry that I married you now, my dear one; not because you have not made me happy—you have. You have given me the only happiness that I have ever had. It is because you *have* made me happy that I am sorry—because our little son has welded us together as I never thought possible. Ah, Paul, are we, then, so far removed—I, who spring from serfdom—you, who have been born of power?"

Karatoff was watching her blankly. "A nihilist!" ran thru his brain—"a nihilist——" Then his eye caught his little son, and something rose in his throat and choked him. He cast off the clinging hands and sprang for the door. "Paul!" came his name wistfully, but he did not heed. Outside the door, Valdor was waiting. As the young Prince broke thru, impetuously, Valdor raised his hand, and something fell thickly to the ground. Valdor bent over him and lifted him swiftly, then he sped down a secret stairway and out into the twilight with his silent burden.

An hour later he broke into the room where Sophie was still sitting, watching the way that Paul had taken, thinking not so much of the man as of the happiness that he had represented—the peace, the warmth, the manna that fed her hungry heart, nurtured since birth on the grim dietary of the Cause. There had been something in their life together that could not come again.

THE BRIEF THAW OF HAPPINESS CHILLED, AND SHE SWAYED

As Valdor entered the room, she pulled the baby to her breast and raised her brooding eyes. "What now, Valdor?" she asked.

The man bent over her and spoke excitedly. "The police have murdered your husband," he hissed; "they are tracking us down. 'The Butcher' already suspects, and when he hears of this it will be all up with us. We must fly—to England; there is not a moment to lose."

The life of a conspirator is an alert one; there are subterranean flights and mysterious vanishings; there must be these things to live. That night found Sophie traveling under her mother's name of Katherine Vedsk, with her son, whom she dubbed Jan, and Valdor, en route for London.

Deprived of the man who had begun to make a living, rational woman of her—his murder but another scab raised from the wound—the old fervor of the Cause rushed back upon Sophie and strangled her with its vehemence. She had dwelt in her fool's paradise, and the oppressors had shattered it again. Her son remained to her—to train for the Cause—and the Cause itself. She yearned for the reign of terrorism; for the power to shatter the world's monarchies; for the greater liberty of all the Russias.

"Pardon me if I intrude," an English, low-pitched voice was saying, "but this is the only carriage empty, I believe."

Sophie raised her head, gave the tall, English stranger a casual nod, and subsided into her magazine again. Valdor scowled at the intrusion, and little Jan watched, absorbedly, the picture on the cover of the military magazine the stranger was reading.

Sir Richard Stanhope watched the face of Sophie Karrenina furtively. A member of the British Embassy in Petrograd, he knew the Russian type of beauty, and knew that hers was incomparable. "What contour!" he meditated, stealing abashed glances, schoolboy-wise — "what strength! what fire! what nobility! Who can she be?—a 'grande dame,' surely, yet I have never seen her anywhere."

There was no one in the life of Sophie Karrenina who was destined to know her so well or so truly as Sir Richard Stanhope—no one who had their impressions first-hand as did he—not even Valdor, for his vision was blinded by a passion turned back upon itself, and he saw, as it were, thru a glass darkly.

As Richard Stanhope saw and knew Sophie Karrenina from that day in the London carriage, let him tell it to us.

"I loved her then and there," he said when he told her story to me. "I knew she was big—beyond the bigness of woman—and I knew that she was beautiful. I couldn't place the child, nor the man, Valdor, with the contradictory face, half-mutinous, half-cringing. At first I didn't care. I only wanted to *know* her; to talk with her; to be with her. My chance came when she dropped her purse in the carriage. I found her address, and returned it that night. I found her more wonderful even than I had thought—a trifle reserved to my impatient ardor. I did not understand why until later.

"My sister called on her, and we were very intimate.

"Then, one day, when I called there, I found General Karatoff there and was introduced to him as Boris Ivanitch, and at a sign from him I checked my bewilderment. But I had gone too far by then to live on doubts and fears. Karatoff afterwards told me that he had captured a nihilist messenger bound for Katherine Vedsk's residence, had intercepted him, tortured him, and finally come himself as Boris Ivanitch, a name well known among the nihilists. He had never seen Sophie Karrenina, and therefore did not recognize her in Katherine Vedsk.

"MY SISTER CALLED ON HER, AND WE WERE VERY INTIMATE"

"One week-end I prevailed upon them all to come down to the manor as our guests. There I found Karatoff's catlike watch of Katherine Vedsk insupportable. I told him so, and the Russian laughed coldly.

"'You have heard of Karatoff the butcher, Stanhope,' he said; 'have you ever heard of Karatoff the *father?* My son was murdered in a nihilist's home—the home of Sophie Karrenina, in Warsaw.'

"I said no more, but I did not see what the murderess, Sophie Karrenina, had to do with the lovely, tho misguided, Katherine Vedsk.

"In the meantime—I can say it now, safe, and blest by her most wonderful love—she had grown to care for me. Poor, lonely, tortured heart, out of the bloody mists of her childhood and the rigors of her brutal womanhood I must have seemed to her a harbor safe and sound. As I look back on that dreary childhood, in the very grip of terrorism—as I think of that half-grown, sensitive thing compelled by sheer force to watch the beating to death of her beloved father and the shocking end of her mother—I cannot wonder; I can only be glad that the woman was not wholly killed, that the crucified heart persisted under the armor of stone. Many times she has told me since, sobbing suddenly in the night, that she can hear them yet—the merciless strokes—can see her mother's face—live the whole scene over and over. And to think that I—brute blindness of man—had to cause her still more suffering—I, who loved her then, and love her now, better than life, better than all there is!

"PARDON ME IF I INTRUDE, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY CARRIAGE EMPTY, I BELIEVE"

"My own jealousy set off the figurative bomb—my own, ignited with that of Valdor.

"Having tea at her home, one afternoon, I chanced to see the framed picture of a man I had never seen before. His face smiled at me from the frame, casually, debonairly. It seemed to mock my already unsettled mind, and to say, 'I have loved her first, my friend, and loved her well. And she? Were those lips made to grow overripe, unkist? Have those eyes never lit with warmer fires than ones you may inspire?' Ah! it is not only a woman who may feel the demon fangs of jealousy in her breast! It is not for woman alone to wrestle with the green-eyed monster. Why should women fear so, merely for a man—a matter-of-fact figure, take him at his best? But a man's jealousy of a woman—a woman like Sophie Karrenina—woman, the pursued, the desirable, flower-like, fire-like, as heady as tombed wine, and as tender as the Mother of God! When I looked at that picture, reason deserted me. I felt that I could torture her—hurt her—strangle her; anything to wring the secret from her—anything to *know*. I stepped toward her, menacingly. I forgot the watchdog presence of Valdor. I shouted in my anguish, 'Who is this?' and as I saw her whiten, I knew that I had put a poignant question. Thwarted desire, baffled curiosity overwhelmed me. 'Who?' I shouted, forgetting myself. 'Tell me—I demand!'

"Valdor stepped from the other side of the room, and his unforgettable face was all twisted and livid. He looked like a man pushed beyond all endurance.

"SHE IS SOPHIE KARRENINA, NIHILIST LEADER OF WARSAW, AND THE MISTRESS OF PAUL, PRINCE KARATOFF"

"'Who is *she?* you'd better ask,' he snarled, and the betrayal look of Judas Iscariot was on his face. 'She is Sophie Karrenina, nihilist leader of Warsaw, and the mistress of Paul, Prince Karatoff.'

"There followed blank weeks of misery for me—a misery I cannot trust myself to write of—broken by occasional visits from Karatoff, who informed me that the nihilists, including Katherine Vedsk, were shortly to meet in Paris, and that he, as Boris Ivanitch, would gain admittance. 'I did not give myself away,' he said grimly; 'I stood before the murderess of my only son—and smiled.'

"I shall never forget that nihilist meeting in Paris—the first and the last I have ever attended—not the first, but the last ever attended by Sophie Karrenina.

"Mouroff was there—the Mouroff of the old, bomb-throwing conspiracy—Valdor, and Boris Ivanitch. When Mouroff saw Boris Ivanitch, he *knew*—knew that the game was up, and he and Valdor broke down and confessed everything. Behind Mouroff stood a pale, vaguely smiling man, and as Mouroff led him, silently, forward, Boris Ivanitch swayed, and his lips formed 'My son!' bewilderedly. Sophie Karrenina only stared—mutely, dumbly—as tho all the ghosts from her ghost-ridden past were confronting her. Boris Ivanitch turned to Mouroff, and the man cringed. Then explanations came. Valdor told of his jealousy, of his attempted and supposed murder of Karatoff, and his placing of the body on the frozen river. That was the last he had heard of him. Mouroff then told how he and his wife had been driving home from market, had seen the body placed on the ice, investigated, and found life was not extinct. He told of the bodily recovery, but the mental loss. Paul Karatoff came to consciousness with his past wiped clean from his mind. 'I brought him up to be a nihilist,' finished Mouroff, defiantly; 'I couldn't get the father, but, in my own way, I got the son.'

"General Karatoff pressed to his breast the man who had been listening quietly to the tale of his life, and, as he did so, the Karatoff police, stationed outside, burst in. The nihilists drew their guns, and in the ensuing struggle Paul Karatoff went to his death at last—lost to his father on the instant of recovery.

"The police outnumbered them, and in the end they all were led away.

"Over Paul Karatoff's dead body General Karatoff sobbed out his heart.

"And as he did so, Sophie's son entered with his traveling companion. 'Madame Karrenina told me to deliver this to General Karatoff,' said the woman. Karatoff opened the small satchel, and read, dazedly, the marriage certificate of Paul, Prince Karatoff, and Sophie Karrenina, and the birth certificate of their son, Michael Paulovitch."

On the platform of the London terminal that evening, incomprehensibly freed, stood Sophie Karrenina and Sir Richard Stanhope. As they stood, silent, passive, a messenger came up and slipped something into Sophie's hand. It was a copy of the document given to the jailor who had freed them. Richard bent over her, and together they read:

My grandfather has made a grave mistake, which I hereby rectify. Miss Vedsk is an English subject, is free from Russian law, and will be escorted to her native land by Sir Richard Stanhope. I will return to my country to fulfill the duties of my heredity.

MICHAEL PAULOVITCH, *Prince Karatoff.*

IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE PAUL KARATOFF WENT TO HIS DEATH

Sophie looked up at Richard, and her eyes swam—with abnegation, with mother-pain and pride. Then her lips smiled. "Freed," she murmured, "by the baby-hand of—an autocrat!"

FAIRBANKS BECOMES AN UNGENTLE LAMB IN HIS FIRST FILM GAMBOL

Always Up

Douglas Fairbanks' Rapid
With Black Eyes and

By HECTOR

A HUSKY, good-natured face grinning with rage, crouched back of a Gatling and ground its bullets into a horde of attacking Yaqui Indians—thus was Douglas Fairbanks literally shot into Motion Picture fame. But he didn't die with one presentation; "The Lamb" was too tough, or too frisky, and he's been cavorting ever since.

And just one more bit of praise. This same D. Fairbanks deserves a thousand curtain-calls for getting away from the slapstick, fall-over-your-feet type of comedy. His plays have plot and deal with the humors of real people; his joys and sorrows spring from the human fount, and are not the tragedy of a misplaced custard-pie, nor the biography of a knavish garden-hose.

But fights and fisticuffs, mad adventures and tangled love-locks he insists on having. They're part of his very blood, and he has the sinew plus the personality to "get them over," without the slightest resemblance to burlesque.

The slapstick comedian knows how to "break" a fall and to continue nimbly about his business, but not so with Douglas. He falls hard; he lands squarely; he gives and takes a left swing that rattles the molars like dice.

"Let him up—he's all in!" the studio helpers cried as Ed Kennedy, the hard-hitting "pug," clinched and threw, for the steenth time, his determined but "all in" opponent.

"Gosh! but I'm glad *that* scene is over with," exclaimed the owner of the soiled trousers and disarranged hair as the camera stopped its operation. It was Douglas Fairbanks. He had been portraying a gymnasium scene for "The Man and the Test," which was in his film long-ago—his débutant days on the screen.

"The only thing the matter with the picture business," said the breathless Douglas, "is that I have to arise with the robins and retire with the poultry. You cant very well afford to be photographed when your face shows signs of dissipation, and it seems so unnatural and inhuman to be out of bed before ten in the morning. My first morning in the movies I overslept for about an hour, and my Jap valet had a foreign fit. He kept pounding my door, and I, in sleepy tones, told him to leave me to myself. However, suddenly it dawned on me I had promised Director Cabanne to be Johnny-on-the-spot at the studio early that morning. I missed half my grapefruit, and, fortunately, it was a cloudy morning—that alone saved me from being late. Can you picture such action if I were playing on the stage?"

"Mr. Fairbanks," interrupted Director Cabanne, "in this scene you are to (presumably) receive a black eye. Now, Kennedy, dont be afraid to hit hard in this scene—we've got to 'get it across' big. All ready! We will rehearse it once."

This was the signal for Fairbanks to crush a boxing-glove on the trainer's head, and the latter, in turn, displayed his anger by smothering Fairbanks with gloved blows. Well, it sure was a scrap, and in the heat of the fray Fairbanks entirely forgot his manners and landed some stinging blows on Kennedy's jaw.

"Now for the black eye!" cried the director, and a rapid bit of feinting and footwork by ever-ready Kennedy informed Fairbanks' eye that it was

WHEN DOUGLAS BOXES IT HURTS THE OTHER FELLOW

HE'S AN AWFUL HANDY MAN WITH A GUN—A CRACK SHOT

Against It

Road to Fame Is Beset Mangled Wardrobe

AMES

about to be called on. A second later the knuckled portion of the pug's glove fitted squarely into Fairbanks' left eye.

"Stop the camera! Mr. Fairbanks, you stepped out of the camera-lines! Now, boys, we will try it once again. Right idea in that scene—rough stuff! But we've got to pin it to celluloid or get pinched for pulling off a mill." The principals rested on the ropes as the camera-man tinkered with his weapon.

"Ready for the scene, please! Billy, how much film have you got? Fifteen feet? All right; that's enough; fade out on this scene as Fairbanks falls to the floor. Ready! Action! Come on! Mix it up! Kennedy, swing on his eye! Fine! That's it exactly! All right, Billy—cut!"

And so it's been right down the line of Fairbanks' successes—cut, uppercut, and smile again!

"If you want to draw a double salary," says the irrepressible Douglas, "go into Moving Pictures.

"What is the good of carrying enormous life and accident insurance policies if you dont work them?" he rises to ask. Therefore, when the director shoves Douglas off a cliff and breaks his collar-bone, the actor's one regret is that he was born without a second one to break in the same tumble—it's no more painful to have two than one leg, arm, or shoulder broken, and the check for damages is just exactly double. Is it any wonder that Fairbanks' accident insurance agents are sitting on the very edges of their chairs these days, wondering, anxiously, where the next instalment of the "Perils of Douglas" serial is to end up? Meantime, the life insurance agents are nervously watching the struggles of their business neighbors and waiting for the evil day which brings the bill for "$1,000,000 due for one Douglas Fairbanks, laid violently at rest by the movies."

EVERY TIME HE TELEPHONES THE INSURANCE AGENT THAT HE'S ALL RIGHT, THE AGENT IS DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY

THE PUGS DIDN'T TAKE FAIRBANKS SERIOUSLY UNTIL HE LANDED

It is a solemn fact that Douglas Fairbanks draws a goodly weekly stipend from this source. To maintain an athletic reputation on the screen is indeed a hazardous stunt. Fairbanks dives off here, tackles professional prize-fighters there, and when he finally comes to, at home in bed, puts out a feeble but insistent hand for his insurance check.

"The Habit of Happiness," one of the latest Fairbanks films, is an example of insurance casualties. During the taking of one scene in this, the actor is attacked by a gang of ruffians. It so happened that, quite by accident, Douglas landed on the jaw of one of them during the skirmish, and, strange to say, the would-be actor failed to have the proper artistic appreciation of this bit of realism. A wholesale fight resulted, in which all the huskies jumped on Fairbanks in a heap, and both camera-man and director kept cheering "Pretty!" from the sidelines, while they made the camera spin overtime. Of course the same director shouted "Cut!" at just the crucial time, with the result that the public are not "let in" on the finishing tableau to that picture—are also spared hearing what the insurance man said as he wrote the $250 check for the black-and-blue attack which Douglas suffered as a consequence of the morning's episode.

There is a persistent rumor that several well-known stage comedians, after a shot or two in the movies, are about to be "canned," which is studio

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE FAIRBANKS SMILE IS SPREADING ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Nat Goodwin Bachelor

An Interview Without a Word About His Former Wives—Is That Not Remarkable? At Least He Thinks So

Pictures Posed Especially for the Motion Picture Classic

by Gladys Hall

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Oh, ye unbelievers and sons of unbelievers, there *is* something new under the sun! And I have done it. Tho my young head receives on earth no further leaf of laurel, I am content. I have done that which has no precedent—will have no repetition. I have interviewed Nat Goodwin—peace, peace, be still! I hear you chortling, "Prattler, that is one of the things the world has known a million million times." All the keener is my glory. I stand forth from the million million times, proudly, in bas-relief. I have interviewed him—I am shrieking this—do you hear me?—with clarion, open-stop tones—*I have interviewed him without the vaguest allusion to his matrimonial ventures!!!* Upon my head will hurtle, I do not doubt me, the cynics, the skeptics, the wan ghosts of past and gone interviewers who have chewed the marital cud with a wearied Mr. Goodwin time upon time. They will hurl maledictions at me—they will hint and hiss at my veracity. But ask him—ask him—that's all I can tell you—just you go ahead and *ask* him. I'll tell you the honest truth about it—a lovely trait in an interviewer. When we had finished nearly a two-hour, Hymenless confab, I queried: "I'm the first one who ever interviewed you and didn't ask you all about your marriages, am I not?"

Maybe I looked pathetic, or as if I wanted to be devilishly original and keep my job, but, anyway, he smiled sadly and earnestly and kindly. "You most certainly *are!*" he declared; "I congratulate you." Then he spoke sort of resentfully of De Wolf Hopper and other maritally polygamous gentlemen, and implied that "Out of a city of six million people, why do they pick on me?" I didn't know, so we dropped it.

Now, I suppose you'll want to know what we were talking about for two hours, and why I've headed this chat "Nat Goodwin—Bachelor" so anomalously, and all the rest of it. Just to whet your bumptious curiosities a bit, I'll say, for your information, that the two hours seemed to me to be about two minutes. And permit me to state further that Nat Goodwin's marriages are by far the *least* important part of Nat Goodwin. I didn't *mean* to be so original—heaven knows it was forced upon me. I just *forgot* all about the array of wives with which he is all too unjustly credited. I was much too deeply interested in hearing him tell funny experiences (*some* privilege from this country's foremost comedian!), and talk gravely of the war, about which he knows some very illuminating things, and tell of being an agnostic, and try his Violet Ray treatment, and speak on Motion Pictures in general—I'll come up for a breath—but we *did* say so much in that two hours! And why should I inquire after a favored few of my own sex? Why? After generalization, particularization. Well, I was motored out to the Mirror studios in Glendale, L. I., and all the way out I harrowed the feelings of my companions by demanding plaintively, "But what *can* I ask him?—he's been interviewed and *interviewed.*" No one seemed to be able to enlighten me, so I followed my escort into his dressing-room, with wobbly knees. Mr. Goodwin was waiting there for a scene—a marvelously debonair, well-groomed, natty Nat Goodwin. He has the nicest, most humorous smile, and the twinkliest, most compre-

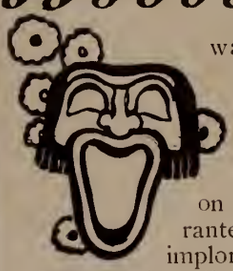
hensive eyes, and we immediately began an animated discussion on the Violet Ray, about which I knew nothing, and he knew everything. He says he uses it when he's depressed and out of sorts, or when he has headache. He gave me a demonstration of it, and it *has* properties! It made me feel utterly at my ease and very conversational. I straightway confessed my plight—about not knowing what to ask him, since he has been so endlessly interrogated. He laughed, and plunged into a discussion of the Motion Picture, which leads me to my title. "I'm not wedded to either stage or screen," he declared. "I'm absolutely a free agent—open to anything—unattached. I enjoy the pictures tremendously, and I really would like to have a company of my own ultimately. I prefer playing these dual rôles, in which I am alternately irascible, villainous, tender-hearted and suave."

"What do you think of their future?" I inquired.

"Limitless," was the emphatic answer. And, by the way, Mr. Belasco and gentlemen, he has a clever new use for the pictures. When a "legit" stage company is rehearsing, why not have a cameraman on deck to take the action? Then the company can see themselves on the screen, and it will do them more good than fifty rehearsals. To see ourselves as others see us is a giant stride toward perfection. It has enabled many a humble, unsung and unknown Motion Picture player to leap to stardom overnight.

He's living in Forest Hills, N. J., within easy motor distance of the studio. He likes it—says it reminds him exactly of an English village. And every noon his — his — oh, one of his family (there's two, counting himself) motors over with his midday meal, and every night he receives his day's wage. The gorgeous simplicity of it amuses him.

He told me some side-splitting experiences he had had, among them one that happened very recently at the Palace Theater in New York. "It was the first time in my career," smiled Nat, good-naturedly, "that I was a frost. And I was, that first matinée. The house almost hissed me. It fell flat. I could barely go on with the act, which was a splendid one-act thing by the late Paul Armstrong; but there was too much realism—a hospital scene and all that. After I had struggled thru it, I ran head-on into a maelstrom of Hebraic wrath. The proprietors were hysterical with anger. They told me I was hopeless—the act



was hopeless—that they were ruined—that I couldn't go on again — that I mustn't go on again; they ranted and wept and implored and reviled. I went dejectedly home. I didn't know what on earth to do—had nothing ready—felt down and out. Failure was too new to swallow smoothly. Bill Brady came in to see me. 'Go on, Nat,' he advised, jovially; 'give 'em "Gunga Din"—just talk along spontaneously—do anything!' I did—and, by Jove! I got an ovation. I dont believe I ever had a more enthusiastic welcome, or more stirring applause."

He proceeded to take off the dialog between the Jewish proprietors and himself, and I laughed till I cried. It was a one-act sketch done to order.

Then we veered into religion—or, at least, I did. Mr. Goodwin couldn't, as he is religionless, being an agnostic. "I'm open to conviction," he said, "but I've never been convinced, that's all."

We talked about lots of other little things, such as the war, etc., but some of the things we said are secrets, and I'm not going to tell *everything* I know. If I did, you wouldn't be jealous of my two hours in the Mirror studios. But, anyway, Nat Goodwin *is* a bachelor—theatrically!

How to Get In!

Do you aspire to become a Motion Picture star? Or does your son or daughter? Then read these articles and learn how to go about it and what the chances are

FLORENCE LA BADIE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors will be published in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons. The first article was by Carlyle Blackwell, and it appeared in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Our distinguished contributors for this number are Florence LaBadie, Lillian Walker, Lenore Ulrich, Theodore Marston and Iva Shepard. The next contributors will be Anita Stewart, Thomas Chatterton (player and director), Lillian Gish, Marguerite Clark, Wilfred North, Kathlyn Williams, Thomas Santschi, Leo Pierson and Antonio Moreno. Watch for further announcements. There are some surprises coming.

FLORENCE LABADIE, of the Thanhouser Company, tells about the kinds that have the best chance

I AM asked to answer a few questions for the benefit of beginners and aspirants for photoplay honors, and I gladly give the results of experience and observation. Opportunities for talented players in the Moving Picture art are always present. If a director is seeking a type and the applicant meets the requirements, experience is not necessary. Many of our foremost players had no previous experience. I do not believe in preparation, such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc. No particular type is favored; but beauty, in the case of a woman, is absolutely essential for great success. The particular requirements are ability to "register" the gamut of emotions, a knowledge of the technique of the screen, personality, looks, but chiefly *brains*. Application should be made to the casting director of a producing company. Application letters are usually answered, and it helps a great deal if the applicant sends a photograph or two, but it cannot be determined from a photo whether a person will "register" and photograph well.

It is always better for the applicant to call personally at the studio rather than apply by letter, and "influence" and a letter of introduction are not necessary. Most beginners have to start as an extra, and the applicant should visit the studio daily for an indefinite period before he or she will be given a chance. When that chance is first had, the results will be known immediately. I know of hundreds who have started as extras and who finally became regular players with a company. Stage experience is not essential, but it is mighty helpful. If I had to start all over again, I would simply visit the studios, visit the studios and visit the studios! An extra can always advance himself by attention to duty, if he is not talented at all, and the directors are always willing to coach those extras who show talent and eagerness to advance. Originality is a great asset; in fact, its value is boundless, and it is given a great deal of chance for expression.

I hope that I have answered your questions satisfactorily and that it may be the means of discouraging the unworthy and encouraging the worthy.

LILLIAN WALKER, of the Vitagraph Company, says there is always an opportunity for the right kind

IT is hard to advise beginners how to get in the pictures. Some can get in without much difficulty, and some might never get in. There is always an opportunity for the right person, provided that person can find the opportunity. Every company is constantly taking on new people and letting old people go, and the demand for "extras" was never larger than it is now. You ask me if the market is oversupplied with photoplayers. I answer that the market is never oversupplied with people of the right sort. Some people say that stage experience is necessary before a person can get employment in a Moving Picture company, but I do not think this is so, tho stage experience always proves a great aid. They will listen to you quicker when they find that you have had stage experience.

I began my picture career with the Vitagraph Company, starting at the bottom of the ladder. If I had to do it all over again, I should try for small parts and hope thereby to prove my value and to get better parts later on.

LILLIAN WALKER

Beauty is not necessary, and there is even a demand for homely girls and boys, and for peculiar characters of all kinds. I think that pronounced blondes and pronounced brunettes have the best chances to get in, but there are also opportunities for especially plain persons and abnormally fat and thin persons. Beauty is not essential, but talent is. I think that *alertness* is the principal requisite, and I mean alertness of mind as well as alertness of body. I have found that the time I have spent on the legitimate stage has been of great use to me in my screen work. It gave me a certain ease and knowledge of gesture which I probably could not have obtained in any other way. But, as I said before, stage experience is not necessary, and there are lots of successful players who have had no experience of any kind before going into the pictures.

I would advise beginners who cannot apply in person to write letters to the Moving Picture manufacturers, and it might be well to address the letter to the casting director of the company. Letters are answered, if they have the time, but even then they are often laid aside and remain unanswered for many months. It is always well to send one or two pictures along with the application, including a full figure and a bust picture. They usually can tell from these whether a person will "register" and photograph well. Regarding calling at the studios, it is my opinion that a beginner has a very small chance unless he or she has an appointment or a letter of introduction. If possible, I would advise applicants to have somebody make a few feet of film of him or herself and send this along with the application.

You ask me if I advise a beginner to start as an extra. No, not if he or she hopes to climb, but there is often no other way. An applicant must call daily at the studio until opportunity knocks at his door. It may be three or four weeks before he will get a chance. However, I know several people who have worked as extras at first and who were finally taken on.

Extras usually get from $1.50 to $10 per day, and beginners who are taken on for regular work usually get from $15 to $45 a week. The briefest and best description one can send in is as follows: Height, weight, color of eyes and hair. It is also well to add a few lines about your personality and any experience you might have had in amateur theatricals, or otherwise. If you start as an extra, you will have a chance to advance by intelligent attention to all that you see and hear, and by carefully dressing the part. And dont forget that originality counts for everything, altho some directors do not give a chance for its expression.

As a rule, very light eyes, irregular features and unproportioned limbs are serious detriments. Large eyes that are wide apart, regular features, nice teeth and comely form are important attributes. If the applicant for work in the Moving Picture field is as serious in her desire as she would be in a commercial business, she may succeed after a trial; but so many look on Moving Picture work as play and join the business to have a good time. These persons will not succeed and had better seek some other form of employment.

LENORE ULRICH, the Morosco Star, believes the road is hard and you've got to be strong to win out

FAME is a fickle goddess, and, to some of us on the stage, as well as in the studio, comes as quickly as a bolt of lightning out of the blue. I think this particularly applies to the Motion Picture stage, where careers have been made, as it were, overnight; but I dont want to mislead you. The lightning of success usually strikes only where it is due. I can hardly think of a case where a man or woman had been hoisted into pictures thru influence and could remain successful without natural ability. The audiences, after all, are the courts of last resort, and have the final say as to who their favorites are. In my own case I must have been a more or less receptive subject, for when the studio lightning struck me last year, I had already played eighty-six rôles on the stage, including such difficult plays as "Twelfth Night," and such virile ones as "The Virginian" and "The Deep Purple"—all this in the space of two years. So when Mr. Morosco "found" me, and cast me as the wild little mountain-girl in "Kilmeny," I was more or less prepared for the work of the camera.

But, after all, egotism aside, I believe that acting was born in me. When I was a young girl, in Milwaukee, my irresistible craving was to sit as close to the players as my slender purse would permit, and to study all their movements and expressions. My father, a practical man, advised stenography, hat-trimming—anything but the hard and long road of acting; but I believed in my star, and, after a most modest beginning, was fortunate enough to be singled out to do "little bits" in musical comedy. Now as to giving advice, I am afraid I am not as yet enough of a philosopher to make it really count.

On the night of the première of "The Heart of Wetona," a reporter asked me how I had come to interpret the rôle of the Indian maid with so much feeling. Was it personality? I believe it was, for I had literally thrown myself into the part, body and soul, and, strange to say, had effaced my own personality in that of the Indian maid's, paradoxical as it may seem.

Photo by Moody

LENORE ULRICH

Both personality and the repression of personality is a vital factor in both screen and stage successes.

I dont think influence would help you very much if you haven't the latent ability back of it. It may smooth the way and save you some hard knocks, but, after all, isn't it the hard knocks that count in shaping a career?

There are many, I understand, who believe that stage experience is not a necessary qualification to studio work, but if it is not essential it is at least a valuable factor. If a young girl or young man is determined to start as an extra, by all means do so, but be sure to come to a thoro understanding with yourself. Tell yourself that hard work, study and ability are necessary before opportunity will knock at your door. I have also heard it said that originality counts for very little in studio work, and the directors want those whom they can put thru the paces the easiest. I must disagree with these, too. If you have an original trend of mind; if you feel differently from theirs; if you can express an emotion truly yet differently, it will not only be appreciated by your director, but will advance you. Good directors are earnest to the core and have a natural repugnance for stock interpretation of any kind. I would say that beauty, and especially regularity of features, are strong qualifications for Motion Picture work. Small features are detriments, and large, regular features, generally, with wide-set eyes, are attributes. The camera brings you so close to your audience, that your face must be your fortune, or your failure, in the end.

THEODORE MARSTON, Vitagraph Director, says that clean-cut young men and women are in demand

ACTING before the camera is an art that can be acquired or developed only by actual experience, and it requires thought, study, and careful attention to detail, combined with personal magnetism and temperament. I do not believe, therefore, in schools of acting, correspondence courses and other devices. Experience is the only teacher. Furthermore, a person with no experience has practically no chance to get placed in a company, except as an extra. This means that a beginner must start as an extra or not at all. Influence and letters of introduction are not necessary, and they dont help much. Nor do I advise writing to the different officials in a Motion Picture company, asking to be given a chance, for such letters are seldom answered. I strongly urge a personal call, and never a letter or telephone message. As to whom to apply, every company usually has a person designated for that purpose, and he is usually called the casting director, altho in some companies there is a casting director and also a person or persons who have charge of the department that engages extras and "small part people." I know a great many people who started as extras and who finally became regular members of the stock company. Extras usually get from $2.50 to $5 a day, and beginners receive from $15 to $25 a week.

As to who can and who cannot get in, I would not undertake to say, but I might give a few of the general qualifications. The kind of types who have the best chance to get in are clean-cut young men and women *with brains,* who are willing to begin at

THEODORE MARSTON

the bottom. Beauty is not everything, but it is, of course, a great help. The principal requirements are *ability, temperament, patience,* in the order named. There is very little demand for odd types, such as fat men, old women, homely girls, and the like, except for small parts, and since such parts are not often to be filled, there is not much hope for such characters to get a steady position, unless they are particularly unique, or particularly talented, such as the late John Bunny, Sis Hopkins, Roscoe Arbuckle, and so on.

When a person applies for a position and states that he has had stage experience, his chances are considerably improved. While extras sometimes have a hard row to hoe, and are compelled to call at a studio day after day without being selected, that is the best way. And when an extra finally gets a small part, he can advance himself by doing the little he has to do *well.* Originality does not amount to much, because the director usually indicates just how he wants the part played.

Personally, I was an actor and stage director for twenty years before entering the Moving Picture business.

IVA SHEPARD, the Gaumont Star, who has done everything from "supe" to "vampire," names the secrets of success

IF I were going into Moving Pictures again, and had to start at the bottom, I am sure I would take a careful stock of my qualifications. Have I the proper temperament? Am I versatile, always willing, and never discouraged? Am I blest with a good disposition and a strong set of nerves? And last, but not least, will the camera treat my face kindly?

You see, I have disregarded matters of ability and training altogether, and am marshaling only what I consider natural resources. Perhaps my own first stage experience will best illustrate my points. I was very young, very ambitious, and knew absolutely nothing of the stage, but I was determined to get on. I heard, where I lived, in Portland, Ore., that a call had been sent out for "supers" for "Quo Vadis?" With a very light but trembling heart, I applied at the stage door, and was jostled in with a stream of applicants. Mr. Barnard, the manager, selected his supers, and then announced that he had a small part—that of "Lucan"—to cast. He allowed one boy after another to read the lines, and usually interrupted them and "bawled them out." In desperation he turned to the girls. I immediately stepped forward with shaking knees.

"Have you ever been on the stage before?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Have you ever recited?"

"Yes, sir; at Sunday-school." I expected a roar of laughter, but his eyes merely twinkled and he handed me the part to read. Screwing my courage up to the straining point, I read a few lines, in a voice that sounded as frail as a chickadee's in a forest.

"That will do," he interrupted; "you read very well, but remember that it is a man's part you are reading." I was engaged, and, after the third rehearsal, was as bold as brass and as full-throated as an organ.

That was only a beginning. The real hard, tortuous work came afterwards, but I had slipped my foot thru the magic door and I stayed within.

(*Continued on page* 69)

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE GAME" (UNIVERSAL); HELEN HOLMES, CENTER; J. L. FARLEY, LEFT; J. P. MCGOWAN, RIGHT

Are Moving Picture Plays Getting Better?

A Wide-Angle View of the Subject by an Eminent Authority

By ROBERT GRAU

WHY are the picture-plays so good? Why are they not better?

These are the queries the present writer has been asked to reply to concretely.

That the present-day productivity of the Motion Picture studios is good is already conceded in the query itself. That, as a whole, it is not better, is, after all, the more vital subject; and as 1916 is well under way at the time of this writing, the moment is a propitious one to endeavor to discuss these queries from every possible angle, in the hope that the producer, the player, the director, and, lastly, the public, may perhaps become more enlightened.

Why are Motion Pictures so good?

In the first place, as they have not been good so very long, wonder is expressed as to why it took so many years before the present standard of productivity was attained.

Why did it take ten years to convince some of the pioneer producers that the infant art was capable of something more vital than animated pictures of military evolutions and the one-time comical "chase"?

That the pioneers were making easy money and were reluctant to attract undue attention; that they refused to encourage the slightest publicity as to their screen offerings, explains why Mary Pickford, who, while not so artistic six years ago as she is today, was not even known by name to the public which already idolized her. It explains why Miss Pickford, once the embargo on publicity was raised, became quickly the most famous of her sex in the world of entertainment, and eventually the highest-paid woman in all the world as well.

Having here explained how Mary Pickford rose meteorically to fame and affluence, the reader may comprehend how others, before hidden in the oblivion of the publicity embargo, were suddenly

Photo by Arthur Porcbet

SCENE FROM "LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST" (GAUMONT)

brought into the lime-light. Men and women, no longer paid like models in the artist's studio, began to stampede the Motion Picture studios.

The writer believes that while lifting the embargo against publicity constituted the greatest force in bringing the Motion Pictures to their present standard, it was the coming into the new field of hard-headed business men with unlimited capital, erecting new and palatial playhouses of large seating capacity, which provided the producers with incentive to immeasurably raise the standard of their productions for the screen. Right here it should be said that the coming into filmdom of famous actors did much to induce this era of building.

Another reason why picture-plays are so good is that the actors are always on their mettle, unlike the speaking stage, where the players are seen for weeks, even for months, in the same characters. The photoplayer is constantly creating new rôles. Every moment he is before the camera he is imbued with the same ambition and tenseness of interest which are only in evidence on the stage of a playhouse at a première. Every day is a "first night" for the photoplayers.

That all the world is a stage, in contrast with the limitations of the four-walled playhouse, is surely another reason why the film-play has such a large and increasing vogue, and the goal of appearing before countless audiences simultaneously must appeal irresistibly not only to the actors, but to the authors and directors as well. The actor knows that seventy-five per cent. of mankind bow down to the magic screen. Would it not, then, be astonishing if picture-plays were less good than they are?

Another material contributing force to the great improvement in photoplays is the almost unbelievable financial reward for the genius in film-craft. There is no greater romance in the history of the theater than that one which has to do with the men—and not a few women—who never directed a spoken play in their lives, who began in the studios in a small way, but who quickly revealed themselves as "wonders."

D. W. Griffith, Tom Ince, Mack Sennett, for instance, began to direct for the screen around 1910. All hail from the speaking stage. Griffith was so little known on the theatrical Rialto, however, that he had the greatest difficulty to induce any reputable players to work for him. Tom Ince admits that his greatest incentive, when he joined the Imp Company, in New York, was that the five dollars a day he was paid provided a place of shelter for himself, wife and baby. As for Sennett, the writer recalls his earlier career in the older field as being much like that of the average Thespian. The truth is, that the closest scrutiny of the prolonged stage careers of these three giants of screen productivity indicates in no instance the least suggestion that either would ever earn one hundred thousand dollars a year directing picture-plays.

Now that we have reached the more vital query, "Why are photoplays not better?" it may be well to state at the very outset that the most destructive factor against artistic development has been the so-called theatrical invasion of Moving Picturedom, because it brought about what is known as the "gold brick" era. Scores of more or less famous men and women, attracted by the lure of tremendous salaries, deserted the stage for the screen. This procession into the gold-laden studios has been conducted in a most disorderly fashion. Famous names were sold to the highest bidder. Not one in ten of these stage celebrities has contributed anything important or constructive to the new art's development. The majority were wholly indifferent to the artistic outcome. The great

Photo by Arthur Porchet

SCENE FROM "LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST" (GAUMONT)

minority of those who came seriously to studio work were invariably of the younger generation of the stage calling, and after their first portrayals were retained permanently on a basis of merit only.

It took but two years to practically exhaust the supply of celebrated stage stars, with the final result that the "gold bricks" have been eliminated. At most, two score have found a permanent haven in the newer field, but these are truly an asset, and may be depended upon to contribute materially to the effort to make photoplays immeasurably better than they now are.

With the passing of the "gold brick" stars, which the vaudeville managers now call "Monday actors," the producer of picture-plays is now confronted with a problem—a sort of blind alley. He knows that there can be no backward movement; hence, as the day is near when the famous name will not attract the public unless the fame is due to distinctly screen achievement, he has but one alternative, and the writer believes that 1916 will witness its adoption—namely, instead of one highly paid celebrity, solely as a headline attraction, we will see a survival of the stock company, comprising a well-balanced cast of able artists, each selected on a merit basis.

Such a policy is already established with not a few producers. The few famous stars engaged by the Triangle producers were selected because of their peculiar fitness to the work in hand. It is no secret that all three of the artistic heads of this company have decided that, after all, the public prefers the distinctly picture-player. Mack Sennett must know that the comedies he presents on the screen have not added to his fame, when such stars as Raymond Hitchcock, Eddie Foy, and Weber and Fields, were featured. With all his craftsmanship, Mr. Sennett has been unable to provide an ample substitute for the endless "gagging" and "spoken asides" which gave these comedians their fame on the speaking stage.

The late Mr. Keith once told the writer that, in all the years he had purchased "fame," he was never able to discover a single star who actually drew the people to the box-office to any extent worthy of the amounts paid in salary. Daniel Frohman, who really started the famous players movement less than three years ago, recently stated his belief that there were only two stars in all filmdom who were worth the money paid to them by the producers—namely, Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin. Mr. Frohman has since qualified his statement, in that he had no intention of insinuating that such successful stars of the stage as Pauline Frederick, Hazel Dawn and Marguerite Clark are overpaid.

But the uninspiring spectacle of famous names converted into cash is not the only reason why Motion Pictures are not better than they are. A far greater menace, in the opinion of this writer, is the unwholesome preponderance of old-time, worn-out plays, most of which were written long before the photoplay era. Undoubtedly the resort to these stage plays was unavoidable, and constituted but one of many expedients in speeding the camera-man on to his final goal; but it is inconceivable that the infant art, which has enriched so many men and

SCENE FROM "THE TWIN TRIANGLE" (BALBOA)

women, will long beckon in vain for a literature of its own.

More people have seen "An African Hunt" the world over than have ever been attracted to see the most successful of stage-plays visualized. Who can deny that "The Birth of a Nation" attracted, as it did, because of its simulation of realism? Mr. Griffith did not utilize a single celebrity in the cast. The real "hits" were scored by the master's protégés. Moreover, as a spoken play, "The Clansman" achieved nothing out of the ordinary. "Quo Vadis?" was a semi-fiasco on the stage. On the screen it earned millions. Why?

Because of the limitations of a four-walled playhouse. Very soon the producers will begin to realize that the farther they depart from all theatricalism, the better picture-plays will become.

Somewhere in this big town there is a studio being erected, the productions of which will not be released for ten years. The man who conceived the idea of the Hippodrome has interested a group of financiers in the prodigious plan of filming the Bible from cover to cover. For ten years the outflow of capital must continue, with not a hope of any return perhaps in the lifetime of the public-spirited investors.

Photoplays are so good because they have created a prosperity unparalleled in the history of amusements. That they are not better is due solely to the infancy stage of development. But that they will become better in each year is well-nigh a certainty. Nevertheless, the writer has his doubts as to whether purely dramatic photoplays are the cameraman's greater function. A decade hence we may know for sure.

The writer believes that Motion Pictures have long ago ceased to be second-class. Always they seem to be getting better; perhaps they will never be as satisfactory to the public as the spoken play. But who can deny that the speaking stage is getting better every day as a result of the influence of the newer art?

VIRGINIA PEARSON
(Fox)
"The Modern Cleopatra"

WALLACE REID DOROTHY DAVENPORT-REID

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

SUPERFLUOUS to state that neither Wallace Reid nor Dorothy Davenport needs an introduction to the Motion Picture public. But it is my purpose (and my privilege) to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Reid as they are to their friends off the screen. On the screen, Wally is a brave and manly hero, who has numbered among his more recent achievements the support of Geraldine Farrar, in "Carmen" and "Maria Rosa." Off the screen, he is a violinist of considerable technique and charm, a fancier of his wife's prize cat—and a vehement fancier of his wife.

On the screen, Dorothy Davenport walks into many blind and perilous traps laid for her unsuspecting feet, thereby giving Lou-Tellegen or Carlyle Blackwell an opportunity to display their rescuing abilities. Among her more recent achievements have been the opposite to Lou-Tellegen in "The Explorer," and "The Unknown" and "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" opposite Carlyle Blackwell. More recent still, with Francis Ford, in "The Palace of a Thousand Tears."

Thus, taken separately. Taken jointly, they are "Wally" and "Mrs. Wally," both "jolly good fellows," intensely interested in their home on Elevado Street, a stunning, new automobile, and—each other. Minor interests are Wally's violin, as mentioned heretofore, and Mrs. Wally's cat and dog, which, following the example set them by Mr. and Mrs. R., live together in perfect amicability.

At dinner one night, a chance remark of Wally's brought up the subject of their wedding, and as I had heard a variety of stories about it, I determined to be a deep-sea diver for the truth.

"If I may be so bold," I began tentatively, adopting a pathetic expression, "please to tell me all about it."

Wally looked startled.

"For publication?" he demanded promptly.

"Yes," I answered boldly, now that the bomb had burst and my limbs remained intact; "think how interested all the fans would be to hear your own story of how it all happened."

"G'wan wid yer blarney!" laughed Mrs. Wally, with an ould sod brogue.

(Thirty)

DOROTHY DAVENPORT-REID AND HER PETS

"Still, why not?" hesitated Wally. A look at Dorothy's laughing, brown eyes seemed to decide him. "All right; I'm game. Lower the lights, Dot, and bring my violin."

"Violin! Is the night to be made hideous, then? We labor under the delusion that you are to tell a story. Let the neighbors rest in peace for one night—do!"

Wally pretended to be deeply hurt, and had to be coaxed to tell the story. But he did so quickly enough when Dot intimated, none too delicately, that she would if *he* wouldn't.

FIRST SCENE PLAYED BY DOROTHY DAVENPORT AND WALLACE REID TOGETHER, AUGUST, 1912

"To begin at the beginning, I came West with Otis Turner in nineteen hundred and twelve," he said. "When we reached Hollywood, and before Mr. Turner could get a company together (I was the only one who came West with him), Mr. Farhney—Milton H. Farhney, directing the old Nestor brand—lost his leading man. And Mr. Turner gave him 'a loan' of me for one picture, which was called 'His Son,' I think.

"By such chance incidents shall Fate be known! Dot was Mr. Farhney's leading woman, and our meeting came that same afternoon. We were introduced with one breath and thrown into each other's arms in the next. It was, 'Mr. Reid, Miss Davenport. Take her in your arms, Reid; tell how much you love her. Ask her to marry you. Dont be shy, Dot; say yes. Dont drag it out too long!' Of course we did it, but I've often wondered how that scene happened to get across."

"Lucky our emotions weren't photographed," cut in Dot.

"Well, a very few weeks after that I left Universal to direct the second company for the American. We did not correspond, because, you see, I had proposed to her when we were out riding the Sunday before I left, and my answer was, 'No, indeed. We are both entirely too young, Mr. Reid, to contemplate any such idiocy.' I didn't agree with her, for I was twenty-one and she was seventeen. But when I attempted to argue the matter, my answer was a shower of gravel from her horse's hoofs and the sight of my Juliet disappearing around a bend in the roadway in a cloud of California dust. So, as I said, we did not correspond.

"I stayed away six months, writing and directing, as well as playing leads with the American second company. Then I returned to take a company of my own at Universal. I paid her a very chilly call when I returned, to show that I didn't care, after all.

"Well, time passed, as time has a way of doing even out here. After trying out various leading ladies, the firm engaged Dot to play leads for me. Truth—unlovely truth—compels me to state that we quarreled shamefully and consistently. There were petty spats—temperamental spats—until we were barely on speaking terms outside the studio.

MR. AND MRS. REID OFF FOR A BRIEF BRIDAL TRIP, THE MORNING AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED, OCTOBER 14, 1913

"Then, one day, I was injured during the taking of a scene and carried to the hospital. Dot called, out of a sense of duty. We began to get really acquainted with each other and to be seriously attracted. She called almost every day, and her calls began to mean more and more to me. After two or three weeks I was released from the hospital and took up my work again.

"After that things hummed. Right in the midst of the picture called 'The Lightning Bolt' we agreed on the old adage that there is 'no time like the present,' and that we were both a whole year older than we had been the year before. Doesn't love do marvelous things to one's mentality? So, on the thirteenth of October, nineteen hundred and thirteen, in a big old church in Hollywood, with only Dot's mother, Ruth Roland and two boys who were working with my company, Ed Brady and Philip Dunham, we were married.

"That was two years ago last October. No, there's no sequel yet. And we are very happy," he finished, with a loverly glance at Dot.

No tale, they say, is complete without the feminine touch, so I turned to Dot and begged, sweetly, "Fill the good husband's story out—please! What do you do off-days? What do you like to do? What *dont* you like to do?"

"Ask me a question," laughed Dot, who is known for her sunny, laughing disposition and her cheerful vigor in meeting the hard work and unexpected disappointments that fall to the lot of the "movie" actress. "Well," she said, fingering her demi-tasse, "I spend all my leisure moments here at home. I love to cook, and during the recent rainy season I have had a gorgeous time among my pots and pans in my little kitchen. I am very proud of that little kitchen," she smiled—"it's so complete and compact, if I do say so as shouldn't. I hate to darn, but when it becomes necessary, as it has a habit of doing, I go after it with a grin. *My* hobbies are cats—all animals, in fact — and — my husband!" Wally toasted her with his demi-tasse and began fingering his violin, which he had secured by stealth.

"My favorite sports are motoring and dancing. But they live together as amicably as my cat and dog, and my husband and I, for I motor by day and dance by night—and arbitrate thusly.

"Reading, you say? Well, I dont rave much over magazines, except MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—and for poetry give me Robert Browning."

"Suffrage?" I interposed softly.

"I dont know enough about it to be interested, and I dont care to take time to study it."

Her highest ambition, she says, is to have no enemies. And when I departed—full of dinner, hospitality, the charming Reids and their charming romance—I decided that both of them would reach the topmost pinnacle of their dearest dreams.

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON, of the Reliance Company, playing with one of her favorite pets

David Garrick

(Pallas-Paramount)

By JOHN OLDEN

"LADY, by yonder blessed moon I swear——"

The girl swayed forward in the box. The gray-green stage moonlight filled her young, impressionable face with yearning shadows and wistful lines. Her white cloak, slipping back from round, tense shoulders, shivered with the tremble that ran thru her. From her soul out, Ada Ingot was a-quiver with the pulse of Romance. The disapproving relatives in the rear of the box, the dark well of the theater afloat with white blurs of faces, the stage itself, even, were non-existent. But the man with the voice of liquid moonshine, the man who was pleading his love down yonder as all the girls of all the world have dreamed love would come to them, the man whom the program black-lettered as the famous David Garrick—she drew a long breath of fine ecstasy as at last the velvet curtain unfolded across the World of Make-Believe. Not that she was the only woman in the theater who had been able to locate her heart-strings during the last half-hour, but she *had* been the only one to receive a glance from the dark eyes below the curls of Romeo.

ROMEO AND JULIET

"How wonderfully Juliet read her lines!" gushed her aunt's voice behind. Ada listened eagerly for praise of her beloved. Juliet, indeed!

"H-m! Pretty poor performance," yawned her uncle, disgustedly. "The leading woman is too old—might be fifty instead of fourteen——"

Ada nodded. She was not even jealous of Juliet, which describes the actress more clearly than words; but what was this they were saying?

"As for Garrick, he rants like a barnstormer and simpers like a fool! Wish we'd gone to a comedy with some spirit to it——"

An indignant young voice interrupted him; an indignant young face blazed scarlet. "I think he's splendid!" cried Ada, stormily. "This is the tenth time I've seen him, and he's got splendider every time. He's the handsomest, bravest, noblest man I've ever seen! He's got a voice as velvet as my dress, and the most wonderful eyes. Oh, how *can* you call him a—a *barnstormer!*"

The lucky rise of the curtain diverted her attention before it caught the significant glances between her elders. During the remainder of the performance she sat, wrapped about with a mantle of aloofness, in a sort of a dream. Overpowered with delicious woe, she did not move as the lights of the theater sprang out finally and the pandemonium of departure engulfed her.

Shortly after this glowing night, her great adventure came to her apace. By pleas and girlish wiles, she succeeded in persuading her aunt to take her to see the master performer again.

The susceptible girl could not have enough of him—he filled her eyes and compassed her heart, and, still by pleas, she prevailed upon her aunt to wait with her in the shadow of the theater's colonnade so that she might catch a final glimpse of her departing idol.

Altho muffled in his cape and bereft of the gay plumage of Romeo, she knew him instantly by his sprightly walk and the brave carriage of his broad shoulders.

As she turned to enter her sedan-chair, perturbation got the better of her singing heart, and the miniature square of lace, misnamed her handkerchief, fluttered to the walk.

Garrick instantly turned, bowed gravely, and passed it thru the chair-window. But in that poignant instant the filmy thing had brushed against his lips in its passage.

Half-frightened, half-swooning with joy, the young girl clasped the treasure, and held it rapturously before her in the long jaunt homewards. Garrick stood back in the shadow and watched the chair disappear. Its link-boy stabbed a receding and jagged hole of light in the murky night, and he, who had never loved until this night, felt the searing brand of the torch upon his heart.

Once arrived at the family mansion, Ada's aunt, who had seen the whole startling bit of by-play from her chair, at once sought counsel with her husband.

She poured the tale forth, with some embellishments and a reasonable share of truth. He was receptive, his cheeks growing ruddy to the flaming-point.

"You had better drop her father a hint," advised his wife, the feminine relish for a family fuss lurking in her unctuous tone. "He's got his heart set on Chivy, as you well know, and Chivy may be good and rich and all that, but, most assuredly, he is *not* handsome, the best you can say of him."

The seed of suspicion having been planted in fertile soil, soon bloomed into a quarrel. Simon Ingot, a fanatic on family, niggardly of acquaintances who "were not born," a man who spelled "right" *race,* was infuriated at the very notion of his daughter's infatuation for a mere play-actor.

He would not have been more annoyed had she fallen in love with his butler. That there could be birth, pride and worth across the footlights had certainly not occurred to him. But a small modicum of common sense told him that to precipitate matters would be fatal. Contrariness was a trait in his daughter's character that had sent her, after strict parental warnings to the opposite, straight to dabble in the very danger denied her. She had, as a consequence, nearly been drowned, burned alive and run over by a coach-and-four before experience had taught her wisdom. However, Ingot's wrath did not have to smoulder long in concealment. One morning, soon after the theater party, he came on Ada buried to the hilt, so to speak, in a volume of Shakespeare's tragedies, young breast heaving, cheeks pale and red by turns. Trying to keep his temper, the father took possession of the book.

"A foolish thing for a girl to be reading," he reproved. "Better your fancy-work or some other improving occupation."

"Fancy-work does not reach the heart, father," flamed the girl. "Didn't the minister himself quote Shakespeare last Sunday?"

"Is that your reason for reading it, child?"

Ada hung her head. Thru her soft hair her cheeks burned crimson. Then, with a sudden gallant gesture, she looked straight into her father's eyes.

"No, sir," she said deliberately; "I heard David Garrick at the theater the other night——"

"I thought as much!" shouted Ingot, flinging the book across the room. "A cursed pasteboard man—a scented, bewigged fool—a common, cowardly knave of a play-actor! Mind my words, young woman, I'll have no such disgraceful folly going on in my house—d'you dare to tell me, your father, that you're *in love* with him?"

Love feeds on remonstrance. What had begun in a girl's extravagant admiration for a handsome face and golden voice, suddenly loomed into more serious proportions. It was as much anger against her father as it was any tenderer emotion that put the conviction into Ada's voice as she retorted:

"You cant forbid the wind to blow, father; no more can you refuse to let me love whom I choose."

Before he could reply, the door slammed across her departure. Ingot furrowed his brows some moments in thought. Then he strode to his desk and scrawled a note, which he addressed and sealed with grim satisfaction.

"A knave can be bullied," he muttered aloud, as he rang for a servant, "a fool can be bought, and there's more ways than one of guiding an unruly girl."

With which cryptic remark he handed the letter to the butler and settled back in his chair to await the outcome.

Some three hours later by the mahogany clock—pure family in every aristocratic line—a well set-up stranger, in high beaver hat, strolled nonchalantly into the severe nicety of the Ingot drawing-room and bowed

coolly to the master of the house, who advanced to meet him.

"David Garrick, at your service, sir," he said, and waited politely. There is nothing so disconcerting as a wait. It throws the burden of the conversation on the complainant, who has not yet got his temper properly worked up, and, moreover, has no speech of his adversary's to complain of. Ingot hastily revised and expurgated some of the remarks he had intended to make, but came to the point at once, nevertheless.

"My daughter," he began, "has confessed that she is in love with you." He breathed heavily and glared at the actor, who looked distinctly pleased instead of ruffled. "Of course," he continued angrily, "of course it is preposterous—horrible. I appeal to you to leave town immediately, sir."

"'Pon my word!" drawled Garrick, "a pretty pass when a man must dance at the bidding of any one who happens to own a pretty daughter. I've spoken no word to the girl. Surely 'tis not demanded of me to toss my profession aside——"

Ingot thrust a hand into his pocket. Silver jingled from it. "Oh, *that!*" he snarled. "I'll make it worth a pretty penny more than your loss in your trade!"

"How dare you, sir!"

Ingot drew back from his angry visitor with an uncomfortable sense of unhinged knees. Gad! the fellow was playing the gentleman, was he? He had not counted on his having human feelings beneath that insolently handsome exterior. For a moment the two men glared at each other in silence.

Thru Garrick's senses rushed ready expletives, hot to explode—"Mutton!" "Fat-headed bully"—and then the sting of sarcasm barbed his tongue. "But the man is defending his young," he thought; "it's his natural right. I should honor him."

"Mr. Ingot," he said at last, very quietly, "perhaps you are right in wishing your child a better husband than I. At least, I assure you I will marry no man's daughter unless he comes to me hat in hand and begs the honor of the match. Yet we must not let the young lady waste her affections. If you will consent, I have a plan——"

And thereupon, in a very lucid way, he explained his method to rid the girl of her love for him, all the time not knowing that he was plotting disaster for the woman he loved.

In the meanwhile, the Honorable Chivy Morthouse sat, hands deep in empty pockets, before a pile of unpaid bills, in his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn. He was the favorite suitor for Ada's hand with Simon Ingot—pride of race, with its lickspittle glamor—and the time had come, willy-nilly, for him to take up his option on her hand.

Seated, half at lithe full length, on a cushioned settle, a high-colored, quick-eyed girl watched his every move and strove to read his thoughts.

At last she stole over softly and

"MY DAUGHTER IS IN LOVE WITH YOU. . . . I APPEAL TO YOU TO LEAVE TOWN IMMEDIATELY"

kist his cheek. He drew her hands down gently across his shoulders as if in reparation for his words. "I must have a pot of ready money, Fanny," he said—"damme, even if I have to marry it!"

She stood staring down at him, her eyes startled and moist, and, annoyed at her silent inquisition, he lifted her hands quickly and set to work on his bills.

As he jumped up and flung on his cape, Chivy turned at her timid sobs. "Dont take on so," he said, with an attempt at admonition; "this has happened before and will happen till the world's end."

With distaste for a scene, he closed the door quickly and hastened to the narrow court below.

Some half-hour later, an impetuous young man in a very decided rage, hurling himself against the Ingot drawing-room door, collided with another young man just leaving. That the stranger was finely set up and well-looking did not decrease his ill-humor. With a frown as black as his hair, the newcomer confronted Ingot, pointed back with the acerbity of bruised shins, and demanded heatedly:

"Who in hades was the fellow I just met?"

"That, my dear Chivy," replied Ingot, pleasantly—"that was Mr. David Garrick, the actor with whom Ada is in love!"

"Ada! In love! That—that——" Chivy danced gently. "So that's why she just threw me over, is it? The cursed rascal—I'll—I'll—I'll have his blood, damme if I wont!"

Before Ingot could check him, the impetuous lover had bolted from the room. The sputter of his rage sounded faintly from a distance.

"Chivy is hasty," murmured the father, complacently, "but he is like tow, quick to flame, quicker to die down. As for Garrick, he's a clever chap—and—yes—hang it, but he has some of the marks of a gentleman. That idea of his now"—laughter seized him—"it's worthy of myself. Ada will never suspect—she dearly loves a dinner-party. Gad! but I could almost like the fellow for his ready wit!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," droned the butler, "Miss Araminta Jones."

Ada hurried forward, pleasantly flushed with hostessing. The business of, shaking hands, of exchanging polite nothings, of introducing and being introduced, delighted her. She fluttered among the guests like a butterfly at a gathering of earthworms; for it must be confessed that the company gathered on this occasion beneath the Ingot roof-tree was somewhat peculiar. Knowing what might occur during the course of the evening, the host had selected the less easily offended ones among his friends as guests—a couple of dull and worthy married people; a bachelor who dealt in coal and coke, and stuttered; a maiden of uncertain age, but very positive notions of color harmonies in costume. All these Ada had seen before; but who was this advancing toward her, led by her father? She felt her cheeks burn. "Mr. David Garrick, my dear," she heard her father saying. "Sir, my daughter wishes an opportunity to tell you how much she enjoys your talent."

David Garrick bowed, and as his eyes came to the level of hers, recognition of her fairy face shot thru him like a bolt. A storm of emotion swept over him in that instant: his love, his nightly visions of her, his promise to her father—a silly plan that he had made to cure some old maid of her whim. And all the while her great, burning eyes stared mutely into his. Garrick drew himself up stiffly, and the conventional words fell from his lips.

"I shall hope to have the pleasure of taking her in to dinner, then——"

Could she believe her senses? That mellow, velvet tone—those dark eyes—— Timidly she laid her hand on Garrick's proffered arm. He could feel it fluttering there, very small and white. With a sudden distaste of the hideous rôle he had promised to play, the actor bit his lips as he looked down at it. Women—many of them—had admired him, had flattered and fêted and pursued him with gifts, hysterical notes and tearful affection; but this girl *was* different. She was a white page that had never been written on, a rose that had never guessed its own sweetness. These and other figurative thoughts passed rapidly thru his brain.

He bent over her, his youth on fire and promises forgotten.

"Since that night o' dreams," he said, as quietly as he could, "I have wondered if I would ever see you again."

She slowly raised her eyes and looked into his. What she saw there gave her courage—and reliance and trust—for she, too, spoke of the forbidden.

"The handkerchief," she said awesomely—"I have kept it always tucked close against my heart."

Their eyes met again—caressed. Simon Ingot passed close and whispered, hoarsely, in Garrick's ear:

"Remember! you have given your word of honor, as an *actor,* to kill her infatuation for you." It was a poisonous potion for Garrick, but he took it bravely.

"You have my word!" was his quick rejoinder.

Having once undertaken the part, his artistic conscience demanded a thoro job of it. The actor in him elbowed the man aside. As the wines were passed, he made a great show of drinking freely, refusing to see the horror of him that began to dawn in the girl's eyes. As he drank he talked; at first to her, then loudly to the whole table. His hand grew unsteady, his laughter frequent. He made wide, sweeping gestures that threatened the cutlery and punctuated his remarks by pounding on the table till the glasses sang. It was consummate acting, this drunkard's part, that sickened him to the soul as he caught the pain in Ada's young eyes.

"I love—th' ladies!" he informed the company, sentimentally. "They're fon' o' me, too—blesh 'em! I love all—th' ladies——" His eyes wandered about the table, resting at length on the coquettish green feather meadows of Miss Araminta Jones's hair. "I love—you!" A wavering finger indexed his choice. "You're loveliest — lady — 'f all th' lovely ladies—sush flemnine grace—sush—sush——"

Ada shrank back in her seat, very pale. Her father noted, with satisfaction, that his nefarious scheme was succeeding better than he had hoped. Gad! that fellow certainly was an actor. Look at him now, would you, waving his napkin in a maudlin, Chautauqua salute to Miss Araminta. Smith was trying his feeble best to remonstrate.

"Shir-r!" complained Garrick, swaying to his feet, "shir-r, I—co'sider—your wor's ninsult—it's m' painfu' duty to pull y' hair——"

"Hold on there, Garrick!" Ingot sprang to his feet warningly, but too late. Dangling from the actor's hands were two wigs, one of rich chestnut curls that had a moment before graced the head of Mr. Aloysius Smith, and the other a snow-white top-piece and false curls that adorned the head of Mrs. Aloysius Smith. The table was in an uproar. Alone of all of them, Ada was calm. Standing very straightly, she faced Garrick with blazing eyes.

"I *never* dreamed you were like this," she said slowly. "It hurts me to think what a fool I was when I believed you to be a gentleman. Dont speak to me! Go—do you hear me? Go!"

The man straightened as tho her words lashed him. An instant he let the cloak of drunkenness slip from his face, and in his eyes she read amazedly—or did she dream it?—pain and shame. A moment later, leering

and swaying, he was gone. At the door a servant touched his arm.

"My master would speak with you, sir."

Garrick leaned heavily against the lintel as Ingot approached him. The look of mingled fright and amusement on his host's mottled countenance brought him up stiffly.

"I trust you are satisfied with the night's work." Ingot did not dare fence words with his fearsome guest, but hurriedly dragged a purse bulging with gold from his pocket and handed it to Garrick.

As the famous actor weighed it in his hands, Ingot wet his lips and eyed it covetously.

"My hat and cane, sirrah," and as the servant returned with his belongings, he nonchalantly dropped the purse into his astonished hands. With this, his last play—leaving Ingot fairly goggle-eyed with surprise and chagrin—he stepped off moodily into the night.

Ingot returned to his indignant guests, and, with such skill as he could muster, quieted them down and bowed them on their way. His troubles over, he heaved a great sigh of relief, and, stepping into the library to seek solace of his pipe, he came suddenly upon his daughter.

She sat, with her face cupped in her hands, staring piteously before her, and she did not even see his lumbering bulk. He snorted loudly to attract her attention.

The girl turned her misery-stricken face toward him, and his sluggish heart caught with pity at the sight of it.

"I have been mistaken, father. I will marry Chivy wherever and whenever you wish."

A few cold words, but the utter wreck of her world was in the saying of them.

The night passed slowly and, in travail, gave birth to a fog-swathed dawn. Garrick was up at daybreak and passed the day in gloomy forebodings. He was too little of a fop, too much of a gentleman, to ponder the countless fair maids and matrons who had flung themselves at his feet. He knew only that his one enduring love was dead—killed by his own hand.

That night, after the play, he sought relief at the Nag's Head Tavern, with its motley of beaux, gamesters, starveling poets and gentlemen-knaves. By some mysterious back-stairs gossip, the story of his adventure had preceded him, and, as he bowed right and left and took his seat, a battery of curious eyes followed him.

One more bold than the rest, his priceless frills dyed with spilt wine, arose and lurched toward the actor.

"So you kept your word," he jeered—"like a gentleman!"

Garrick frowned, shivered slightly with sensitiveness, and turned his back. But the intruder, a famous duellist, would not be coldly fubbed off.

His taunts increased; the babel of conversations slackened, and all lent attentive ears.

Suddenly Garrick stood up, picked his gloves from the table and flicked them smartly across the other's face.

"Alas, poor Garrick!" paraphrased a wit—"his conscience doth make cowards of us all."

There came a general laugh, but blood—perhaps death—was in the air, and they felt it.

There is a lonely spot back of Bedford House and just outside the pales of the Duke's Park, which the moon rides high over and bathes with a pallid, clear light. And strange sights this bit of smooth turf has revealed to the sleepy watch making its rounds. Bits of torn lace, a blood-soaked cambric frill, jeweled buckles with torn leather clasps, a trampled purse, some-

GARRICK GROWS DESTRUCTIVE

"I NEVER DREAMT YOU WERE LIKE THIS. . . . GO—DO YOU HEAR ME? GO!"

times a broken, red-stained rapier, are the souvenirs of departed guests.

In the elfin light of dawn men in shirt-sleeves faced each other on the duelling-ground, their blades a-quiver with light, like fairy wands.

"I'm a fool!" thought one, a fine-figured man, in plum-colored breeches and cambric frilled shirt—"a twice discovered fool." And with that he gave his salute and set his narrow blade at play against his opponent's.

There were resentment, rage, murder in the close-set eyes of his opposite, and his wrist was a-tremble to seek the actor's heart and be done with it.

A lunge—a parry—a shivering of steel,

"I HAVE NO HOME. I HAVE COME TO YOU. YOU—DONT WANT ME?"

and the man drew back, to find that his blade had been turned neatly aside.

Then the nerve-jarring scraping of steel against steel again; the quick turn of a wrist; the soft pound of slippered feet on the sod, and always the nonchalant actor stood unhurt before the seeking sword.

A madness fell upon his challenger, flooding his brain with hot blood, and he pressed ever closer, seeking the still heart beneath the frail shirt. "Kill, kill!" sang the words in his brain.

A maddened thrust at close range—the grip of fingers on Garrick's blade.

"You cur!"

Garrick twisted his rapier free, and the blood leaped and surged madly in his head.

"Ah!"

The wit slowly sank to his knees, his hand pressed against his shoulder. And from under the fingers a crimson stain was slowly widening.

Garrick threw down his weapon.

"I am thru," he said, "thru forever with the tricks and treachery, sordidness and counterfeit of my lords and ladies. My adieux. Tomorrow I start for a tour of the provinces."

Ada had passed thru the sprightly variations of hysterics, and now, wept dry, she lay back listlessly on the divan, staring out of the window. Her father had attempted to bolster up his conscience all night with the assurance that it would be better to grieve a few hours than repent a lifetime. Yet the words did not ring quite true even to himself. He looked remorsefully down now at his daughter, with the unease that all men feel in the presence of tears.

"My dear, actors are all like that," he said—"vinous; cowardly; abusers of women. Some day you will be glad you found him out when you did."

"Please, father," she sighed, "I'd rather not talk about it."

Guilt makes men garrulous. Ingot would have gone on explaining and protesting until he had talked himself blameless, but was interrupted by a knock. It was Chivy, far gone in liquor, but still the heart-breaking, money-pressed Chivy.

"Mush tell you gr-great zhoke on Garrish," he hiccoughed. "Girl was in love with him! Old fish of a fazzur wanted Davy to cure her——"

The story left off suddenly, as Ingot fetched the tipsy narrator a sharp kick under the table. But Ada seized his hands and begged him to go on.

The whole miserable hoax jumbled out then, words stumbling dizzily over each other as they came to the duel set for the following morning. But its meaning was sufficiently plain to the girl.

"Oh!" she wailed, as the words flowed under her eyes, "oh—a duel! Father, why should they fight with Mr. Garrick? Was it about—*me?*"

Ingot sank nervelessly into a chair, rested his head upon his hands and poured out the whole wretched business. By some trick of destiny his practical joke had become a tragedy. He had meant no harm—he had been thinking of her own good——

Finishing, he awaited her verdict, but silence alone answered him. Ada was gone.

In the early morning, after a dream-haunted night, Ingot knocked at her door. No sweet answering call responded, and pushing in he found the room in disarray and the bed untouched.

Instead of her sunny head, a note

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Movies Have Nothing on the Artists!

Long Ago They Knew How to Make Animated Pictures, and They Say That the Movies Have Stolen Their Thunder

THAT GOOD OLD-TIME WHIRL OF MERRIMENT

THE ONLY ORIGINAL MOVING --- YEA - EVEN HEARTSTIRRING CARTOONS

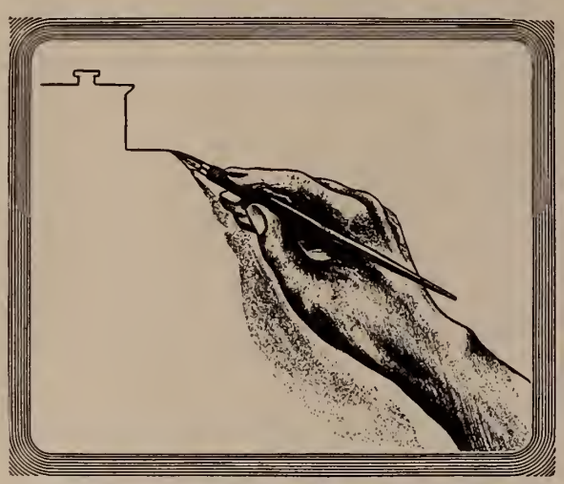
A DROP KICK

A TAIL OF BRIBERY

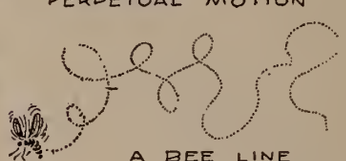
PERPETUAL MOTTON

SPRING

AND FALL

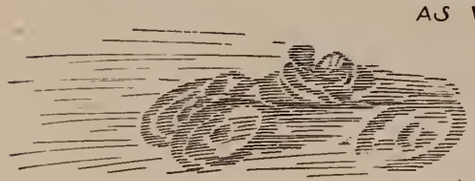


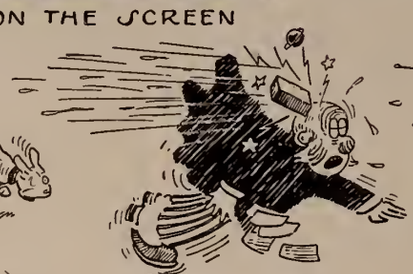
AS WE SEE IT ON THE SCREEN



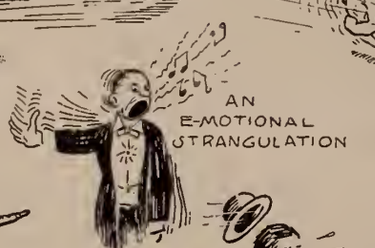
A BEE LINE

WEATHER OR NO





SOUND SEEN

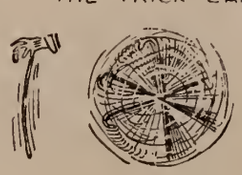


AN E-MOTIONAL STRANGULATION

SPEAKING OF ANIMATION -- HOW'S THIS FOR SPEED

5:14 P.M.

THE BRICK---BEST WEAPON FOR REEL ACTION



THE TRICK CANE

STRIKE TUH !!!

HAROLD A VAN BUREN

A PLAY-DAY WITH MARGUERITE COURTOT

by Grace Wynden-Vail

ADVENTURESOME sunlight played a jolly game of tag around two big windows where dainty, white curtains blew gently in response to a seven-thirty A. M. breeze. Finally three little rays, more brave than the rest, sneaked into the room beyond the curtains and kist ever so briefly some score or more of a headful of curls. The owner of the curls and the head raised one hand from her pillow and slowly opened her eyes. They were big and blue and long-fringed with black lashes. Slowly she took cognizance of the sun, of the breeze, and then, feminine and girl-like, Marguerite Courtot smiled and was awake.

It was the beginning of a play-day for the little screen star, for her first Gaumont Mutual Masterpicture, "The Dead Alive," had just been completed at the Jacksonville, Florida, studio, and Marguerite was having a bit of respite from keen-eyed camera-lens and tricksome lights.

Marguerite lives in a lovely little bungalow out Riverside way in Jacksonville, a gem of a place that was fortunately found willing to be rented —furnished—when Marguerite, her mother and her sister came from New York to Florida last December. It is a home, for it is where the heart is—the hospitable, kindly heart of the Courtot trio.

But seven-thirty—and a play-day!

"Jennie"—Marguerite calls from her bed, and almost at once a slow-footed colored girl opens a door leading to the kitchen and smiles a dental good-morning.

"Jennie, ith there any mail for me, pleath?" Be it noted that Marguerite possesses a sweet little lisp along with her other attractions. During the star's vacation from the studio her mail is delivered to her at home, and even before her young body is bathed of a morning, comes a perusal of her varied assortment of letters. Anywhere from ten to fifty letters a day is the girl's record for mail, and that is a figure quoted from truth, not imagination. Perhaps one of the most different traits in the girl's nature is her disapproval of the general run of press-stories. She objects strenuously to being credited, thru the press, with owning family servants, automobiles, and half-a-dozen homes. Wise wee thing, she knows that the truth about herself—something of the story of a young, healthy-minded, intelligent girl —is far more interesting than all the fiction in the world. Marguerite Courtot lives a romance every day far more effective than the concoctions of an imaginative brain.

SLOWLY SHE TOOK COGNIZANCE OF THE SUN, OF THE BREEZE, AND THEN, FEMININE AND GIRL-LIKE, MARGUERITE COURTOT SMILED AND WAS AWAKE

EVEN BEFORE HER YOUNG BODY IS BATHED OF A MORNING, COMES A PERUSAL OF HER VARIED ASSORTMENT OF LETTERS

The letters read, Marguerite jumps from bed, scrambles into a kimona —always either pink or blue, with soft little slippers to match—and, with stealthy step, creeps to a door connecting her room with the one occupied by her sister, Juliette. In a second she has opened the door, peeped in, then, returning quickly for a pillow from her own bed, throws the thing of down-and-linen square at the sleeping form on the bed. Then two brown eyes open, and Juliette says:

"Now, Marguerite, stop that—behave yourself;" but she smiles as she says it, and, nine times out of ten, shies another pillow back at the mischievous, curly head tantalizing her from the door. There are many fine things in the Courtot home-life, and among

MARGUERITE'S BREAKFAST STARS GRAPE-FRUIT, FOR THE EXCELLENT AID TO THE GENERAL DISPOSITION

LITTLE GIRL IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE OF A BIT OF ACID EACH MORNING

the rarest is the devotion between the two sisters. A quick run to the bath finally puts an end to the friendly hostilities, and for fifteen minutes the bungalow rings with the splash of water as it runs from the shower-bath, broken at intervals by something that might be intended for a song gone wrong. With all her screen supremacy, Marguerite Courtot never could be called a singer.

Breakfast on a screened-in porch follows. And this brings to mind something that is especially attractive in the little star. With the bath over, the kimona is discarded for a freshly clean shirtwaist and a tailored skirt. Mother-dear Courtot objects to having her young daughter fall into the habit of a constant kimona when about the home. The result is that Marguerite is always a ready-for-anything, happy girl when at home, quite as she is at the studio. There is a psychological malady in kimonas—they make folks lax, lazy, and largesome!

Marguerite's breakfast stars grape-fruit, for the little girl is a firm believer in the excellent aid to the general disposition of a bit of acid each morning. Soft-boiled eggs, tea and biscuit complete her first meal, all to the accompaniment of Florida morning sun and eighteen-year-old optimism.

"Mother, can I bake biscuit today? Jennie, you'll teach me, wont you? Juliette, please play 'When I Leave This World Behind.' Now go on, Juliette. Mother, tell her to."

All this follows in the hurry of girldom. Juliette adds that Marguerite has selected well when she wants "When I Leave This World Behind" while making biscuit, but Marguerite only teases with the flip of a grape-fruit seed that has evaded the eye of Jennie and finishes her breakfast with a flirt of her napkin to the table as she rises.

The Courtot kitchen might have been designed for picture-taking, for it boasts quite the most unique Dutch bench and table—just the sort the camera loves. Here, when the weather is a bit chilly, Marguerite has her breakfast served to her, and here it was that she was first initiated into the mysteries of biscuit-making. The South is spelled with hot biscuit in capital letters—the sort of bread that puffs up a bit when in the oven, then settles back to a matured sort of light-brown deliciousness, that plays the very dickens with Northern "innards" trained to the respectability of toast for breakfast.

Marguerite has learnt, under the guidance of black Jennie, to bake biscuit such as writers of the South have raved over for decades, and the accomplishment is quite as vast in the mind of the screen-star as any screen achievement she has ever made. Salt, flour, baking-powder, and such—Marguerite handles them with the gentleness of a young mother with her babes. The first batch of biscuit Marguerite was allowed to dominate entirely by herself was divided up into twelve shares, with one biscuit going to each member of the family, and the remaining eight carefully deported to as many friends over at the studio.

And it might be interesting to romance lovers to know that one, and the most choice at that, was carefully wrapt in tissue paper and presented, with a blush that was not a prop affair, to a certain young man thereabouts! All of which occasioned a friendly battle-royal between the sisters that evening when Juliette

heard of the presentation. But who could be as pretty, as spring-like, as gentle, as unaffected as Marguerite Courtot and not have a severe leaning toward romance and heart fluctuations?

The biscuits baked, Marguerite takes herself, her homy gingham apron, a knife and a pan, to the lettuce-beds in the garden at the rear of the home.

The Courtot lettuce is famous in the neighborhood and at the studio. Friends of the star call it milk-fed, for it is of that tender, pale-green variety found only in French millinery and nature's output. All winter the Courtot table has been embellished—in fact, consecrated—with this young salad provocation, and it is Marguerite's special duty each lunch-time when home, or dinner-time when away all day, to prepare a particular dressing for the lettuce. Two spoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar, with a little favoritism to the oil; a generous dash of tobasco; the same of Worcestershire sauce; ditto of paprika, cayenne and salt—then, instead of spending hours mixing the ingredients with a spoon, Marguerite throws them into a bottle, with a stopper attached, and shakes it with all her young strength.

Meanwhile the lettuce, looking as if it had grown to its present good-looks with an eye to pleasing just such a girl as our Marguerite Courtot, has been presented with a powdering of Roquefort cheese. Some half-dozen little, pearl onions, too, have been tossed to the home-plate. Over this is poured a portion of the dressing, and presto! food for the gods and ambrosia for the stomach.

Before noon Marguerite is called on the phone by a score or more friends. Two invitations to dinner-dances are among the messages, but acceptance of them is withheld until mother-dear has been consulted. Marguerite has attended only two formal balls in her life, and at her second, where she was escorted by a fine, young Jacksonville society gallant, the girl gave away all the dances marked by crosses on her program, much to the chagrin of her escort, and then felt slightly hurt that her partner did not dance with her more than the first and last dances. When Juliette later explained that the crosses on the program had meant that her partner intended keeping them for himself, Marguerite looked serious for a second, then said:

"Oh—but, Juliette, I had thuth a wonderful time, anyway!"

Marguerite is an ardent devotee of tennis, and every play-day sees her spending at least an hour on a court located a couple of blocks from her home. The chap who plays a good game of tennis has a huge handicap in the race for her affections, for her fondness for the game is truly one of her hobbies.

THE COURTOT KITCHEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIGNED FOR PICTURE-TAKING, FOR IT BOASTS A MOST UNIQUE DUTCH BENCH AND TABLE—AND HERE IT WAS THAT MARGUERITE WAS FIRST INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF BISCUIT MAKING

MARGUERITE HAS LEARNT, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF BLACK JENNIE, TO BAKE BISCUIT—AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENT IS QUITE AS VAST IN THE MIND OF THE STAR AS ANY SCREEN ACHIEVEMENT SHE HAS EVER MADE

After lunch Marguerite spends an hour attending to her mail, autographing pictures and just generally reminding her mother-dear that she is about. Marguerite is a kissing bug, her sister declares. She's a baby posing as a grown-up, too; for, like as not, where you might expect to find a screen star a poseur, Marguerite is more than likely to talk to an interviewer from a place on the floor at her mother's knee, or sitting on the arm of her mother's chair. With all the attention, and really fame, that has come to her, Marguerite Courtot is a little girl, with all of the ways, plays, loves and laughs of girldom.

Often, in the afternoon, Marguerite goes for a drive in a machine—not her own, she asserts, but kindly put at her disposal by one of her many automobile friends. Her trip from her home to the ferry each work-day is made in a machine—but not her own! For these modest confessions alone does the girl recommend herself to fame!

Before the trip home of an afternoon, Marguerite never fails to stop at Nunnally's candy-shop, where for ten minutes she loiters lovingly over a chocolate ice-cream soda. Chocolate ice-cream soda!—she loves it; she adores it; she dreams of it; and if the independence that latterly comes in every one's life from parental restraint has any one advantage to the girl now, it is that it will mean she may have all the chocolate ice-cream soda she can eat, just once! In Jacksonville they have concocted a particular mixture from the soda-fount wherein chocolate, ice-cream and syrup, nuts, whipped cream, cherries and soda are combined in gorgeous riot, and unto the entire glass of fifteen-cent dissipation they have annexed the title, "Marguerite Courtot Chocolate Choice"—which is surely another symptom of fame!

At dinner the Courtot table is usually enlarged to accommodate guests, and here, frequently, several of both Juliette's and Marguerite's boy-friends are to be found. Mother-dear Courtot has a fund of wisdom behind soft,

brown eyes and gray hair, and her girls are allowed to continue the wholesome friendships they have held for the young men who have happened to come south from New York, within the confines of their lovely home. The Courtots are French and Swiss blood, and hospitality is rife with them always.

A phase of her business life that finds its way into the social atmosphere is

THE COURTOT LETTUCE IS FAMOUS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND AT THE STUDIO. FRIENDS OF THE STAR CALL IT "MILK-FED"

Marguerite's excellent habit of constant attendance on screen productions. Every day the star and her mother and sister visit the picture-theaters. The best of the feature films must be seen, and the trio have refused social invitations when they conflicted with this mission of seeing screen offerings. It is a commendable habit—one that surely must have fruitful effect upon the artistry of the star herself.

There is wisdom in the pretty head of Marguerite Courtot. She will discourse at length upon what she feels are the mistakes of the young girls of the screen today.

"When girls stop school at fourteen and fifteen to appear on the screen, I think it is all wrong for them to stop their education as well. Screen-life is so short—we all know that—and what is there left for them when they reach their late twenties and early thirties? The public will no doubt be tired of their faces, and their minds will be just about where they were at fifteen. Oh—and you know it is so easy to get a lopsided view of life when you are playing before the camera, for all you hear is the nice things folks have to say—they never say disagreeable things to your face—and so often it is apt to turn one's head!"

All of which is in the nature of a statement that Marguerite Courtot's education is constantly going on. Every day she spends some time with her text-books, and it is Juliette's special duty to read from some classic for at least one hour each day to her sister. Born of French and Swiss parentage in Summit, New Jersey, the girl has inherited substantial traits of character. Her nature has nothing of display in it. She went to the screen only after a great deal of persuasion.

The Kalem Company in New York made her many overtures before she finally went with them. Today she is devoted to the work. The same screen adaptability and beauty that made her the leading woman in "The Octoroon," after only four months with the Kalem Company, has placed her right to the front among screen personalities today. Of her past achievements, Marguerite speaks glowingly of her work in "The Barefoot Boy." The picture is a gem. And one of Marguerite's hobbies is her admiration of, and loyalty to, Robert Vignola, who was one of her first directors.

The Courtot trio spent more than a year and a half in Switzerland, during one of their visits abroad, and both Marguerite and her sister attended school at Lausanne at that time. Fond of outdoor sports, particularly tennis and horseback riding, Marguerite is wonderfully popular with the younger set in Jacksonville. To them she is something of usual, wholesome girldom, yet with a wonder-wand touch that makes her a bit apart.

But in the bungalow home of the Courtots, bedtime finds just the girl again, knowing no sweeter repose on earth than the knees of her mother-dear. And that mother, with her hand protectingly stroking the brown curls of spoonful-of-June Marguerite, whispers a prayer to the good God that He will always keep true in the heart of her baby the simple ideals that come to the clean mind that hovers around the home-lit hearth.

AND THAT MOTHER, WITH HER HAND PROTECTINGLY STROKING THE BROWN CURLS OF SPOONFUL-OF-JUNE MARGUERITE, WHISPERS A PRAYER TO THE GOOD GOD THAT HE WILL ALWAYS KEEP TRUE IN THE HEART OF HER BABY THE SIMPLE IDEALS THAT COME TO THE CLEAN MIND THAT HOVERS AROUND THE HOME-LIT HEARTH

Photo by Hartsook

BABY ZOE BECH

Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children

How and Why the Kiddies May Be Encouraged to Attend the Movies

By B. A. HOLWAY

"WHY dont you open up your theater in Albany for the children on every Saturday morning and give them some place to go where they can be entertained, amused and instructed at the same time? Dont you know that Albany wants the children's movies, and that unless you theater owners do something some one else will? You are the best fitted for it, and surely you can give up one morning a week for the kiddies."

It was in this fashion that Mrs. M. V. Clark, of Albany, opened up her campaign for educational movies for children in Albany, N. Y.

"I tell you what I will do," Mrs. Clark went on; "I will present this matter at the convention in Poughkeepsie tomorrow and secure the endorsement of both the Mothers' Assembly and the Parent-Teachers' Association. That will give us a start, and the rest will be easy. If you will leave this in my hands, I will see to it that children's movies in Albany are a success."

Mrs. Clark was true to her word and procured the endorsement of the convention and, incidentally, statewide publicity. With this backing and the support of the theatrical interests, she returned to Albany and began her campaign in earnest.

She secured an interview with Governor Whitman and enlisted the support of Mrs. Whitman. Judge Brady, of the Juvenile Court, State Superintendent of Schools Finley, the Ministerial Association, and practically all of the social, civic and fraternal organizations of the city responded to her appeal and promised their warm endorsement and support for the children's pictures.

The inevitable result was overwhelming success. The children attended in large numbers and found the program of selected films entertaining, interesting and amusing. Unconsciously, they found themselves absorbing facts and information that they never could have obtained from the printed page of the school-book, yet all the while they were enjoying themselves and following the natural bent of the modern child—attending the movies.

What Mrs. Clark has done and is doing in Albany, other women can do and are doing elsewhere. The movement in support of children's programs in the theaters is receiving nation-wide impetus and seems destined to play an important part in amusement circles of the future.

The theater is the logical place for

the children's programs. It is a psychological fact that the theater entertainment, whatever may be its character, has a certain attractiveness and drawing power that can be found nowhere else. Perhaps it is because of the glamour that surrounds the theater and the irresistible lure of forbidden fruit.

Interesting figures in this connection have been compiled by Superintendent of Schools R. E. Denfield, of Duluth, Minn., which show that, while only fifteen are in the habit of attending the theater every day, there are 2,621 who attend at least once a week. Further figures show that 1,065 attended Moving Picture theaters twice each week. On an average, 4,500 paid admissions from children go into the box-offices of the Duluth Moving Picture theaters each week.

Mrs. Arthur Stone, of New Rochelle, N. Y., member of the National Board of Censors and one of a committee of two appointed to pass on special pictures for children, said, recently, in this connection:

"I have found that the children will go to the theater when they will not go to see the same Motion Picture entertainment in a school building or woman's club. They dont want to be educated, but want to be amused. So, just as soon as you say 'school,' they rebel and immediately class it as an educational affair."

This attitude on the part of the New Rochelle youngsters is indicative of the attitude assumed generally by the children all over the country. They want to be amused and entertained, not educated, and it is along these lines that the children's programs must be worked out.

Mrs. Stone expresses the situation very aptly in her statement:

"I used to think that the only thing was educational pictures, but I have learnt better. The first thing is to entertain and amuse the children. The second is to slip in the educational element indirectly. I have come to the conclusion that this can be done more effectively and with better results thru the medium of the established picture theater than in any other way."

Historic subjects have been found to be particularly interesting to the boys and girls of all ages. Not long ago a theater in Mount Vernon, N. Y., gave a children's entertainment consisting of a four-part children's story, a comedy subject and a descriptive picture on the general historic theme, "The Boston Tea-Party and Declaration of Independence." In the former the children showed strong interest and paid close attention to the development of the story. With the opening scene of the Boston Tea-Party their interest changed to patriotic enthusiasm, and, as each historic character was shown on the screen, their applause and eager recognition was spontaneous. It was something that they knew all about and had read in their school-books.

BILLY JACOBS AND HIS COMPANY OF CHILD-PLAYERS (UNIVERSAL)

In Albany, Mrs. Clark has been quick to recognize the importance of the historic picture in developing the educational side of the movies and has used these pictures as the basis for working up further interest in the purely instructive films. Her original idea was a prize of some sort for the best essay on the historic subject shown the preceding week, the awarding of the prize being made one of the features of the entertainment. The first prize offered was one dollar. As she handed it to the ten years of tow-headed urchin who had won it, she asked:

"Well, little man, what are you going to do with your prize?"

"I'm going to bank it, ma'am."

The boy's reply forcibly impressed on Mrs. Clark the idea of making the prize each week the beginning of a bank account and thereby instil some thoughts of thrift and economy in the minds of the young people. It was no difficult matter to make arrangements with the local banks, and the following week the prize awarded consisted of a bank-book with one dollar deposited to the credit of the winner. The success of this plan has been overwhelming. Governor Whitman's interest was attracted, and he volunteered as the donor of the prize at a recent entertainment. The business men of Albany also became deeply interested and have volunteered their aid in making the children's movies a distinct success.

HELEN BADGELY

LELAND BENHAM

LELAND BENHAM HELEN BADGELY

DOROTHY BENHAM

HELEN BADGELY LELAND BENHAM

Mrs. Clark, however, has by no means a monopoly on the educational movies for children idea. In Galax, Va., under the leadership of Mrs. Lida Crabill, the Women's Auxiliary School League has arranged for the use of a local theater one night in the week, when special programs suitable for children are shown.

A small admission fee is charged to make the movement as nearly self-supporting as possible, but, as Galax is a small town, the cost of the program often exceeds the receipts of the evening. Only a nominal rental is charged by the proprietor of the theater, despite the fact that he loses whatever business he might otherwise get from adults, and whatever deficit there may be is made up by the league.

In Calgary, the mothers, thru the Parent-Teachers' Association, have started a movement of a similar nature. As a result of agitation in this direction, a meeting was recently called at the public library, where initial steps were taken for providing regular entertainment of a combined amusement and education nature for the little folk. Thirty-five of the representative citizens of Calgary attended this meeting, and plans were discussed looking toward the rental of films which would fit in with the work of the teachers in various subjects then being taught. Investigation developed, as has been

(*Continued on page* 69)

BILLIE BURKE, in a frock designed by HENRI BENDEL, which she wears in "Gloria's Romance" (Kleine)
written by MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

Sold at Auction

by Dorothy Donnell

Balboa

This story was written from the Photoplay of Q. F. WHITCOMB

I AM going to try to write it out just as it all happened, from the very beginning, and then, perhaps, I can forget it and not dream it over every night. It isn't very p
but maybe, if any young g
it may help her to keep ou
of danger. I am sure tha
if my mother had lived an
fold me what terrible thing
there were in the world, I
would never have spoken t
the woman with the rusty-
red hair, and I would have
known, as soon as I saw it
that there was something
queer and wrong about the
house with the drawn blinds.
And now I'll begin.

You'll have to excuse me if I dont tell it like a regular writer-person, for, of course, Mrs. Hopkins wouldn't hear to my going to school with Helen, and I never had time to read much, there were always so many dishes to wash and wipe, and floors to sweep, and shirtwaists to iron—not mine, you know—Helen's. But I'll do the best I can.

To begin with, I suppose, since I'm the heroine, I'd better tell you who I am, tho I never knew myself till a week ago; but I'll explain about that later. My name is Nan, and there never was any more to it than that all the time I lived with the Hopkinses—just plain *Nan*. I've lived there ever since I can remember, and Mrs. Hopkins used to tell me often, when she wanted to be particularly hateful, that I was a foundling that she'd brought up for charity, and that she could put me out into the street any time she wanted to. Besides my name, I have sort of wavy, brown hair and blue eyes, and Hal says I am pretty, but you mightn't think so. (I tried to keep Hal out of the story, but he *would* get in, so I suppose I'll have to tell you about him, too.)

I was eighteen years old and peeling potatoes when Hal happened. I heard a rap on the kitchen door, and there he was, six feet tall, with nice, thick, bushy hair, and nice, white teeth, and *such* a nice, friendly smile.

"Hullo!" he said, just as tho I was a little girl (I forgot to say I am very small). "Have you any long-lost heiresses in the

e looked at me
of queer, and
n he just
ned the door
walked in!
You funny lit-
girl, you," he
, smiling down
ne. (I said,
t I, that I
very small?)
guess the ed-
had the wrong
e, and I'll
bably get fired
falling down
the story, but
hang it!—I'm
oing to stick
round and talk
to you awhile, you
quaint kid, you—
that is, if you
have no objections to my staying."

"I'd like you to stay," I told him, mournfully, "but I've got the potatoes to peel, and Mrs. Hopkins will be back to dinner in half an hour."

"I'll help peel 'em," he said. "Got an apron? Fine! Now tell me all about yourself—'just Nan.'"

So I told him about being a foundling, and Mrs. Hopkins' scolding, and Helen's shirtwaists, and the kitty I'd adopted, so as to have some one to talk to; and he listened without saying a word, only his eyes got kinder and kinder, and once he sort of reached out and patted my hand with the potato he was peeling. And then, when I'd finished, he told me all about himself: how he was a reporter in the city (the city is fifteen miles away, and I'd never been there—then), and how his editor had sent him out to look for a lost heiress, and how he'd found me

"HE SAYS I WILL FORGET THEM ALL—THEY ARE JUST DREAM GOBLINS"

—wouldn't you have been? But I said, "No, there is no one lives here but Mrs. Hopkins and Helen, and I dont think either of them could be an heiress. Mrs. Hopkins has gray hair and very little of it, and scowls so much that there is a little scowl-mark above her nose even when she smiles, and Helen chews gum and wears a wrapper to breakfast and curl-papers."

You see, I thought an heiress meant a lady with golden hair, and rings, and a diamond necklace, and heaps and heaps of velvet and silk and satin clothes, like the society page of the Sunday paper, or Laura Jean Libby's books, or Sleeping Beauty. Hal—of course he wasn't "Hal" then, but you know what I mean—laughed and laughed.

"Well, what about you?" he asked; "you live here, too, dont you?"

"Oh," I told him, "I'm just Nan."

instead. By the time the potatoes were peeled we were quite acquainted. When he got up to go, he took my hands and held them tight. "My lucky star was on the job today, little lady," he said solemnly: "I've got to go now, but I'm coming to see you again, 'just Nan'—soon."

And he did; and by-and-by—I dont know just how it happened—we were engaged. Of course I'd like to tell all about that—about the place in the woods near the station, where I used to meet him, so that Mrs. Hopkins wouldn't know, and the bird's nest we used as a postoffice, and the things he said (they were lovely things)—but I've got to hurry over it and get to the woman with the rusty-red hair. Some day, when I've forgotten all about her and the house with the drawn blinds, maybe I will write another story about Hal and me, but I've got to forget the other first.

We decided not to tell anybody about being engaged till Hal got his raise, and then we could be married and no one could say or do anything hateful. So I kept on washing dishes and trying not to sing, for fear Mrs. Hopkins would suspect how happy I was. She hated to have any one act happy—there are folks like that, you know. But she never suspected a thing. She was too much worried over the letter to pay any attention to other things.

The letter was the beginning of the whole trouble. It was written in big, splashy handwriting and came from the city, and when I brought it to Mrs. Hopkins she turned as pale as a sort of bricky-red complexion can turn. After she read it she flounced up out of her chair and went into the parlor, where Helen was drumming on the piano, and I could hear them talking and scolding all the forenoon. Once I heard Helen say, "But he's never seen his daughter since she was a baby, has he? Suppose you take *me* instead."

And after that I heard Mrs. Hopkins say, "Sh-h! Speak lower, cant you? Do you want to ruin everything?"

I wonder, now, that I wasn't more curious about what they meant, but I was thinking about Hal, and there wasn't room for any other thoughts. Even when Mrs. Hopkins and Helen came out into the kitchen, an hour later, all dressed up in their best clothes, and said that they were going into the city, and to have corned-beef hash for supper, and to tell the milkman, if he came, he'd have to wait for his money, I never dreamed what that trip was going to mean to me.

After they had gone, I cleared up the house, and washed my hands, and put on a clean apron. I was expecting a letter from Hal, and somehow it seemed as tho his letters deserved a clean apron to read them in—that's the way I felt, anyway. And, sure enough, it came; and what do you think? It said he had got his raise, at last, and would be here in a week to get me. I didn't even try to keep from singing when I read [illegible] was so happy, I even began [illegible] ind thoughts about Mrs. [illegible] ns and to wish I could do [illegible] ething for her. The only [illegible] ing I could think of was to blacken the stove, so I did that, with the kitten on my shoulder and Hal's letter in one hand, and——

But I mustn't stop over that letter. Maybe some of you have had love-letters. If you have, you'll know how happy I was over mine. (Did your letters say "dear-darling" things, and "little bits o' sweetheart" ones?) Because, all the time, while I was being so happy, there was a house with drawn blinds going on in the world—— Dear God, please let me forget it some time!

"THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF WAS TO BLACKEN THE STOVE, SO I DID THAT—WITH HAL'S LETTER IN ONE HAND"

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Hopkins and Helen got back, and I could see right away, by their faces, that they had had a pleasant time. They were both smiling, but those smiles frightened me more than their scowls ever had. I didn't know what to make of them.

"Nan," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I hope you realize how much I have done for

you all these years and what a grateful girl you ought to be."

I ought to have realized it, as many times as she'd told me!

"You are now eighteen," went on Mrs. Hopkins, "and, of course, your board and lodging and clothes are a great expense to me. Many women would send you away, but I have decided to let you stay on here. I only hope, in return for my kindness, you will try to make yourself useful about the house. That is the least you can do."

"Mrs. Hopkins," I said quietly, "thank you very much for your offer, but I shall have to refuse it. I am going to be married."

You should have seen their faces! Helen turned quite pale. I forgot to say that she was not very pretty in spite of the curl-papers.

"Married!" they exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

So I told them all about Hal. When I had finished, Mrs. Hopkins came across the room, took me by the shoulders, and shook me.

"Ungrateful girl!" she cried, biting her lip with her false teeth—"just when you were beginning to be of some use around the house. A pretty way to reward me for all my kindnesses to you. I suppose you expect me to give you a wedding, too, perhaps? Well, I shant! You march straight upstairs to your room, put on your hat and coat and go. I wont have such a double-dealing hussy in my house another moment!"

"Let her wash the supper dishes first, ma," suggested Helen.

"Go, Mrs. Hopkins?" I faltered. "Where shall I go?"

"Go find your precious young man!" she fairly shrieked, "and mind you dont take a stitch of clothing with you except on your back! I'm done with you—treating me like this—me that's been a mother to you all these years!"

"Me, too!" cried Helen, with something that sounded like "big sister."

I went upstairs, feeling, somehow, smaller than ever and sort of cold. It wasn't much of a place. The bed was hard, and the furniture old odds and ends, and there were holes in the carpet, but it was all the home I'd ever had. My fingers shook when I put on my hat and coat, and I hardly knew my face in the mirror, it was so white and scared-looking. Downstairs I could hear Mrs. Hopkins' shrill voice and Helen's angry replies, and suddenly even those sounds seemed familiar and sort of—*safe*. I felt in my apron pocket for Hal's letter, put it into my coat, and crept downstairs and out the front door.

"BUT WHEN I SAW MYSELF IN THE GLASS I FELT SICK AND FAINT"

It was nearly dark. I'd never been out alone in the dark, and never been to the city at all—there were always so many dishes to be done evenings. But I put my hand in my pocket and held onto the letter, and it was a little like holding Hal's big, warm, protecting hand.

"What a silly you are!" I said to myself as I hurried toward the station. "The city is just *houses*, and the people are just *folks*. There isn't anything to worry about. I'll just ask the first person who looks kind how to find Hal, and then he will take care of me."

I had a five-dollar bill in my pocket that Hal had given me to get a wedding-dress with, and there was very little of it left when I had bought my ticket. The train was crowded, but I found a seat beside a young man in a bright-blue suit who was reading a newspaper. If I had had a mother to tell me things, one of them would have been—I am sure now—never to talk to men I didn't know. But he seemed like a polite young man, and smiled at me so pleasantly that, before I knew it, I had told him the whole story. He was very much interested.

"Then no one knows you're coming?" he asked. "But, of course, you told the woman you were living with the name of your friend?"

"No; I didn't," I said. "I dont even know all of it myself, only the Hal part. Do you think it will be hard for me to find him?"

I suppose my voice trembled, for the young man answered hastily, "No, no; not at all. But it will be rather late to

hunt him up tonight. Have you any friends in the city you can stay with?"

I told him no—only Hal.

"Jove! what luck!" he said once or twice under his breath. Then he leaned close to me and spoke in a very low tone. "Now, I expect my—er—my sister to meet me at the train. If you like, I'll introduce you, and she will be glad to take you home for the night. Then, tomorrow, I'll help you look up your friend. How will that do?"

I thought I had never seen a kinder young man. "Oh, *thank* you," I said; "that would be lovely. But I hate to trouble your sister."

"No trouble at all," he said, getting up and putting on his coat. "Here we are, too. Your bag? Didn't bring one? Well, no doubt my sister can fit you out for a few days. Hang on to my arm, or you might get lost, and that would be bad! A city is a dangerous place for a girl all alone."

We went out onto a long platform and walked what seemed like miles thru rows of people. It was the biggest, noisiest place I was ever in, and I felt smaller and smaller every step. The lights made me dizzy, but the young man hurried so fast I had to run almost to keep up with him. Suddenly he stopped and pulled me thru the crowd into a little, sheltered place under a great, winding staircase. A woman with rusty-red hair and a soft, rich dress stood there, turning a great diamond over and over on one finger. When she saw us she came toward us, smiling, but, somehow, I didn't like her smile very well. It didn't seem to fit her eyes.

"Emelie," said the young man, looking hard at her, "this young lady has come to the city to find a friend of hers. Unfortunately, she hasn't his address, so I told her you would look after her tonight. This is my sister, Madame Renaud, Miss—er——"

"Nan," I said.

"Certainly!" said Madame Renaud, patting my shoulder. "I shall be charmed to look after you, my dear. Your first visit here? There is plenty to see. William, tell Peter we are waiting."

"AND THE MEN WERE BIDDING—I CANT REMEMBER—I WONT REMEMBER"

We went out of the station, and I caught a glimpse of the city—millions of lights, great towering buildings, crowds of men and women passing by. My heart sank. How was I ever to find Hal in such a place? But I didn't have much chance to look around before Madame Renaud and her brother had helped me into a big automobile, closed the door, and pulled down the shade as we started to move. Then, while I was still wondering about this, I found them both looking at me in the strangest way.

"You must let me do your hair in the latest fashion, my dear," said the lady, smiling until her teeth seemed to flash like the diamonds on her hands. "With that and a dress—say, something rather pale—eh, William?—pink or blue, or some baby-color—she would be quite a beauty!"

"Thank you, ma'am," I said, "but I'd better look for Hal tomorrow, I think."

The lady laughed. "We'll see," she said. "I have a party at my house tomorrow evening. I'd like to have you stay to it—you would meet some very pleasant people, and I think you would make quite a hit. But we can talk about that later, for here we are now."

The automobile stopped with a jerk, and the young man opened the door and helped us out. I had only time to see that we were standing before a big house, with a piano playing somewhere within, altho there was no sign of light in the windows, before they hurried me up the steps and into a front hall blazing with electricity under a dozen red and yellow and green glass globes. On either side of the hall were richly furnished rooms, also brightly lighted. Then I saw that the windows were shuttered and hung across with heavy, velvet curtains, and—I didn't know why—but my heart began to beat wildly.

There were people in the rooms—women with bare shoulders and wonderful gowns; men, too, who stared at me.

"This way, my dear," the lady with the rusty-red hair said; "I will take you to your room."

I stumbled after her along a hall carpeted with something thick and soft, so our steps made no sound. A little, yellow man with slanting eyes opened a

door for us, bowing. I had never seen any one like him. I screamed and hid my face in my hands.

"What was that?" I shuddered. "I am frightened. I—I never saw a face like this before!"

The woman with the rusty-red hair laughed again.

"That was my Japanese butler, my dear," she said softly. "All my servants are Japanese. As for the house, what is there about that to frighten you?"

"All those people," I tried to explain, "and the shutters over the windows——"

"I keep a—matrimonial agency, my dear," said Madame Renaud. "Those are my—er—patrons. But we will talk about this tomorrow. You must get some sleep for those bright eyes. Good-night."

She went out and shut the door, and I heard a key turn in the lock. Downstairs, the piano crashed out a dance-tune. A woman laughed high and shrill. Feet and the swish of skirts sounded in the hall outside. I crept into bed, and lay there shuddering and cold. Somehow, the thought of my bare, ugly little room at the Hopkinses' made me homesick. I never closed my eyes all night long. But the morning sun, creeping thru the darkened windows, made me feel a little safer, and I fell asleep and slept till late afternoon.

It was the sound of angry voices in the next room that awoke me finally.

"You'll get your usual percent and no more," Madame Renaud was saying. "Dont try any of your blackmailing threats on me, Will—I wont stand for it!"

"I'd like to know who found the girl?" snarled the voice of the young man of the train. "She'll bring a high price, and you know it. You've got to come across fifty-fifty this time."

There was the sound of a chair pushed back. "Run along, sonny," drawled Madame Renaud—"it's late. I've got to see about getting the girl dressed."

In a moment my door opened, and the woman of the rusty-red hair came into the room, with two others carrying the most wonderful clothes I'd ever seen. There was a dress, all shiny satin and lace, and slippers and stockings and white, frilly under-things. Madame Renaud laid them all on the bed and turned to me.

HE HAD BRIBED THE JAPANESE SERVANTS TO LET THEM IN WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT

"How would you like to wear these at my party this evening?" she asked.

I tried not to seem frightened. "You're very kind, ma'am," I said, "but I must go and look for Hal now."

"Wont Hal keep till tomorrow?" asked madame, "and are you quite sure, my dear, that you really want to marry him? Is he rich enough, for instance, to buy you dresses like this? You'd better let *me* find a husband for you. Perhaps, if you are very pretty, I can find one tonight. Come; get up and try on the dress. I'll have your dinner sent up on a tray."

I got up; what else could I do? Even then I did not know just what frightened me. Putting on a lovely dress ought not to scare a girl, but when I saw myself in the glass, I felt sick and faint. That girl with the bare shoulders and flower-wreath on her hair could never be me—Nan. I must get away—I must find Hal; but suddenly I knew what I wouldn't even let myself suspect before. They did not mean to let me go. I think I went sort of wild then. I struck out at the woman with the rusty-red hair and screamed and tried to tear the door open. I've almost forgotten just what did happen, but I think some one held a glass of something sweet and sickish tasting to my lips. Anyway, I stopped screaming, presently, and let them lead me downstairs.

I felt queer—cold and numb, and as tho my hands and feet didn't belong to me, nor my tongue, either, and everything seemed to be a great way off. There were people—lots of them—in the room—men mostly, and there were thousands and thousands and thousands of eyes looking at me. Madame Renaud made me climb beside her on a sort of platform and turn around and around, and the men were bidding—I cant remember—I wont remember.

They laughed and talked. There was one man, white-haired and big, with a face I seemed to remember to have seen once in a dream.

"Hal!" I kept crying—"Hal!" and all the time I made no sound—only turned and turned.

Then, suddenly, a crashing sound tore across my brain. I thought it was in my head, but the others heard it, too, so I knew something had happened. The air, sweeping across my bare shoulders, cleared my thoughts, and then—I saw Hal coming toward me thru the struggling crowd.

"Nan!" he cried, hoarsely, as he sprang upon the platform and took me in his big arms. "Oh, my poor little

girl! Thank God I came when I did! Nan! Look at me, Nan!"

Then, I think, I fainted.

Afterward I found out how he happened to come to the house with the drawn shutters. It was the young man of the train who had sent him to "write up" the affair for the newspaper. He did it to get even with Madame Renaud, and bribed the Japanese servants to let them in without firing a shot.

But that wasn't the strangest part of it. When I came out of my faint, the first person I saw was Hal bending over me, and the second person was Mrs. Hopkins! And she was actually crying and calling me "poor lamb" and begging me to forgive her for the way she'd treated me all these years. And, little by little, the queerest story came out: how my father had hired her to take care of me when my mother died, and sent her money every year for me, and finally asked to see me. That was the letter that had worried her so. She didn't want to lose her servant-girl, you see. So she had passed Helen off as me, and my father had dismissed her with a gift of money and his blessing. I said, somewhere, didn't I, that Helen wasn't exactly—attractive?

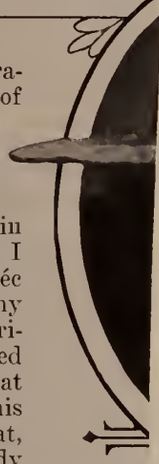
But Mrs. Hopkins began to feel guilty, after I had gone, and at last she decided to confess her deception to my father. So she had come down to the city, quite scared because she had let me go, and gone to his home. But he was not there, and his servant had sent her to—Madame Renaud's! And the white-haired man I had seen in that dreadful place had been —*my father*. His heart had been weakened by his excesses, and the shock of her confession killed him.

That is all, except that Hal and I were quietly married this morning. He is taking me away for a honeymoon among the hills, where there will be no reminders of this cruel city, nor the house with the drawn shades, nor the woman with the rusty-red hair. He says I will forget them all—they are just dream goblins—that I will not think of anything in all the world except him.

And yet, I wonder——

SCENE FROM "TRUE NOBILITY" (AMERICAN)

The Autobio... of Cl...



My birth had the dramatic effect of causing a "stage wait." My father, Eugene A. McDowell, was playing in Brooklyn, and I selected a matinée day for my first appearance on any stage. Having some pardonable curiosity on the subject, my father waited to have a look at me. He saw me at 1:10 P. M. and dashed madly on his way, only to find on his arrival that, after much excitement, an understudy had been substituted and he was free to go home again.

Some six weeks afterward my father started on his annual tour of Canada, and I was bundled up and taken on the long trip to Montreal. My father and mother, Fanny Reeves McDowell, were great favorites thruout the Dominion, and at the time of my birth the Montreal papers suggested that I be named Victoria in memory of the Toronto metropolis, but I was named after a pet part of mother's—Claire Ffolliott in "The Shaughraun."

Father was a government clerk in the Treasury Building at Washington when he got the stage fever. He gave up his position and came to New York, where he got an engagement at Mrs. Conway's Theater in Brooklyn. While there he conceived the idea of taking a first-class company to Canada: Railroad fares were almost prohibitive, so Canada had been shunned by all companies of importance. For that reason the better classes had no theatrical entertainment at all. Therefore, when father's company appeared, producing New York successes of the preceding season, they were taken up with enthusiasm. Lord Dufferin was governor-general at the time, and he and Lady Dufferin as patrons of the arts entertained lavishly for my parents, who were then engaged to be married. The marriage was made a public event, the banks closing for the afternoon because the choir was composed of bank clerks.

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first chance by him. Among others his younger brother Melbourne, J. H. Gilmore, Andrew Robson, Henry Miller, Felix Morris, Julia Arthur, May Robson and Annie Russell were members of his company while yet unknown to fame. One company, I remember, had Mary Hampton, Percy Haswell, Timothy D. Frawley, George Fawcett and our late John Bunny.

During my first season on the road, to which I have referred, I was carried on as the baby in "Caste" and starred on the bill as the Honorable George D'Alroy, Jr. In big black type were the words, "Her first appearance on any stage." I have a few of those programs, but do not use them for publicity purposes because they are dated. How stupid to put

preserved in ...
refused to have the thing in the cabin, so it was tied securely outside the window. One day a sailor was discovered in a dreadful state of intoxication, and the captain accused father of giving him drink. The affair remained a mystery until it was discovered that the jar containing the tarantula had been opened and the alcohol drained off!

I never played children's parts after my first appearance, altho I was toted round the country until I was eight years old. Then I was sent to school. After graduation I went to art school, where I studied for a while, but was forced to seek work that would bring in money right away. I played small parts in Charles Froh-

man's companies for four years and understudied desperately all the time. I am blessed with a remarkable mem-

I had the stored-up energy of four years' ambition to work off in that

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"heavy" business, adventuresses and such—and must have been the meekest little "heavy" ever. I must have been really funny in some of the parts I had to play. The leading woman was much taller than I, also heavier; and my standing around abusing her and wrecking her life, as I had to in many of the plays, I imagine was very amusing.

Many funny things happen in stock companies, and ours was no exception. I remember, along toward the end of the season, when we were all growing tired, we put on the time-honored "Camille." Mabel was playing Nanine and had studied her lines irrespective of cues. On the contrary, the man who played De Varville had studied the sense of his lines, but not the exact words. So in a scene together they came to grief. De Varville, instead of saying, "And she died?" asked, "Is she dead?" and Mabel solemnly answered "She did."

Next season I left the Frohman fold for Brady and Grismer's " 'Way Down East." I got no more salary and was playing the dreaded "one-night stands," but what cared I? I was playing a real leading part—Anna Moore, one of the fattest, which, being translated, means easiest and best, rôles ever written. I was rather young for an emotional lead and took the engagement a second season to prove I was equal to it.

The following season I played in Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman." My role was the ingénue, Nellie—a part not in the picture, "The Birth of a Nation." That was a record-breaking season. We played to capacity business and then some, and while

(*Continued on page* 68)

..., too, for sometimes I insist on singing, anyway.

I got my first real dramatic opportunity that season when "Don Cæsar de Bazan" broke out like a rash all over the country. All the smaller road companies played at it, and Hackett and Faversham gave it on Broadway simultaneously. I was with the Faversham company as a Spanish peasant in the first act and a dancer in the third. The version in which Mr. Frohman presented Faversham was called "A Royal Rival," and Jessie Busley was playing the boy rôle of Pedro. She got the understudy for me, and later, when she was needed for another Frohman production, they gave me a trial performance and I "made good."

Winchell Smith. He and the other players were kindness itself, but in spite of this those were the lonesomest three weeks I ever spent. Toward the end of the third week Marie Dressler, who was the headliner on the bill, came up beside me as I stood in the entrance and, putting her hand on my arm, said: "How's the little girl tonight?" I nearly wept on her shoulder, and she must have wondered what ailed me.

After that I went into stock for the summer in Syracuse, N. Y. I had applied for ingénue rôles, but that line was already filled by one of the sweetest pals I ever had—Mabel Trunnelle. So I got seconds—that is,

THIS ILLUSTRATION, A SCENE FROM THE LATEST ANNETTE KELLERMAN PICTURE (FOX), SHOWS AN UNUSUALLY LARGE AGGREGATION OF COSTUMED EXTRAS

Extras! Extras!! Extras!!!

There Are Tens of Thousands of Extras—Some Do It for Money and Some Do It for Fun

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE extra is such an important individual that no producing company can get along without his or her assistance. And who are these players that they are so essential? you might ask.

Some photoplays demand so many minor rôles that the company's regular players are totally insufficient. This often occurs when a big drawing-room or restaurant scene is staged. Dancing couples and diners are needed to dress-in the scenes.

Extras of a different kind are those who figure in mob scenes.

It must not be assumed that they merely "walk in." Their acting can make or mar a play. The director is the man who drills them into proper form—a no mean task, I can assure you.

The Italian and French producers easily excel in handling crowds of a thousand upwards in the big, spectacular productions for which they are noted. But their American brother can best manage fifty or so in a modern drama. I am dubious about the ability of the average British producer, because more than once I have seen a picture in which the mob was running in all directions in a manner as tho uncertain of what they had to do.

Practically every company experiences great difficulties in obtaining really qualified extras. One thing that puzzles them is studio slang, which the producer uses instead of plain English.

Now, whenever he wants the players to stop for a moment or so to read a letter, or for some other purpose, he calls out, "Hold it!" which, in other words, means to keep back the action.

Well, recently a director handed a bomb to an extra and told him when to light and throw it into the picture. The director resumed instructing the principals in the background; then came the command, "Hold it!"

The novice thought the order was meant for him, so he held the bomb. He spent several weeks in the hospital recovering from injuries.

If you imagine that all extras play solely for an income—and an uncertain one at that—you are wrong.

Personal vanity is one reason. Such persons gratify their desire of being in the proud position to be able to prove to their friends that they have played in a film.

Others do it for the sake of getting near their picture "idol." You should see how they all scramble to be nearest to him or her, and the rivalry that exists to perform some little personal service called for in the scenario. It's a sight for the gods!

A no small number are prompted by ambition. They have a hankering to become a picture "star," but, first of all, have to start at the bottom of the ladder. It is hard to stamp one's individuality when in the extra

EXTRAS MUST HAVE A VARIETY OF TALENTS—THE ABILITY TO WEAR A DRESS-SUIT, FOR INSTANCE, AND THIS COMES HARD TO MANY OF THEM

class, but it is the only way to attract the director's notice.

When extras apply for work they leave their card, giving personal information on the back, and also a photograph. Then, when the producer is in want of one or more extras, he just runs thru the cards and photos and selects the types he needs. They then are told when to report for work.

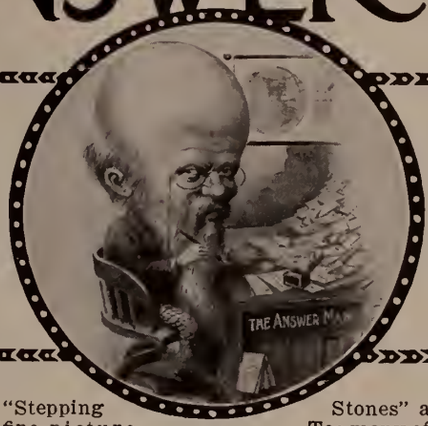
Their payment for a day's work varies from two dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars.

A player, such as a maid or butler, is not an extra, for all big film companies have artists on their regular payroll for small parts like these.

HERE ARE A NUMBER OF EXTRA PEOPLE WAITING TO BE SELECTED BY THE DIRECTOR. OBSERVE THAT SOME OF THEM ARE "CAMERA-CONSCIOUS," AND HENCE ARE NOT ACCOUNTED PROMISING

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.



JULIA T., SYRACUSE.—Mary Fuller is playing in "Thrown to the Lions." Augustus Phillips played in "Why Mrs. Kentworth Lied." Ray Gallagher and Billie Rhodes in "His Wooden Leg."

JOSEPH BERKELEY.—I shall try to keep your secret. As Franklin said, three may keep a secret if two of them are dead. Tom Mix was Tom Melford in "The Man Within" (Selig). He also directed it. Edward J. Piel in "At Piney Ridge" as Mark Brierson.

TYLYE.—You ask me what kind of a car I prefer. Well, I usually take the Greene and Gates car, but sometimes the subway. You just bet that Nell Shipman is "a comer."

KITTY T.—King Baggot was the leading man and Edna Hunter was Josephine in "Won with a Make-up" (Imp). Hobart Bosworth was Dr. Samson, Dorothy Davenport was Hazel and Gretchen Lederer was Miss Hall in "Dr. Neighbor."

THE QUIZZER.—All I can do is to give you Victor Hugo's opinion: The greatest Pelasgian was Homer; the greatest Hellene, Æschylus; the greatest Hebrew, Isaiah, the greatest Roman, Juvenal; the greatest Italian, Dante, and the greatest Briton, Shakespeare. As to the greatest American, it is a toss up between Billy Sunday, Dr. Munyon, Bryan, Willard and myself.

WEEPING WILLOW.—Harry Benham has a "Flivver," and he is proud of it. He can climb the hills of Fort Lee better than the trolley cars. And now Ben Wilson has bought a home at Universal Heights, N. J.

ULLYSIS.—I never have any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort around with them. Well, if you are satisfied that you are doing well enough, you have reached the top of only an imaginary ladder, and you will never climb any higher.

MARTHA T.—Lois Wilson was Helene, Maude George was the Countess and J. Warren Kerrigan was Lord Arthur Waring in "The Gay Lord Waring." Jane Novak is with Universal. Yes, the world likes the man who loses his heart, but it has no use for the man who loses his head.

JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Glad you like the covers. Yes; Cleo Madison is very accommodating about writing letters to her admirers. Your other question will be answered later. Write to Universal, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. C., about "The Broken Coin"—ancient history now.

MABEL, LOCKPORT.—So you thought "Stepping Stones" a fine picture. Too many of those domestic trouble pictures. Well, we must have the fools as well as the philosophers—dont you think?

THEBES.—No, the Vitagraph Bulletin is no more. They issue a press sheet which contains a cast for publicity purposes. Most all the companies are issuing press sheets now. Anna Nilsson and Tom Moore are playing in "Who's Guilty?" which is a serial released thru Pathé.

DORIA, FLORIDA.—Yes, I liked Violet Mersereau in "The Great Problem." I thought she was very cunning. Also liked Lionel Adams—he was very dignified and pleasing. Your trouble seems to be that you think you are thrifty, whereas you are spendthrifty.

MICHAEL.—Ah, yes, alas! I am quite sure, brother, that Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own work. Ruth Stonehouse is going to play opposite Eddie Polo.

CHARLIE T.—Billie Burke played in "Gloria's Romance" (Kleine). That is Harry Watson, Jr., in "The Mishaps of Musty Suffer." I think he is quite good. Marguerite Clark will continue with Famous Players. You want to make sure to see "God's Country and the Woman," a Western Vitagraph, which played at the Fulton Theater, N. Y., for a week. The scenery was very beautiful.

PATRICK V.—Yes, I try to go to the picture theaters about three or four times a week. It is essential that I keep up with the different players, and I ought to go three times a day to do that. Florence Lawrence resigned from Universal. It is said she "developed a temperamental streak." Belle Bruce is still with Vitagraph. She is doing very good work, and so is Jimmie Morrison. You will see them soon.

MADGE, MEMPHIS.—Yes, there is a Rolin Film Company. This exhibition is certainly going to be a big success. I will tell you about it in the next issue.

HENRIETTA G.—The old men are distinguished from heavies by their gray hair. The part is usually dignified, exhibiting noble or pathetic qualities, such as tenderness of feeling and magnanimity. Less frequently the vices of old age are portrayed. Mme. Réjane is playing in "Alsace."

MONTGOMERY.—Haven't you heard that many people have been dead a long time? —their friends have neglected to bury them, that's all. Of course, I dont refer to you. Look up the last two issues for your information.

HANK T.—I would rather bear with patience the scoff of fools than to swell with pride at the praise of flatterers. In the first case, I may profit by criticism; in the second, I may lose by conceit.

GERTRUDE V.—Pavlowa appeared in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," produced by Universal, and a wonderful play it is—one of the best I have seen. Gladys Hulette is with Thanhouser. Your Samsonest is good. Wallace Reid played in "Old Heidelberg" (Triangle), but he is with Lasky. So you want Charlie Chaplin censored to Jericho.

GORD. BASTEDO, TORONTO.—Jewell Hunt was born in Adairsville, Ga. And then you ask if Pauline Frederick is French. She is an American. You refer to Florence Dagmar. Mary Miles Minter will be directed by James Kirkwood. She will play in Western American plays.

MARGARET D.—One dollar is equal to about four shillings in your money. I have not yet joined any army, except the Salvation Army, and they believe in preparedness for the next world.

SARATOGA.—No, bon ami. You are not right about that player. You must believe only what you see, and nowadays you cant believe that. Audrey Munson played in "Inspiration" for Fox, and she is now with Mutual.

HERMAN.—Yes, indeed, a number of the players change their names. Here are a few: Rose Coghlan is Mrs. John Sullivan; Hazel Dawn is Hazel Tout; Maud Fealey is Mrs. James Durkin; Annette Kellermann is Mrs. James R. Sullivan; Edna May is Mrs. O. Lewisohn; Mabel Taliaferro is Mrs. Thomas J. Carrigan. What, you dont know what T. R. stands for? No, not Terribly Reticent, but "To Run," and there isn't much doubt that he will—if he can.

PATSY D., BETHLEHEM.—Edward J. Le Saint is no longer with Universal. Yes; Mabel Norman will still be seen under the Triangle program. It is rumored that James Young will leave Lasky to direct her. I would even leave the Magazine to direct her, or to let her direct me.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Yes, there is a book, "The Butterfly on the Wheel," written by C. Ranger Gull. You thought there was some mistake in "The Beloved Vagabond" as they wore the same costumes thirteen years later. That sort of mistake happens too often. Clothes, like ways, are never too old to mend.

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Use this before you lose it. Write plainly.

LYDIA H.—Harry Millarde was Richard in "The Strength of the Weak." I shall always be glad to hear from you. Courtland Van Deusen is no longer with Vitagraph. He is with International.

CHARLOTTE W.—I shall hand your verses to the Editor. And now you want an interview with Mary Pickford in the CLASSIC.

HOMER RICE.—Harry Beaumont is playing opposite Marguerite Clayton now for Essanay. He was born in Abilene, Kans., in 1888. You will next see Billie Burke in a serial, "Gloria's Romance." The ideas!

MARIE W.—Will tell the Editor you want a picture of Valeska Suratt soon. Why, yes; Leah Baird is still with Vitagraph. Bobby Joseph Connelly is the youngest actor at Vitagraphville. He was born on April 4, 1909, of Irish and French parents. Eleanor Woodruff with Equitable.

IDA H. H.—William Sheere was Dudley, Hobart Henley was the son, Glen White was Stanford, and Jack Curtis was Murphy in "Graft" (Universal). Yes, we all miss Lottie Briscoe. Earle Williams was born on February 28, 1880. He was born under the sign of Pisces, and people born under this sign are said to be very loyal, and are excellent critics, artists and writers. Look up the Zodiac.

S. T. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Hazel Daly opposite Tom Mix with Selig last winter. Six months ago she was pursuing her placid studies in high school—now the villain still pursues her thru the cactus and sagebrush. Some thorny little jump to fame in six months! Adele Farrington will play in "What Love Can Do." You know "He loves best who loves last."

THAIS, SARATOGA.—You seem to feel less shame for what you have done than for what your friends have found out that you have done. Ha, ha; he, he, and likewise ho, ho! We are discovered! as the Indians cried when Columbus landed in 1492. Gertrude McCoy will be seen in "The Isle of Love" (Gaumont). Seems to me that everything is love these days.

MODERN PRISCILLA.—You say your friends call you an old maid. You know there's no fool like the old maid. William Russell and Charlotte Burton in "Soul Mates."

GRACE DE C.—What, you dont know and ask *me?* Gracious! Three teaspoonfuls equal 1 tablespoonful, four tablespoonfuls equal one wine-glass, and four wineglassfuls equal one cup of liquid. Louise Bates is playing for Mutual, opposite Harris Gordon.

JOHNSON T., PITTSBURG.—Nan Carter, in "The Serpent" (Fox). In private life her name is Nana B. Sigourney, and she is accused of being one of the leaders of the smart set. She will have to step pretty smart to keep up with the doings of Theda. You want Jane Novak's picture?

JULIA T.—Peggy Hyland playing in "Saints and Sinners." You did wrong, but I forgive you, m'dear. But the innocence of the intention does not lessen the mischief of the example. Try Metro.

HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE OF A NOVICE PHOTOPLAYER AFTER HIS FIRST DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA

HELEN T., OGDENSBURG.—Eddie Polo and Eddie Lyons are not the same persons. They are both with Universal.

LIZETTE T.—Katharine Kaelred and Julian L'Estrange will play in "The Girl with the Green Eyes." You are not educated right if you say that. To have no education is a misfortune; to have a wrong education is a calamity.

DUNCAN MCR.—Oscar and Conrad are two comedians who are playing under Thanhouser brand. Of course you will see old Universals with Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in them, but they are now with Vim.

ROSETTA BRICE (LUBIN)

(Sixty-one)

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ORA T., COLLEGE POINT.—So you are plumb down on Harry Northrup because he does not answer your letters, and because he is too conceited. He who thinks too much of himself generally thinks too little of others, and thinks that others think too little of him. But I think you are entirely wrong about H. Northrup. Did you know he was a poet?

O. U. KNUTT.—Grace Darling was a special "camera-man" for the Hearst-Selig animated weekly. She has not since gone into film posing. Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we dont run after them quite so hard.

JACK C.—Vogue is one of the branches of Mutual. Gladys Hulette played in "When She Played Broadway." You ask me if Sidney Drew acts with Mrs. Drew. How can he direct her? Come to! Haven't you ever heard of an actor-director? In the case of the Drews, however, they take turn and turn about at directing. Mrs. Drew applies the branding-iron when Sid is doing the doleful, and t'other way around. If I didn't have the patience of Job, and just at present one of his boils, you'd drive me out of my job. How can I tell whether Sidney Drew really committed suicide in "The Swooners," or what he was saying thru the telephone? Studio telephones are dummies in both senses of the word, and are not connected with my exchange; so please ring off.

SAMUEL T.—Yes; Geraldine Farrar's "Carmen" was popular in New York. Lasky claim that 144,000 people paid admission to see it at the Strand Theater in one week. Henry Walthall is still playing for Essanay.

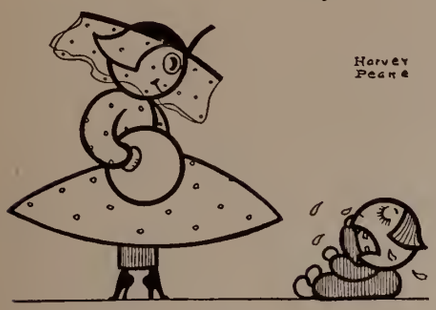
J. T. C.—There is a new company springing up every day. But most of them are of the mushroom variety. Jane Gail is with Universal. Mary Fuller and Augustus Phillips in "The Three Wishes."

G. U. STIFF.—Pearl White is 28 years old, and I dont intend to answer any more questions on ages. Yes, ours is a good pattern. Grace Cunard is making productions of her own, and releasing them thru Universal. Edna Fisher is Mrs. Rollin Sturgeon, and they are now the proud owner of a baby boy.

HOW WE FEEL GETTING IN TO THAT CENTER SEAT

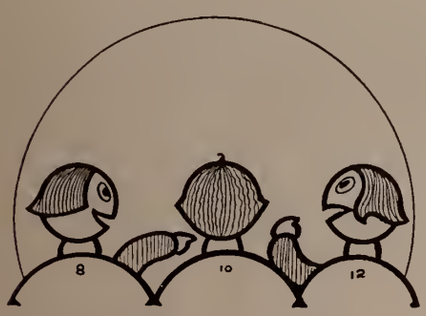
Mother Goose of Motion Pictures

By HARVEY PEAKE



"Hush-a-bye, baby,
Why do you cry?"
"'Cause there's no Picture Show
Anywhere nigh."

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
No lean filled wife's plate;
But one thing both agreed upon—
That Motion Plays were great!

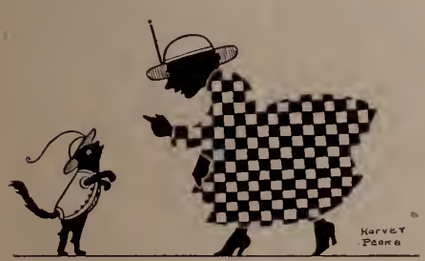


Said three wise men of Gotham,
At a Picture Play one time:
"Why should we go
To a two-dollar show,
When here's just as good for a dime?"

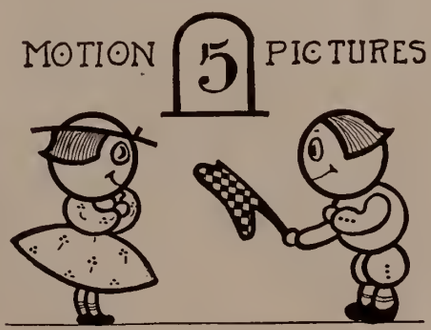
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Writing a Picture Play;
He put in a scene that was new on the screen,
And it brought him a check one day.

Hickory, dickory, dock;
The mouse runs up the clock;
And when it strikes one,
The children all run
To the Picture Show on the next block.

Ride a-cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see Little Johnny get on his white horse;
With rings on his fingers,
And bells on his toes,
He'll look fine on the films at the Motion Play Shows



"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to town to see plays on the screen!
And everything moved, horses, women and men,
And tomorrow and next day I'm going again!"



"Little Miss, Pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you;
I have a dime, pray dont decline,
I'll spend it all upon you!"

To keep your baby perfectly well this summer

1. Keep the baby cool.
2. Keep him outdoors as much as possible.
3. Give him plenty of boiled water.
4. Consult your doctor at the first sign of illness.
5. Make his food light. You, yourself, don't eat as much heavy meat in summer as in winter. Lighten your baby's diet also.

Don't give him raw cow's milk with its heavy, indigestible curd—and its germs of summer complaint—summer complaint that kills more babies than any other cause in the world.

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IN "HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS" FAIRBANKS WAS ALMOST BRUTAL TO HIS SUPPORTING CAST

(*Continued from page* 19)

parlance for "losing his job." And the reason is that they grumbled—aye, broke into open rebellion—at the perilous stunts they were made to perform. But not so Douglas—he loves the movies. "They appeal to your gameness," he explained. "With the little, old bull's-eye of the camera looking at you, there's nothing for it but to go thru with anything." And for his pains—however painful—he's getting the balm of the "long green." Insurance checks are served regularly, with eggs and coffee, every Sunday morning.

PEARL WHITE, HEROINE OF "THE IRON CLAW," PATHÉ'S LATEST SERIAL OF HAIR-RAISING ESCAPES AND DARING "STUNTS"

The mating season is here, and J. W. Kerrigan, with his customary enterprise, is already dawdling a four-months-old girl. Not a property baby in pictures, but the real tootles in real life. She is the daughter of Jack's brother, Wallace Kerrigan. Is Jack rehearsing to become a fond parent?

Here is glad news for Alice Joyce admirers—as we all admire this beautiful screen artiste, it's glad news for all of us. Miss Joyce has re-entered pictures, and will cast her charming shadow on the screen under the Vitagraph emblem. She will probably be the heroine in their coming super-feature, "The Battle Cry of War."

The Clara Kimball Young Company requests that we withdraw her name from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Popularity Contest. They regret the action, but do not explain it. Perhaps she wasn't getting enough votes to suit them.

Like a lover's oft-repeated farewell, Geraldine Farrar has not yet said her final good-by to pictures. A little bird whispers that she will be the star of a coming production under the direction of Cecil De Mille, the erstwhile dramatist.

Gertrude McCoy is suffering with writers' cramp. At the Madison Square Garden Exposition she distributed over 8,000 postcards of herself, all personally autographed. And now the sad part begins. The distribution of these has brought a demand for over a million, and Miss McCoy is quoting, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off."

The Famous Players seem to run to pony stars. To settle all disputes, let it be known that Ann Pennington, their latest sprite, is not so tall as Mary Pickford, but is real "grown up" compared with Marguerite Clark.

Two of the most popular members of the Los Angeles film colony recently met their death in an automobile accident. They were Clinton Stagg and George Platt, members of the Lasky scenario staff. Following upon other similar catastrophes, their death has cast a gloom over the players, and unnecessary trials of speed will hereafter be frowned upon.

On account of being so handy to the studios, amateur movies are now all the rage in Los Angeles. Several of the country clubs are featuring everything, from their golfers and racket-wielders to Jap chefs and Kanaka pages.

Douglas Fairbanks recently gave a barn dance and jamboree at his home in Hollywood. When the Griffith cowboys started to shoot blank cartridges, the local police force entered on the run. He was subdued, however, and soon was mixing in the fun.

Roma June, who supported Arnold Daly in the stage play, "Beau Brummel," playing in New York, has joined the Vitagraph Company to play an extensive number of pictures.

Just because gasoline is on the luxury list with champagne does not deter the players from buying autos. The latest converts to the motor colony are Webster Campbell and Lucile Lee Stewart, of Vitagraph, and Eugenie Forde and Juanita Hansen, of American.

Pauline Frederick and a party of friends have gone to the Adirondack Mountains on a hunting and shooting trip. As the game laws are strict, they are hunting and "shooting" only scenes.

If you want a copy of the cutest painting ever made of "Little Mary" Pickford, you will find it on the cover of the next MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for sale everywhere on and after July 1st. Dont miss it!

Little Ruth Stonehouse, of the Universal Company, injured herself in a fall from a trapeze, during the taking of a recent picture, and will have to undergo an operation in consequence. She is receiving the attention of many friends, and it is stated that the result is not expected to be serious.

Film companies dont do things by halves nowadays. In "Whispering Smith" (Helen Holmes-Signal Company) a dozen freight-cars are going to be piled up in a wreck. The wreckage has already been contracted for by a match company and a wholesale junk-dealer.

Little Mistress Thelma Salter, who played the rich little girl in "An Alien" with George Beban, has toddled over to the Horsley-Mutual studios, toting along a full set of baby dolls with sweet little layettes that she has made all by her lonesome.

Anna Little is having her troubles these days. Recently her car was stolen while she was shopping in Los Angeles, and on the same day her pet Chow dog was kidnapped. In both cases the thieves were clever, as the police have discovered no clues to them.

Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott are one. Their courtship was almost as long and quite as romantic as Aucassin's and Nicolette's. They were associated together in the Edison studio for over six years, and their wedding was the outgrowth of a deep mutual respect. In spite of the secrecy of their plans, a movie camera snapshotted them as they emerged from the Jersey City license bureau.

Quite a little building bee is now on among Vitagraph players, who run mostly to bungalows—the expensive kind. Leah Baird has just completed hers on the south shore of Long Island; Edith Storey is shaping up a pretty lodge of rubble-stone and weathered shingles at Northport, on the north shore, and Anita Stewart is putting the finishing touches on a dream of a villa at Brightwaters.

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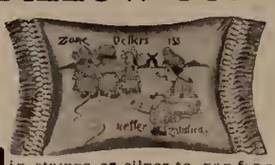

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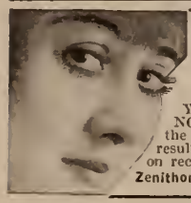

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dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.

Greenroom Jottings—Continued

Marguerite Clark's latest triumph is "Silks and Satins," and an excellent story of the play appears in the August issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Florence Lawrence's re-entry into screenland has resolved itself into a triumph. A Florence Lawrence song has been dedicated to her, and she, in turn, has donated its receipts to the Actors' Fund for aged actors. And then she went and resigned.

Lillian Walker has discovered a new tonic—it's a wonderful bracer. She has just returned with Evart Overton and Robert Gaillord from Highland Falls, N. Y., where they "shot" a series of scenes in an iron mine. The fair Lillian drank liberal potations from springs in the mine, and says she is now feeling as frisky as a robin struggling with his first spring worm.

Henry Kolker, who supports Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance," is a pretty handy man with his "dukes." In the first episode, which was actually taken in the Florida Everglades, among the Seminole Indians, a fight occurs in which he lands some "corn-crackers" on the anatomy of several distinguished chiefs.

Mutual Weekly's camera-man has just arrived in New York after a hurried and undignified exit from Chihuahua. When he set up his camera in Villa's home town, the supply of aerial vegetables that were forcibly presented to him would have delighted a huckster by their variety and ripe old age.

A movie cop was recently discovered by a police inspector in the act of smoking a cigaret in Central Park. A crowd quickly gathered while the inspector read the riot act to the dumbfounded "extra." Madame Petrova finally extricated her humble support, and as a balm for his wounded feelings he is now smoking some choice Russian "coffin nails."

William Conklin, Balboa's leading man, is two-handed with a vengeance. Each day, as soon as he is out of his make-up, he hurries to his desk in his big automobile agency in Long Beach, Cal., which he is managing with success.

Cleo Ridgely is the center of all eyes with her new outfit of sport coats. They are striped after the manner of tennis-blazers, and the color schemes must have been worked out after a survey of all the barber poles and awnings in Los Angeles.

A well-known but misguided studio star, whose reputation for excellent portrayal does not quite equal his remarkable ability to transfer his affections from one company to another—as eagerly as an urchin joins Sunday-school around Christmastime—has announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. No one else appears to have announced him. His campaign slogan is "Let us have free silence. Censorship is hell!" Gracious! Have we come to this?

Dont miss Theda Bara's defense of her "vampire" parts in the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The Vitagraph Company announces a move that is epoch-making in the film industry. It will recapitalize for $25,000,000, making it four times larger than any other Motion Picture company or combination of companies. Mere size means nothing, but if Vitagraph is true to its promises and follows the history of other great industries in the systematization and upbuilding of its product—great directors, great casts, well-balanced programs and famous authors—we may look forward to a second great stage in both the art and science of Motion Picture advancement.

Duncan McRae, a brother of Bruce McRae, and who last appeared on the screen as leading man for Florence Reed in "The Woman's Law," has been engaged as leading man for Viola Dana, and they will make their initial Metro appearance in "The Flower of No Man's Land."

Louise Huff has recently become a Famous Player, and is now on Block Island with a company, creating a seacoast drama, "Destiny's Toy," in which the little star plays the part of a fishermaid.

Everybody is reading our "How to Get in the Pictures" articles. And why not? Do you know of anybody who does not want to get in, or who has not a daughter or friend who does? We have some big surprises coming—watch out for them!

A wonderful painting of Anita Stewart will appear on the next CLASSIC cover.

Helen Gibson, the daredevil Kalemette railroader, has received an official warning from a Western railroad company that her stunts are too dangerous for them to risk the lives of their train-crews. In a recent scene Miss Gibson persuaded the engineer to "take a chance," with the result that his engine-tender jumped the tracks, and "Helen o' Hazards" barely escaped with her life.

The Los Angeles' famous bathing parade has at last been held, all objections to the contrary, and 300 girls from the various studios garbed in the latest bathing creations passed in review before 50,000 critics at Santa Monica Beach. The first prize for ideal figure and costume was awarded to Mabel Johnston, of Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization" company. Her swimming togs were a creation of silver cloth with scarlet belt and cap.

Kathlyn Williams is to have a new leading man, one who at last will frame up to her in goodly proportions and ability. The gentleman is Courtenay Foote, formerly of Vitagraph and Morosco fame.

We have with us this evening: Anita Stewart and S. Rankin Drew, p. 13; Lois Meredith, p. 50; Frank Mayo (left), p. 53; Dustin Farnum and Herbert Standing, p. 36; Winnifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum, p. 39.

The persistent and prodigious rumor will not die down to the effect that Mary Pickford is about to ally herself with the Vitagraph Company. Notwithstanding our prayers and importunities, Little Mary will not commit herself to deny or affirm.

Popular Player Contest

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a Popular Player Contest, and we herewith give our readers a little advance information thereon. A voting coupon will be found elsewhere in this number of the CLASSIC, and full information will be found in the August number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which will be on sale July 1st.

HOW THE LEADERS STOOD UP TO MAY 23

Mary Pickford	17,865
Marguerite Clark	15,130
J. Warren Kerrigan	11,970
Francis Bushman	10,910
Theda Bara	10,420
William Farnum	9,795
Henry Walthall	9,330
Anita Stewart	8,935
Edward Earle	8,680
Wallace Reid	8,535
Earle Williams	8,055
Alexander Gaden	7,000
Nellie Anderson	6,685
Pauline Frederick	6,360
Pearl White	6,270
Grace Cunard	6,205
Beverly Bayne	6,180
William Hart	6,165
Harold Lockwood	6,150
Blanche Sweet	5,000
Ruth Roland	4,865
Crane Wilbur	4,815
Dustin Farnum	4,635
Marguerite Snow	4,485
Mary Fuller	4,335
Mary Miles Minter	4,280
Robert Warwick	4,145
Mary Anderson	3,000
Carlyle Blackwell	2,755
Marguerite Courtot	2,700
Florence LaBadie	2,565
Olga Petrova	2,435
Cleo Madison	2,330
Antonio Moreno	2,310
Ella Hall	2,295
Francis Ford	2,290
Edna Mayo	2,285
Clara K. Young	2,215
Charles Chaplin	2,145
Harris Gordon	2,050
Edith Storey	2,045
Romaine Fielding	1,820
Richard Travers	1,695
E. K. Lincoln	1,675
Herbert Rawlinson	1,655
Henry King	1,480
Owen Moore	1,470
Bryant Washburn	1,445
Norma Talmadge	1,435
Nell Craig	1,430
Kathlyn Williams	1,375
Violet Mersereau	1,290
Dorothy Gish	1,290
Alice Joyce	1,275
May Allison	1,260
Douglas Fairbanks	1,260
Edward Coxen	1,245
Lillian Gish	1,240
Tom Forman	1,215
Anna Little	1,200
Ruth Stonehouse	1,085
Creighton Hale	1,075
Louise Bates	1,075
Robert Mantell	1,045
Geraldine Farrar	1,045
Mae Marsh	1,025
Mabel Normand	1,025
Florence Lawrence	1,025
House Peters	1,020
Milton Sills	1,010
Hazel Dawn	1,010

Guide to the Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Harris.—"Hit the Trail Holliday." A farce dealing with small-town folks, featuring Fred Niblo in a sort of Billy Sunday character, who becomes a spectacular temperance lecturer. A trifle old-fashioned, but it seems to be popular.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy rôle. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip Hooray." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies), and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folk will be held spellbound, and the old folk will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Astor.—"Cohan Revue." Wonderfully clever musical burlesque of the popular plays of the season, done by thoroly competent players.

Gaiety.—"Erstwhile Susan." A comedy in which Mrs. Fiske proves that she is still entitled to first honors among our great comediennes. The author might have made more of a splendid opportunity. Interesting, but there is not much humor in the play.

New Amsterdam (Roof).—Ziegfeld Danse de Follies—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

Fulton.—"A Woman of No Importance" in four acts, the first of which might well be omitted entirely; most of the second, also. In spite of some brilliant dialog, the play drags until the third act, which works up to a fine climax. Margaret Anglin is as charming and clever as ever, but Holbrook Blinn is miscast. Either bad acoustics or bad elocution makes about one-third of the lines of the play unintelligible.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man." A charming, romantic comedy, intensely interesting and remarkably well done. One of the hits of the season.

Lyric.—"Katinka." An amusing, tuneful operetta of the conventional kind. It is enjoying a long run.

New Amsterdam.—"Merchant of Venice." Sir Herbert Tree superb as Shylock, but the talented Elsie Ferguson failed to make the most of her opportunities as Portia in this wonderfully beautiful production.

Cort.—"Molly O." An operetta in two acts with catchy music, bright lines, new features, a good company, and some pretty girls. It is here for a run, if——

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Marguerite Clark	Mary Pickford
Maurice Costello	Marguerite Snow
Howard Estabrook	Anita Stewart
Alec Francis	Blanche Sweet
Mary Fuller	Emmy Wehlen
Ethel Grandin	Pearl White
Arthur Johnson	Crane Wilbur
Clara Kimball Young	Earle Williams

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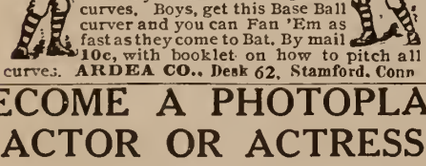

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The Autobiography of Claire McDowell

(*Continued from page 56*)

we were turning people away we closed up a lot of smaller companies ahead and behind, because all the audiences waited to see us. The work was killing, and nothing but the enthusiasm of audiences kept us alive.

When we started out they sold the gallery to negroes, but in Atlanta a fight started after the cave scene, where the negro, Gus, is hypnotized and made to plead guilty to the attack on the child. After that they let no more negroes into the theater, and in the little towns the galleries were scrubbed out and sold at two dollars a seat to the quality folks.

That season I married Charles Hill Mailes, the actor who played the rôle of Gus. He has always claimed that he did "some stunt" to win a girl while wearing a black face make-up and playing such a revolting part. We signed for the next season, and I played the lead, Elsie Stoneman.

Both those seasons were so eventful that even excitement became monotonous. The negroes all thru the South signed petitions to have the play stopped and resorted to all manner of threats. In Savannah, Ga., one of the oldest theaters in the United States was burned by negroes just before we reached the town. The management immediately hired a skating-rink with a platform stage at one end, and we played there with such scenery as they could get together.

The park where the rink was situated was a long trolley ride out of town, and we actors were all given orders to get out and mingle with the crowd after the performance, as we would be in danger of attack if we went home alone later. There was very little make-up taken off in the theater that night, you may be sure, and most of us played the last act in our street clothes.

I stayed at home for two years after that, raising two husky baby boys. Later I went on the road for a season, playing Bathsheba in Faversham's production of "Herod." How I did enjoy that play! I love costume plays, and I look better and am more at home in them than in modern society plays.

At the close of the "Herod" season I read the writing on the wall and went into the picture business. My husband and I have been with Biograph so long that we feel like veterans, and we love the work which has brought us the esteem of millions to whom, otherwise, we must have remained unknown.

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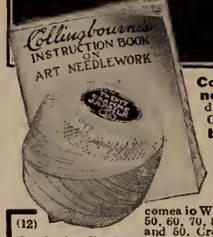

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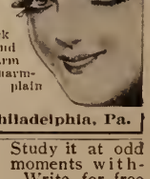

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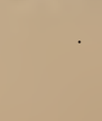

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Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children

(*Continued from page 47*)

too frequently the case elsewhere, that the cost of installing the necessary projecting apparatus, complying with the fire regulations and meeting the additional insurance rates, would be prohibitive were the original plan of holding these entertainments in the school buildings carried out. The offer of the Grand Theater management, in turning over the free use of the theater on Saturday mornings to the Parent-Teachers' Association, solved the question very nicely, and, at practically no initial expense, the educational movies for children was started. It is already predicted that the movement thus started will spread thruout the province of Alberta and that it is only a question of time before it will embrace all of Western Canada.

The theater owners and managers thruout the country are more than ready to fit in with any plans that may be brought forward for the development of children's programs, but in most instances they have learnt by experience that of themselves they can do but little, as they cannot always afford to be philanthropically inclined, and when launched by them as a business proposition but little support is received.

If the children's programs are to prove successful, it must be thru the coöperative efforts of the mothers of the community. It has been demonstrated that, when agitated by influences outside of the theater, the civic and social organizations of the city respond readily, but let there seem to appear any element of commercialism, or any attempt to put special programs for children on a business and self-supporting basis, and all support is coldly withdrawn. Upon the mothers and public-spirited women of the country devolves the duty of promulgating the children's entertainments. The field is large and the opportunities for effective work are many.

How to Get In!

(*Continued from page 24*)

The same broad rules apply to the stage as to the studio. When a director once realizes that his humble extra possesses the qualities above mentioned, his or her advancement will be rapid. You will be put to the test soon enough, and it is then that you have got to sound the reveillé and call up your waiting recruits—Privates Grit, Nerve, Fearlessness, "Sunshine"; and Corporals Versatility, Willingness and Disposition. I dont believe

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THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a great Popularity Contest for players, which, from the returns so far received, promises to be the greatest contest of its kind ever held.

Picture-players come and go. Many of those who were popular a year or more ago are now little known. The object of this contest is to decide who are the more popular players now.

HOW VOTES WILL BE COUNTED

The votes of this contest will be counted as follows:

Coupon to be found in this issue of the Classic	25 votes
Coupon to be found in the Motion Picture Magazine	10 votes
A year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine	100 votes
A year's subscription to the Motion Picture Classic	150 votes
Combination subscription, Magazine and Classic	300 votes

Subscription prices: MAGAZINE, $1.50; CLASSIC, $1.75; Combination, $3.00. Add 30 cents for Canada, and $1.00 for Newfoundland and Foreign to these prices for extra postage.

Those subscribing for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will be entitled to both the votes above mentioned and an attractive set of players' pennants, as described in the announcement on page 71 of this issue.

SPECIAL PRIZES TO READERS

A cash bonus, divided into first, second and third prizes, in addition to liberal commissions, will be given to those who send in the most subscriptions to either the MAGAZINE or the CLASSIC during each month. Thus, by becoming a Special Solicitor for the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, you can help boost your favorite player and in addition earn some extra pin-money.

Begin voting now by sending in the coupon which you will find on page 2 of this issue of the CLASSIC, and if you desire to enroll as Special Solicitor, just fill out and mail the coupon below.

All communications should be addressed to the

GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST, M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST:
M. P. Publishing Co.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

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Address.....

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that it is possible, except by straight-from-the-shoulder methods.

Photographs of yourself—full-faced, bust, full-length, and in profile, with a detail description of your height, weight, color of your eyes, hair, etc. —will help to put a dent in the director's memory. Some girls even have gone to the trouble and expense of offering a few feet of film of themselves for the director's projection, but I dont believe this is of any use if it simply exhibits still poses. It is necessary, of course, to show you under the stress of some emotion, or at least instigated by some idea—posing in action. Unless you are very carefully rehearsed by a competent director, a film picture of yourself is likely to be a fizzle. I will say this, however: if you have done some good extra work in a previous studio, or have performed a small part, it would be a valuable aid to obtain a strip of this film and to show it whenever you seek a new engagement. If it is permissible, it may be necessary for you to haunt a studio for weeks and months without a chance of appearing, and then—presto! a scene is about to be taken in which you will be given a chance. I dont believe in carelessly applying at a studio on a hit-or-miss principle. Find out from some one when the next production is to be cast and extras engaged, and be "Johnny on the spot" at the proper time.

David Garrick
(*Continued from page* 39)

lay on the pillow, and he picked it up and read the tear-blurred words:

Dear Father—Forgive me for leaving home, but since I have learnt the truth about Mr. Garrick, I cannot, and will not, marry Chivy. He whom I love is in danger. I am going to him.

ADA.

For a moment the room swam, and Ingot was near to swooning; then, with an oath, he steadied himself.

"By the martyred saints!" he cried—"this is rank rebellion! I will get Chivy, and when I find *her*—she'll marry him on the spot." Hat at a rakish angle, coat askew, he plunged down the steps and hailed a passing cab.

"The Garrick Theater!" yelled Ingot. "Double quick—double pay!"

The dressing-room was very hot and stuffy and small. Ingot drew in a lungful of grease-paint, cold cream, cigarets and dust and wiped his forehead. Whatever else there was here —and there seemed to be nearly everything in the alphabet—Ada was not present—yet. Footsteps sounded outside; a cold draught of air, following in their wake, set the limp garments on the hooks a-dance. The footsteps paused outside the door. Ingot glanced about desperately—a screen—a stride—the door opened to admit Garrick. The actor sank into the single, creaky chair before the dressing-table and buried his head in his hands. Ensued a silence, broken now and then by a heart-sick groan. Suddenly both men in the room started violently. Ada had crept in so quietly that neither guessed her presence till she spoke.

"Are you—*dead?*" she begged. "Was there a duel? Did anybody get killed? Oh, please, are *you* dead?"

Garrick sprang to his feet and took his stand by her side, looking down into the piteous, stained little face. His mouth was grim, but his eyes yearned.

"You ought not to be here, you know," his stern mouth said, but—"I'm glad! glad!" shone from his eyes.

The girl began to laugh, a trifle hysterically. "You *look* awfully *alive,*" she whimpered. "I dont care if you did kill that man. He used to w-wear m-m-musk on his handkerchief!"

"He got a scratch—not serious," Garrick said implacably. Suddenly he clenched his hands savagely and folded his arms for fear they would go around her. She had cared!

"I thank you for coming," he said slowly. "It's given me a warm thing to remember. But you must go now. I am going to take you home."

"I have no home," she said, in simple confession. "I have come to you. You—dont want me?"

Suddenly the longing heart of him would have its way. Yet he did not come any nearer to her.

"Yes—that is why I'm going to take you home," he said steadily—"because I want you. It is hard on a moth to be so near a candle. I tried to make you hate me—and I failed, thank God! But you shall at least forget me. I promised your father."

"There was a condition, tho, to that promise," said a voice behind them. Ingot held out his hand.

"I have come to you, Mr. David Garrick, to beg the honor of your marriage to my daughter," he said. "And—my hat is in my hand."

His voice shook with emotion, and his big frame trembled violently.

"D—n Chivy!" he burst out in unconscious apology, "he was a louse compared to you, Mr. Garrick."

His big hands closed over the eloquent one that had stood up for his girl's good name, and for years to come Simon Ingot was David Garrick's greatest admirer, haunting the Old Drury Theater and making the painted rafters ring with his applause.

Overheard in the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

A group of extras:

"She gets three hundred a week, does she? Say, I knew her when——"

"Yuh know, they gave the part to that young chit, when I, with my fifteen years' stage experience, could play the innocent young girl to perfection."

A director, rehearsing a scene:

"You enter, and find your husband dead! Show grief. No, no! Dont look as tho you were thinking of his insurance—show grief!"

"Now we'll rehearse that scene just once more."

"Gee! He's said that ten times already."

"Oh, lights—lights, please! *What* is the matter with that man? Hey! Lights! I wanta take this scene some time this year!"

"Say, Jimmy, lissun! I want you to scour the suburbs. I've got to have a house built in Colonial style, with a brick balcony outside the drawing-room windows. There must be elm-trees around the house and a garage in back. Get it quick—my people are held up—I cant do a thing until I get that house!"

"Hello, Jack, what are you today? I'm a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman."

"Oh, I'm a general in the Russian army. I was a French captain yesterday and a British private the day before. Quick promotion—what?"

"Oh, lights, lights, please! Over here in this drawing-room set."

"No, I'm not casting today, Miss Bittersweet. I have my people picked for this picture. Maybe next month——"

"Oh, Anita, you look too sweet for anything in that riding habit! You certainly make a dandy Russian countess!"

"Lights, lights, please!"

"All ready, camera-man; grind, grind! That'll do; that's enough. Now we'll take some close-ups."

"Hello, old top! Back from the North?"

"Yes; nearly froze to death taking some snow scenes. And now we're off for the South, to be baked alive taking tropical scenes!"

The star:

"Four o'clock, and I'm finished for the day, with just enough time left to go shopping. John, bring the car around to the main entrance!"

"All right, boys, strike this set! I wont need to use it again!"

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Made for those who know the charm of a luxuriously soft skin. Its fragrance is like the simple melody of a sweet voice.
Talcum 25c, Face Powder 50c, Toilet Water 75c, Extract $1.00.
Send 15c to Vivaudou (Dept. 18, Times Building, New York) for a generous sample of Mavis Extract.
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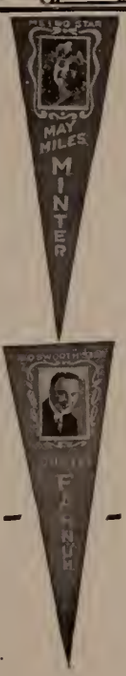
OF THE PICTURE PLAYERS



JUST what you want for room or den decoration. Attractive portraits of the players mounted on 3x8 inch felt pennants in assorted colors. You can choose the subjects you desire from a list of thirty of the leading players.

Fifteen of these pennants will be sent FREE with a year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine at $1.50 or a year's subscription to the Motion Picture Classic at $1.75. A combination subscription to the Magazine and Classic at $3.00 entitles you to the whole 30 pennants FREE. Add $1.00 for foreign and Newfoundland, and 40c. for Canadian subscriptions to these prices for extra postage.

All that you have to do is to check the pennants you want on the list below and mail with necessary remittance and the pennants will be mailed you at once, prepaid.

These pennants are not for sale and will be supplied only to subscribers. If you are already a subscriber it will be necessary for you to extend your subscription in order to obtain them.

Our stock is limited to those subjects named in the list and no others can be furnished.

Those subscribing now for the Motion Picture Magazine or Classic will also be entitled to vote in the Great Popularity Contest described on page 69 of this issue.

In subscribing just fill in the name of the player for whom you wish to vote in the coupon below.

The pennants are bound to go like hot-cakes. Better mail your order early.

Motion Picture Pub. Co., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Francis X. Bushman	Gail Kane	Marguerite Clark
Theda Bara	Lillian Lorraine	Henry Walthall
Carlyle Blackwell	Antonio Moreno	Earle Williams
Marguerite Courtot	Mary Miles Minter	Pearl White
Marguerite Clayton	Mme. Petrova	Lillian Walker
Grace Cunard	Anita Stewart	Clara Kimball Young
Mary Fuller	Blanche Sweet	Edna Mayo
Dustin Farnum	Edith Storey	Harold Lockwood
Alice Joyce	Marguerite Snow	Ethel Clayton
J. Warren Kerrigan	Mary Pickford	Ella Hall

Enclosed please find $.... for a year's subscription to the { Motion Picture Magazine / Motion Picture Classic } and pennants checked above. Begin my subscription with the.....issue and credit.....votes for .....in accordance with your offer on page 69 of this issue.

Name.....

Address.....

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DECEMBER

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PUTTING THE LAUGH
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WITH
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16

HENRY WALTHALL

Page

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Talcum Powder	15c
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Page has prepared three attractive Christmas Boxes—permanent ornaments for the dressing-table—Containing

Face Powder and Toilet Water **$1.25**

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Face Powder, Toilet Water Talcum Powder (in glass bottle) and Perfume **$2.50**

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Many of them right in your own town—let us refer you to them—all will testify to our reputation for value-giving and reliability.

Our Responsibility

We have been established since 1879. We refer you to The Union Bank of Chicago, Dun & Bradstreets Commercial Agencies, the publishers of Motion Picture Classic, your own bank, National Jewelers Board of Trade.

X50. ⅛c. dia. Compl. $12.00

X51. ¼c. dia. Compl. $21.25

X52. ¾c. dia. Compl. $35.00

X53. ½c. dia. Compl. $48.75

X54. ¾c. dia. Compl. $71.25

X55. 1 c. dia. Compl. $101.25

X56. 1¾c. dia. Compl. $135.00

X57. ⅛c. dia. each. Compl. $20.

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X60. Solid gold brooch, fine pink shell cameo. Spec. price, complete, $6.75

X61. Platinum circle scarf pin. ⅛c. dia. Compl. $16.50

X62. Solid gold lavall. and chain. 1 dia., 2 pearls. Compl. $3.95

X63. ¾c. dia. Compl. $33.50

X64. 7 fine dias. Complete Platinum top $25.00

X65. ¾c. dia. Compl. $36.25

X66 Solid gold cameo ring. Compl. $8.75

X67. Solid gold lavall. and chain 1 dia., 2 pearls Compl. $7.00

X68. Solid gold cuff links. 2 fine dias. Per pair $5.00

X69. 14K. Child's ring. 1 fine dia. Special $2.95

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You prove our claims yourself at our expense! Just choose any diamond from this ad or from our catalog. We forward a selection for your full examination and approval at our expense—without obligating you to buy. It doesn't cost you one cent to see one of our diamonds. If you don't think the selection we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense.

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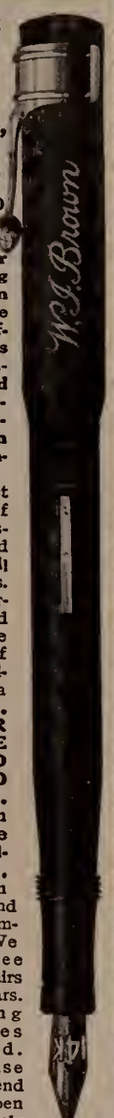

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No. X71—Solid gold lavalliere and chain. Three perfect cut blue white brilliant diamonds. This lavalliere will prove an appreciated and treasured gift. Encased in handsome gift box, free. **Our special price complete.**

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No. X72. $\frac{5}{8}$—$\frac{5}{64}$ carat diamond of a beautiful blue white color, and of magnificent brilliancy. Mounting is 14-K solid gold, handmade tiffany solitaire. This diamond ring comes to you encased in a handsome French ivory cabinet, engraved free. Our special import price to you complete

$50.00

No. X72 $\frac{5}{8}$—$\frac{5}{64}$ c dia. Complete $50

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We will forward you, postpaid, a copy of this valuable book upon receipt of your name and address. The book contains expert and authoritative facts on diamonds needed to buy safe. **Wonderful guide to the selection of Christmas gifts** and gifts for all other occasions. It shows thousands of illustrations of fine diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, cut glass, leather goods, etc., all quoted at money-saving prices. Mail coupon or write us a letter or post card for **your free copy NOW!**

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Ad Writers Wanted

Demand for my graduates three times greater than in any previous year. In new Art Prospectus for free mailing, America's leading authorities give valuable advice to brainy young men and women about entering the advertising field, where large salaries and partnerships await those who secure expert training.

All authorities agree that the advertising business is today in its infancy and that the skillful ad writer is being earnestly sought by business men as never before.

More than three times as many advertisers are employing and asking for Powell graduates, compared with any previous year, and I may add that they are often willing to pay considerably more than $25 a week at the start. It is nothing uncommon for a new graduate to get a contract netting $40 or more a week.

More encouraging still for ambitious young men and women is the added fact that former students are not obliged to long remain in these starting positions.

For example, Dr. Mackenzie, whose portrait and abbreviated testimony are herewith presented, shows how Powell graduates are taken into partnerships that result in large fortunes.

This partnership phase of the advertising business has shown remarkable growth. One reason is that the trained ad writer is generally the most valued employee, and upon his skill depend in no small degree the success and growth of a given business. Another reason is that advertising enables the ambitious, steadfast student to achieve success as rapidly as his worth is proven. Red tape and long service are entirely eliminated. It is not necessary to serve in the minor clerkships and waste years trying to get a hold. The skilled ad man in reality commands the situation.

For instance, a Powell graduate is today Vice-President of one of America's great department store systems, with branches in Europe and America. A few years ago he became my student and in four months took his first position as advertising manager of the largest department store of Hamilton, Ont. You will be interested in what he says about advertising as a vocation, although general oversight of his present great business has compelled him to turn over the advertising work to others.

Men and women earning anywhere from $1,200 to $6,000 a year after receiving the benefit of my training are in all live centers throughout the country.

My new Art Prospectus, now ready for free mailing, is far more than a mere explanation of the Powell System. Not only is the whole advertising situation laid bare, but famous authorities give valuable advice to the ambitious who have at least a common-school education and desire to reach the front in the shortest time.

Why advertising instruction by the true correspondence system is far superior to the inefficient class or lecture plans, is clearly and scientifically demonstrated for the first time. The colleges and benevolent institutions have given certain preliminary theoretical advertising information, but practical advertising instruction and skill depend on the exhaustive, expert training as given by the Powell System. In this very connection you will be interested in the findings of such leaders as the *Inland Printer*, leading type founders, Y. M. C. A. directors and heads of the largest national publications, who send me students because they know they will get the best advertising training in the world.

But send for the Prospectus today.

George H. Powell, 66 Temple Court, N. Y.

DR. W. A. MACKENZIE
Secy. and Adv. Mgr., Lake County Land Owners' Assn., Fruitland Park, Fla.

DECLINED $10,000 A YEAR

Dr. Mackenzie's three-page endorsement will be found in the new Art Prospectus. These two extracts will make you want to read his complete story: "When I enlisted as your student, it was the red letter day of my existence. I finally declined $10,000 a year to accept a $250,000 partnership." Also: "When a young man today tells me there are no opportunities for success, I pity him. Any man with some education who will learn to apply himself and master the Powell System, I believe will make an unqualified success in the advertising business."

An Ideal Christmas Gift—80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

What could be more suitable as a Christmas gift for those of your relatives or friends who are interested in Motion Pictures, and nowadays nearly everyone attends Motion Picture theaters, than a year's subscription to the **Motion Picture Magazine?**

It is a gift that will be enjoyed not only for one day, week or month, but for the entire year. Each month it will be a reminder of your thoughtfulness and kindness at Christmas time.

80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

Just now we are including free with each subscription 80 attractive unmounted 4¼x8¼ rotogravure portraits of leading players, suitable for room or den decoration, or for starting an album of the picture players.

This remarkable offer is made possible by printing in large quantities and thus reducing the cost.

A list of the portraits is given below.

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Dorothy Gish	Louise Glaum	Kathlyn Williams	Peggy Hyland	Edwin August	Pauline Frederick
Bessie Barriscale	Fay Tincher	King Baggot	Alice Brady	Kitty Gordon	John Barrymore
Norma Talmadge	Billie Burke	Beatriz Michelena	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray	Owen Moore
Douglas Fairbanks	Viola Dana	Earle Williams	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet	Virginia Norden
Mae Busch	May Allison	Frank Morgan	Jane Grey	Anita King	Theda Bara
William S. Hart	Beverly Bayne	Huntly Gordon	Frances Nelson	Wallace Reid	Bessie Eyton
Henry B. Walthall	Francis X. Bushman	Anita Stewart	Marguerite Courtot	Marie Doro	J. Warren Kerrigan
Charles Chaplin	Harold Lockwood	Lillian Walker	Ruth Roland	Vivian Martin	Edna Mayo
Mollie King	Mme. Petrova	Leah Baird	Annette Kellermann	Dustin Farnum	
Muriel Ostriche	Valli Valli	Dorothy Kelly	Fritzie Brunette	Myrtle Stedman	
Helen Holmes	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Lucille Lee Stewart	Mary Fuller	Lenore Ulrich	
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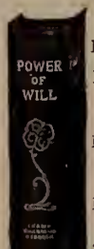

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DOROTHY GISH

(Fine Arts)

CARLYLE BLACKWELL (World)

My Lady's Wardrobe

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

Photo by Mishkin

EDITH STOREY

VIRGINIA PEARSON

ANITA STEWART

ALICE HOLLISTER

MABEL TRUNNELLE

We are told that the eternal question is clothes. Do clothes make the woman, or is it birth and breeding? Too many wise and sensible folk have stubbed their figurative toes on that mooted question for me, with a marshmallow brain, to attempt a brave and solemn discussion. So I merely illustrate the eternal question from the angle of clothes—privately I'm neutral; but for story purposes I take the other side. Which is that? Why—er—the *other side!*

But enough of this. Clothes is—or are—the subject. Their wearers are your good friends, if you are a movie fan, and it's dollars to peanuts that you are, or you wouldn't be reading this. But, before I again become entangled in hyperbole, allow me to pass to brass tacks.

Anita Stewart heads the list, wearing a dancing-frock of flesh-colored chiffon, with a fascinating skirt of a series of wide ruffles. The waist is also of flesh-colored chiffon, and the satin girdle, which rises in a large point on one side, is of a delicate tone of blue, with an old-fashioned, adorable nosegay of pastel-shaded silk flowers. The sleeves are edged with silver lace, and a wide band of silver lace peeps from under the last ruffle of the skirt.

Doesn't it sound fascinating? It's a veritable confection, and black-and-white photography is an insult to a gown of such delectable colors. It was introduced for the first time, this gown, at a dance which the Cornell college boys gave in honor of the fair Anita, and was especially designed for purposes of dazzlement. It succeeded, too, if rumor does not falsify.

Alice Hollister, who is vacationing in New York and Atlantic City, seems to spend the greater part of her time in a wild orgy of shopping, which is the feminine idea of heaven and a blissful time in general. The latest result of Alice's shopping is what she terms a "dream" of an afternoon frock, by Russek. The chief ingredients of this dream are white georgette crêpe and white moire silk. The georgette crêpe forms the basis of the frock, which is made with a slightly raised waist-line. The series of ruffles

which form the skirt are bound with the narrowest of white moire-silk bands, while a girdle of the same separates—or connects, as you choose—the waist and skirt. The corsage is finished with a knot of daisies, and a tiny hat of leghorn, fastened beneath the chin with a pink satin band, with white kid slippers finished with silver buckles, complete a fascinating costume for the board-walk at Atlantic City.

Virginia Pearson is stunning in a suit of pale golden silk, trimmed in bands of brown fur. The fur collar closely hugs Miss Pearson's round chin, while two deep bands of fur finish the long coat. Pockets, in which Miss Pearson evidently takes a great delight, are a prominent feature of the coat also. A broad-brimmed, black Milan hat, faced with golden taffeta in tiny frills, completes this street costume.

After a hard day at the studio, Mabel Trunnelle loves to hurry home and slip into a loose, comfortable house-gown. The one shown here is ample excuse for such a desire. It is of blue-gray chiffon over a white satin slip. A wide band of gold embroidery, fastened with gold tassels, falls just below the waist-line. The wide collar of blue-gray chiffon is also finished with the gold tassels. A cape effect over back and sleeves is obtained by skillful draping of fine "shadow-lace." Soft gray kid slippers, with a huge pom-pom of gold, finish the ensemble.

Edith Storey, always beautiful, is more so than ever in a dance-frock of flesh-color net, beneath which hoops of narrow, covered wire help to make the skirt stand out gracefully. The net is encircled by ruffles of exquisite black lace; the pleated girdle of pale pink satin with streamers of black satin velvet; the bands over the shoulder, that try so hard to simulate sleeves without fooling anybody, are of silver lace. White satin slippers, silver-buckled, and white silk stockings complete Miss Storey's more than attractive dance-frock. It never rains but it pours. This seems to

BILLIE BURKE

JUANITA HANSEN

BESSIE BARRISCALE

DOROTHY KELLY

NELL CRAIG

be an open season for dance-frocks. Immediately following Edith Storey's, we find Billie Burke, demurely shy, a dimpled smile just waiting to sprout, and wearing a frock which, according to the press man of Billie's company, is the result of a fairy's dream. According to the P. M., the fairy, tired out with dancing, fell asleep and dreamed of a wonderful frock. Waking, the fairy wished to pass the dream on to some one who, being mortal, could make it come true. Lucille—of the daring, the shy, the bold, the modest—frocks were chosen and the dream given to her. And Billie Burke profits by the dream with a frock that is in every way worthy of the story told about it.

The dress is of silver chiffon, hand-embroidered with silver, over silver lace. The skirt is very full and "hooped," while the waist fits smoothly over Billie's white shoulders. A girdle of silver satin forms a dividing-line between waist and skirt. The silver lace at the bottom of the skirt has a wide band of dull pink ribbon, while, a little higher, is a narrow band of a different shade of pink. At intervals, around the very wide skirt, are half-wreaths of deep-blue satin roses (Oh, daring Lucille!), while the corsage is finished with a similar half-wreath. With this frock Miss Burke wears a small string of perfectly matched pearls, with no rings, bracelets or hair ornaments. Thus the dress is allowed to shine in all its glory, without being "fussed" with gewgaws. Silver satin slippers, laced with silver ribbons over silver silk stockings, are also worn with this, completing a frock that is, in every way, worthy of the P. M.'s pretty fairy story.

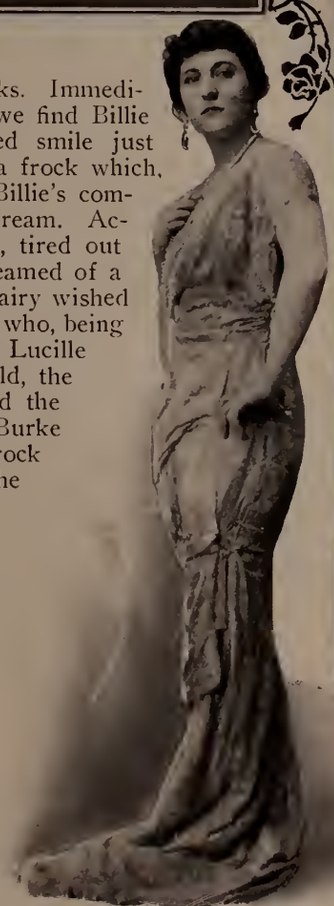

Photo by Photoplayers Studio

LILLIAN WEST

Juanita Hansen, always sweet and girlish, is at her very best in an afternoon frock of cream-colored lace, over pink chiffon, over palest blue satin. The edge of the full skirt is bound in palest pink, while the girdle is of the same material, as is the binding of the flat, square-cut collar and the long, close-fitting sleeves. With this are worn white kid slippers and a tiny, close-fitting hat of dull blue, trimmed in dull pink flowers, the whole combining into a marvelously pretty costume for the little leading woman of "The Secret of the Submarine."

Dorothy Kelly wears one of the oddest vampire gowns seen on the screen in many moons, in a forthcoming V. L. S. E. feature. It was designed by Mrs. Jane Lewis, of the Vitagraph costume department, and is of black satin and chiffon, brocaded in silver. The waist and court-train are in one piece, while the chiffon of the skirt covers silver-spangled satin. The end of the train is finished with peacock feathers.

Photo by White

EMILY STEVENS

Photo by Carpenter

RUTH STONEHOUSE

A Romance of

~by~ Pearl

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

TSURU AOKI
(MRS. SESSUE
HAYAKAWA)

ONCE upon a time, in far-away Nippon-land, where the moon hangs heavy o' nights; where the lazy breeze brings odors of indefinable sweetness; where the cherry-blossoms sway gently, casting fantastic, witching shadows, the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be planned a romance. It was the will of the fat, jolly, old god to choose two children who had never even seen each other, and, after divers adventures, bring the threads of their lives together, weaving them into a bright pattern of love and happiness. He chose as the girl a tiny, sloe-eyed tot not yet six years old, whose name was Tsuru—but whose mother called her "Cherry-Blossom." But Tsuru's mother was dead now, and the little girl lived with her uncle and aunt, famous actors of Imperial Japan.

The boy, who was then almost twelve years old, was Sessue Hayakawa, and his father had carved out, in imagination, a wonderful career for his straight-limbed, brave-eyed son. He should have a high position in the

Nippon-Land

Gaddis

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

TSURU AOKI
(MRS. SESSUE
HAYAKAWA)

Japanese navy. And he was being educated at the Japanese Naval School. But Sessue had visited his "honorable uncle and aunt, Kawakimi and Mme. Yacco," who had, as their ward, a thin, dark-eyed little girl in whom Sessue wasn't in the least interested. Boys are boys the world over, and it isn't boy-nature to be interested, at the ripe age of twelve, in thin, dark-eyed little girls of six.

And Sessue wanted to be an actor.

Now, in Japan one does not go against the decrees of one's parents. The highest law in Japan is recognized in our own commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And it might also be amplified to read: "and all thy ancestors, and relatives thereof." So when Sessue had decided that he wanted to be an actor, it was without much hope of being able to change his father's opinion. Fortunately for us, the American public, however, his father was in a lenient mood and accepted the changes his son wished to make.

"If you choose to be an actor," he said, "at least be a good one. Go to

America, to an American college. Learn the American ways — the American plays—all that is best in American drama. Then bring it back to your countrymen."

So you see Japanese fathers aren't so very different from American fathers, after all. It was a big ambition that he had laid out for his son, but it was accepted enthusiastically. A few months later, with Mme. Yacco, her husband Kawakimi, and the child Tsuru, he set sail for America. San Francisco was chosen as the first city in which the noted Japanese players appeared, fresh from the Imperial Theater, Japan. They had also appeared in the Shintomi Za and the Teokoku, principal theaters of Tokio, and it was here that Sessue had first made his appearance as an actor.

But the humanitarian city of San Francisco objected strongly to the stage appearance of a child of eight years—it was two years since Sessue had first seen the little girl who was to mean so much to him in his afterlife. An old friend of Kawakimi's, one T. Aoki, had evidenced quite an interest in the child. Hearing of the difficulties, he suggested to Kawakimi that he adopt the child, caring for her, seeing that she was properly educated in a way that would befit the daughter of one of Japan's bravest samurai—a man who gave up his life for his country, on the battlefields of the Russo-Japanese war. This solved the problem effectively, and the child was formally and legally adopted by the kindly little man. T. Aoki was a very famous artist. He had been given his B. A. He had been entertained at length by Victoria, "England's Gracious Queen." His works of art had been exhibited in the most exclusive, aristocratic salons of Paris and art-centers of New York. So it was to be expected that the child Tsuru could not but benefit at his hands. She was sent to a convent, her summers, carefully guarded by a French chaperone, being spent in travel.

Years passed. Sessue had entered the University of Chicago, and had spent the four years of his college life translating the best plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and similar masters of classic literature, into his native language. In the meanwhile, watched over by the kindly God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be, Tsuru was rapidly growing into a slim, lovely woman, in the depths of whose dark eyes a wonderful country awaited the venturesome explorer.

Finally, Sessue started back to Japan, to do as his father had bidden him, to "give of the best of American ways and drama to your own people." Mme. Yacco and her husband, Kawakimi, were also returning to their native land, and the crossing was made together. During the days of the voyage, Mme. Yacco talked much of her lovely niece, foster-daughter of T. Aoki, who had grown up amid the sunny slopes of California. Sessue was politely bored, until, one day, Mme. Yacco chanced to display a photograph of her niece. And instantly the politely bored young man became an eagerly interested one. He begged for the picture, received it, and thruout the next two years of his travels in Japan, introducing Shakespeare and Ibsen to most of his countrymen, the photograph of the lovely Nipponese maid was always before him. And the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be smiled slightly. Finally, overcome by a restless desire to know the girl whose photograph he had come to love, he closed his show and started for America. But his fame had gone ahead of him, and he was engaged to play the leading rôle in a massive feature production of "The Typhoon." He found the girl of his heart doing leading rôles in Japanese and Indian photoplays under Thos. H. Ince, and as the days passed, the love he had given the photograph was transferred to the original.

But Tsuru had all her native coquetry, combined with a bit that was American. And Sessue found his wooing anything but easy. Nevertheless, with a perseverance that was bound to succeed, he returned again and again to the attack.

And then—that much maligned, seldom credited "psychological moment!" Having a day off duty from her own scenes, Miss Aoki graciously accepted an invitation to watch some of Mr. Hayakawa's, in "The Typhoon." And—oh, psychological instant!—the scenes she watched were love-scenes—and, as every one who has seen "The Typhoon" is sure to remember, they are very nice love-scenes, and played in a deceiving spirit of sincerity. And Miss Aoki was jealous!

That evening, when Mr. Hayakawa called, she was more capricious than ever. When he attempted to "make love" to her, she flung away crossly.

"You say you love me—yet all the time you kiss her," she cried, stormily.

And, being wise above a great many American men, Mr. Hayakawa recognized his instant, and grasped it in passing. The next moment she was weeping out her jealousy and heart-hurt on his impeccably clad shoulder.

The next day each of them demanded four days' vacation, and Director Ince, grinning, gave it. They were married the next day—an American wedding, in an American church, with bridesmaids, orange-blossoms, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and all the lovely, useless finery so dear to the heart of an American girl. The guests who thronged the church and crowded the house for the reception were all American.

But the next day, in a beautiful Japanese club-house, surrounded by more than three hundred of their own countrymen, including many of the highest rank in southern California, they were married in their own way, when the cups of wine were passed, the obi bow was turned—all the Japanese customs were observed.

The rest of the vacation was spent in a pilgrimage to the tomb of T. Aoki, Tsuru's well beloved foster-father, in San Diego.

"If only he could have been with us!" she cried softly, as they knelt side by side by the tomb of the man who had meant so much to her. "If only he knew!"

"I am sure that he does," said her husband, softly, as he drew her to him.

Soon afterwards Sessue was engaged to play leads for the Lasky Company. His charming little wife does not work regularly, doing only special engagements, as in "Alien Souls," released a short time ago. The best picture work Hayakawa has ever done has been in "The Typhoon," the heavy in "The Cheat" with Fannie Ward, and the appealing, lovable Sakata, the lead in "Alien Souls." Many of his countrymen objected strongly to his part in "The Cheat," believing that he cast a slur on his nationality by making the man a Japanese.

"He might have been a Russian, a Frenchman, a Spaniard—the nationality didn't count," he explained; "the man was merely a villain, and a new twist was given the scenario by making him a Jap."

But since essaying the rôle of Sakata—a rôle which fits his personality—everybody is pleased.

They live in a beautiful bungalow in Hollywood, an essentially American bungalow, with American furnishings and an American bulldog, named for the Japanese god of destruction, "Shoji."

On the Japanese equivalent of our own All Saints' Day, which, in Japan, is the Day of Souls, they make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aoki. And some day they are going to take him home, where he may rest beside the bodies of his well-loved ancestors. And despite their love for America and Americans, and the love of America and Americans for them, they still love Japan and yearn for the day when they may return to her.

Kerrigan's Home Life Ideal. Finds Mother the Best Com panion

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

CAPABLE as J. Warren Kerrigan is as an actor, and well recognized as that fact is by the great majority of theater-going America, still there is one quality possessed by that star of the film world that endears him more to his host of friends and acquaintances than his unusual histrionic ability. That quality is his deep-rooted love for the little mother who has watched over him and who is so largely responsible for the success and the high ideals which he possesses.

J. Warren Kerrigan is unmarried, and so long as he has the mother to preside over his household, he is likely to remain so, for the two are inseparable, and it would be a paragon, indeed, who would be able to usurp her place in his regard.

She is a poetess of considerable standing among the ranks of contemporary writers of this country and, in addition to verse-writing, is the composer of many successful songs. Art is a passion with her, and is second only to her writing. One easily detects the note of pride in her voice when she says her son is her severest and kindest critic, and it is to him that she first shows her manuscripts. Needless to say, he takes a deep interest in this line of her chosen endeavor and does all in his power to encourage her.

And so, on the other hand, Mrs. Kerrigan is the inspiration which has been so important a factor in her big son's success. Ever ready with a word of encouragement when it is needed and always waiting to offer her experienced advice, she has helped him along that road of hard endeavor that leads to solid success.

In these days, when the slogan, "Take heed of thy children," has so completely usurped the mandate of past decades, "Honor thy father and thy mother," it is pleasing to see an exception so noteworthy as is the relation between Mother Kerrigan and her son.

In his home in Hollywood there is the little mother, the head of the house, ruled by and at the same time ruling her big, handsome son, who treats her with the same deference, engendered by real affection, that he manifested as a boy. They read his coming rôles together; they discuss his interpretation, his make-up, the details of his action. They are both fond of flowers and animals and, together, keep the rose-bushes abloom and care for his saddle-horse.

And so it is that the Kerrigan family is regarded as one of the happiest in the Los Angeles photoplay colony, and her friends regard Mrs. Kerrigan as the most fortunate of mothers. And, if one may judge from the light in her eyes when her boy is near her, perhaps Mrs. Kerrigan feels very much the same way.

Photo by Harrington

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

The Actor's Person

Health and Strength Are of His Mimed

By L. E.

Not every actor can be a star, but every actor should aim to be one in his particular work. Without pride and ambition art cannot long endure. It is said that the star system is passing—that the play of today stands on its own merits. I cannot agree. There may be fewer stars on the theatrical horizon just at present than at some past period, but is it not possible that our troupes are more nearly "all-star" companies and conceal individual excellence by the high *average?*

The contention that abolition of the star system will improve the play and make it more agreeable to the average audience is poorly founded. If we represent the average individual ability of a troupe by fifty and mark one of the members ninety, the high-class man may redeem the play by his individual power—his personality; but an even tone must be a very high tone to win by its evenness. Most theatergoers, particularly since the photoplay has familiarized the unlearned classes with drama, idealize some certain actor, and go to see him, confident that he will make the play interesting, whatever it be. I know a girl who would spend a dollar to see Warren Kerrigan as Mother Goose.

This personal adulation is the making of an actor—financially. Regardless of the ultimate effect on the drama as an institution, of the star system, it is undeniable that the actor individually profits by it. Personality counts. If you are an actor, be a star if you can.

Personality may be smothered. Potential genius must have a favorable medium for expression. The old-stager knows his powers and his limitations; he can lift a part to his level; but the star whose light is yet comparatively dim is wise to make a special study of adaptation. Suit the part to your personality until you are able to suit your personality to the part. The power of adjustment grows by exercise, but must not be strained.

Individuality is cultivable. The words of Lewes are as true today as when he uttered them many years ago: "People generally overrate a fine actor's genius and underrate his trained skill. They are apt to credit him with a power of intellectual conception and poetic creation to which he has really a very slight claim, and fail to recognize all the difficulties which his artistic training has enabled him to master."

An actor's individuality, personality, stage-presence — whatever that quality is that makes him exactly what he is—is both physical and mental. The best conception of a rôle is useless if imperfectly expressed. A weak, effeminate man could not by any technical skill make a good "Sea-wolf." He could depict vindictive brutality, true—but not in the way London's character did it. A Sea-wolf must be a big, powerful, hard-fisted man, with a jaw and a voice as big as his shoulders. This we may term elemental expression of the physical. There are many others—the magnetism of vigorous, vibrant health, as seen in a "Parsifal"; the pulsating passion of warm blood and a perfect body in a "Cleopatra." Physical health is the founda-

THEDA BARA IN "CARMEN"

Physical ality

the Powder and Shot Emotions

EUBANKS

tion of personality, its vehicle, ranging in force from the brute strength of a savage chieftain to the half-ethereal caress of purest love. Touching on this physical phase, Brander Matthews said:

"Sometimes a playwright beholds one of his characters transformed by an actor, who charges it with a meaning and a purpose, a variety and veracity that the author himself did not suspect and that he had not consciously intended. This transformation may have been caused by the artistic insight of the performer, or it may have been due simply to his personality. Sometimes a part is thus transfigured by the physical fitness of the actor for the character. For it is not only the personality of the actor which affects his art; it is also his actual person. The tools of his trade are the members of his body. His hands and his arms, his walk and his gestures, the glance of his eye and the tones of his voice—these are the implements of his art; these are his chisel and his marble, his brushes, his palette and his canvas."

Too many actors underestimate the possibilities of corrective measures. In this day of marvelous surgery, even facial features may be altered. Many players suffer ugly handicaps which could be easily and safely removed. If you have a nose that hides the rest of your face, dont resign yourself to walk in its shadow thru life until you have consulted a specialist. If the eyes lack strength and expression, get at the cause and remove it. Expense you cannot afford to consider; your appearance is a large part of your capital. Surely physical attractiveness is an invaluable asset when by it alone so many actors have won success.

WARREN KERRIGAN IN "THE RESTLESS SPIRIT"

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

DUSTIN FARNUM

Strength and grace come thru physical exercise. Many present-day actors have wisely recognized this. Such men as Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum and Warren Kerrigan—kings of the screen—study to keep their physique at its best. Bushman is an all-around athlete, a sculptor's model, and one of the best wrestlers in the country. He cultivates every side of his physical self, and is as graceful as he is strong. Farnum's robust manhood and physical wholesomeness account in large measure for his popularity, and the handsome Kerrigan simply would not be Kerrigan without the broad shoulders, athletic carriage and chivalrous spirit. Yes, health and beauty mean much to the actor. Theda Bara's charms are physical; her serpentine suppleness, her warmth of passion, her fire of expression—all come from fine physical condition, intense health.

Naturalness is the essence of individuality, and naturalness will not live in the same corporeal citadel with ill-health. Nerves, in a pathological sense, have no place in an actor's make-up. Self-control is the very foundation of the histrionic art. For the nervous system, if there were no other reason, all actors should practice outdoor sports. Theatrical work is extremely wearing, and the best performers are most likely to suffer nervous breakdown, for the reason that they put into their efforts more emotion—work harder physically and psychologically—than most of us do.

MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)

The Wager

by Dorothy Donnell

~ Metro ~

EMILY STEVENS

LYSTER CHAMBERS

This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE D. BAKER

UNIVERSAL grayness shrouded the early morning world, or perhaps the great, gray stone building tinged everything about it with its own dullness, the dreary color of lost hopes. A heavy mist, that clogged the eyelashes and trickled in green slime from the stones, rose from the river, which always ran, like molten lead, by the prison, tho it was blue-and-green-and-golden enough below. The girl shivered and drew her wrap more closely about her shapely young shoulders, as she peered up at the great iron gate, with the arc-light still burning above it.

It was a strange wrap for such a time and place—a garment of beautiful craftsmanship and material, and of a style at least two years old, shabby, pathetically jaunty. And it was a strange girl who wore it there at such a time and such a place—a slip of a thing with a small, pointed face dwarfed by a mass of exotic red-gold hair, with great, purple eyes that could be at will either blankly ingenuous, or honey-sweet with coyness, or hard and old and weary as now.

"If they dont open that gate pretty d—n quick, I'll be goin' buggy," she murmured resentfully, then bit her lip in vexation. "There now! An' me plannin' to be a perfect lady! I'll do it, too! Dont I always turn every trick I set out to? But, Lord! it's goin' to be a stiffer job than pinchin' the crown jools!"

A clamor of reluctant hinges broke the thread of her thoughts. The tall iron gate swung slowly open, protesting rustily at the distasteful task of letting loose one of its wards. A man stumbled out and stood blinking as tho the dull daylight were too bright for his eyes. The girl gave a cry of joy, of pain, of mother-love and sweetheart eagerness, and ran to meet him.

"Jim!" she sobbed. "Oh, *Jim*-boy, I've waited so long—since four o'clock—I thought you wasn't never goin' to come! God! but I'm glad to see you! Oh, Jim!"

"Daisy!" said the man, in a hoarse voice, rusty as the gate from long disuse, "I was goin' straight to find you, girl."

The arc-light sent strange shadows reeling in the cold gusts from the river. It tossed the stark outlines of the gate-bars across their locked shadows, and the girl saw them and shuddered.

"Let's get out of here," she cried shrilly; "this place gives me the creeps."

"It's given me more'n the creeps," said Jim, grimly, and something in his tone sent her glance upward in sudden terror. She had not seen him yet clearly, but she saw him now, thin, with dark hollows under his eyes, and cheeks all fallen in—her handsome Jim! And in two years they had done this to him! But, womanlike, she veiled the dread of her soul.

"You're lookin' fine, Jim—fine!" she lied.

"You cant fool me, old girl," said the man, smiling. "I got about ten months left in me an' no more. It's here." He struck his chest with a great, gaunt hand. "I been spittin' blood a month now, but dont you fret, Daisy. I'd a d—n sight rather die than do any more time—back there."

"You aint goin' to die, an' you aint goin' to do any more time." She faced him militantly. "Jim, I been thinkin'; let's live straight from now on. I got a reg'lar job—ten dollars a week." Pride lurked in her tone. "I want to be honest, Jim, an' have a little flat somewheres up in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant an' a canary. I want—I want to be *married*, Jim!"

The man gazed at her in utter bewilderment; then he put out a hand and touched the worn sleeve of her gorgeous wrap.

"Aint that—the one I got with the money Slim let me have on that last haul?" he queried wonderingly. "That's all o' two years ago, Daisy. You mean to say——"

"I haven't bought any clothes since," she nodded, "except a pair of shoes an' a rain-coat—marked down. Ten dollars

dont dress a girl *stylish,* Jim, but she can keep respectable on it——"

He laughed out, harshly, bitterly. "Aw, ferget it!" he scoffed. "You cant do it, hon'. Ten a week—*you!* Lord! an' I've seen you spend a hundred in an evenin' without winkin' an eye! An', anyhow, how can I get a reg'lar job—an ex-con with a bum chest? No, hon'; once a crook, always a crook, I guess; but I'm goin' to play safe now. I'd rather cash in outside——"

She reached up and checked his words with a hand across his lips. They felt fevered and dry under her palm, but she forced herself to speak gaily.

"YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME UP—I WONT TOUCH IT!"

"That'll be about all o' that, old man!" she cried. "I guess I can manage for both of us till you're feelin'—rested up. I got fifty dollars saved. Listen, hon'; you gotter give my plan a try anyhow. I got a hunch I'm right. The straight an' narrow dont lead to any road-houses nor swell hotels; but the other way—the crooked one—that'll carry us back *there,* Jim, sooner or later. They've never got me yet, but they would. Duggan's been watchin' me like a cat for two years, but I've give him the laugh to his face every time I seen him. It's great to give th' bulls the laugh, Jim!"

She chatted merrily on, trying to drown the voices of her dread. They clamored above it all in the ears of her soul. How could one buy medicine for Jim's great, lax body—food that he needed—how could one buy life and the power to work and live and love like honest people with a pitiful ten a week?

Unexpectedly her question was answered two weeks later, at a moment when her strong soul was off its guard. All night she had watched some unseen evil thing doing its will with her man, tearing at his throat with terrible, strangling fingers, beading his poor brow with the salt of agony. All night she had fought this devil of disease with the pitifully inadequate remedies she had, and all night she had heard the doctor's words in her tired brain:

"He must have cream and eggs and country air, or he will die within six months——" So when the heavy knock sounded on the door, and when on the heels of it Duggan's coarse face appeared, she cringed under his insolent gaze as tho she were the "Diamond Daisy" of two years ago.

"Well, darling, they want you up at headquarters," said the detective, suavely; then his eyes fell upon Jim's ashen face on the pillow. "*Hul*-lo!" he whistled. "Slippery Jim! I'd forgot you were due about now. Wonder if th' ol' man dont want you, too——"

Daisy's sagging figure stiffened. One small hand shot out, snatching off the hat crammed down on the detective's head. "You take off your old lid when you're talkin' to a lady!" she commanded grimly; "an' Jim, you lay still. Stone aint got nothin' on either o' us, an' I aint afraid to tell him so to his face." She was struggling into her coat as she spoke; she flung open the door, eyes shining, and tossed Duggan's hat down the hall.

"*You follow yer hat!*" she said, militantly, small, red-gold head high. "You aint got nothin' on me an' Jim—not one d—n thing!"

She repeated the remark later to Police Commissioner Stone in the office where she had faced him, sullen and defiant, so many times before, and Stone nodded cordially.

"Not a thing on you, Miss Daisy," he agreed blandly; "but I've got a job for you, if you care to make two thousand dollars. It's a clean job—no peaching, no spy work. And it's a job that only you can handle, young lady. You see, it's this way. I want you to steal a diamond necklace and tiara from Thorpe's jewelry store for me."

"It's a plant!" cried Daisy, angrily.

"I WANT SOMETHING THAT *NOBODY* COULD BUY, EXCEPT ME"

"JIM!" SHE CRIED SHARPLY. "WHAT THEY BEEN DOIN' TO YOU, HON'?"

"You're tryin' to frame me up. I wont touch it. You've never got me, an' you never will. I tell you I'm wise to that game!"

"Read that, and you'll see it's no plant," said Stone, curtly, handing her a paper. "That's a written guarantee of immunity. It's all a wager. Thorpe has been boasting that no 'con' game could take him in the way Chandler was fleeced three years or so ago. Perhaps you remember how a beautiful, veiled widow, who wanted to sell her husband's heirlooms to him, got the heirlooms mixed up with a diamond necklace worth fifty thousand, and walked off, leaving a pile of ten-cent-store junk behind. Very clever work it was——"

Daisy met his glance calmly. "Seems to me I *did* read about it," she murmured. Stone chuckled.

"Well, Chandler got peeved at Thorpe's boasting, so he bet him five thousand he could find some one to rob *him,* too, within a month. And then he asked me to get the job done for him—done successfully. So I sent for you. But maybe two thousand doesn't listen good, eh?"

Daisy clutched the paper he had given her till the knuckles grew white with the grip. Jim—Jim—*Jim!* Two thousand meant breath for his lungs, blood for his body. She must buy it for him with the only talent she had—her knack of sinning. She could not refuse. Love urged, but her face was white and drawn with pain when, at last, she looked up.

"I'll do it," she said briefly. She turned; her steps dragged. "I'll do it; but it's tough—it's tough as h—l!"

William James Thorpe sat in his office, a solid, stolid figure of prosperity and prose. There was nothing subtle about this man who made his fortune from the subtlest of all things—precious stones. Diamonds were not dreams to him; opals held no mysteries in their mystic flames; sapphires no secrets—they were his wares.

He sold them as he would have sold potatoes, unenthusiastically, unimaginatively. For thirty years he had sat at that desk, dumpily, with a hundred romances, a score of tragedies, a dozen unwritten chapters of nation's history, and king's loves hidden away in his cabinets, and dictated dull letters, and thought dull thoughts, and lived his dull days. But today was destined to be different—quite, quite different from any day he had ever lived. And the difference, tho he did not guess it, lay in the charming, beautifully dressed schoolgirlish young person, who stood at that moment before one of the counters of his store examining a tray full of diamond rings.

"But they dont any of them *cost* enough," she was objecting ingenuously. "They're the sort of thing *any* girl could afford to own. I want something that *nobody* could buy, except me." She leaned forward, round-eyed, dimpling, in an aura of violet sachet. "My papa is Martin Meloney, the munition man," she told the awed clerk. "Just this one year he's made two or three million dollars, or maybe it's *six*—I cant remember exactly—and he's given me five thousand to spend on my birthday present. I want to spend that five thousand so it'll look like *ten!*"

"Just be seated a moment, Miss Meloney," the clerk fluttered; "I'll speak to Mr. Thorpe himself."

If Thorpe had had an imagination, he might have used it now, as he came forward, bowing and smiling, to meet the pretty daughter of the mushroom millionaire. Having no imagination, he saw the curls, the ruffles, the dimples, but not the watchful look in the wide eyes turned up to him. And somewhere under the dimples and curls and winning smile a very determined young woman registered complete satisfaction.

"I have just the thing you are looking for, Miss Meloney," beamed the jeweler, fussing with the clasp of a maroon velvet case he had brought out with him; "but, unfortunately, altho this set *looks* at least fifteen thousand, it costs *ten.* Ah, isn't that a beauty?"

Somewhere underneath a crow of childish pleasure, and a clapping of girlish hands, Diamond Daisy gave the opened jewel-case the tribute of a long-drawn breath of amaze.

"Oh! how darling dear!" she cooed. "But I haven't got only five thousand. I'll tell you what!" She sprang up, laughing gleefully. "I've got my car outside. Mr. Thorpe, you come home with me and show the jewels to father. I know he'll buy them for me. He never refuses me on *any* day, and on my birthday he wouldn't dare!"

Ten minutes later the unsuspecting Mr. Thorpe found himself seated in a closed automobile, opposite an excited little figure cooing over the maroon case clasped to her breast. Agreeably expectant of a pleasant sale, the jeweler leaned back on the cushions and benignantly surveyed the landscape of the Hudson River and Palisades unrolling thru the car-window. It was fully half an hour before they drove up a long, winding roadway and stopped before a low house quite hidden from the road among the trees.

"Here we are!" cooed Miss Meloney, jumping out of the automobile. She reached up, drew a black veil down from

the brim of her girlish hat over her face, making her look oddly mature. When she spoke to the two husky attendants who ran down the steps to meet them, her voice had changed as well, from high, shrill girlhood to a mellow, sad-timbred tone that seemed full of tears.

"You will have to hold him securely," she told the attendants tremulously. "He is very wild this morning. I thought I would never get him here."

To Mr. Thorpe's horrified amazement, the attendants promptly seized him, one by each arm, and bore him, protesting and struggling, up the steps and into the hall, where they were met by a bewhiskered gentleman with delight tempered by respectful sympathy.

"Very bad, doctor. He is raving about stolen jewels now," murmured the veiled lady, applying a handkerchief to her shrouded eyes. At this point Mr. Thorpe, kicking one of the attendants viciously in the shins, cried out, in a voice hoarse with rage:

"Where am I? What does this outrage mean? Where are my diamond necklace and bracelets?"

"You see, doctor," sighed the lady. She then turned to Thorpe, who, in consequence of his ill-advised kick, was now held quite helpless, and actually kist the affronted man on one leathery cheek.

"Good-by, my poor husband," she said tenderly. "Try, try, dearest, to get over these terrible delusions and come back to your loving Emmie!"

And she was gone, frantic echoes of fragmentary speech floating after her anent: "Thief! Huzzy! Jewels worth a fortune!"

An hour later the same lady stood in a pinched little room in a New York apartment house, describing her adventures for the edification of a haggard man in a dressing-gown and a broad grin.

"It was too easy, Jim!" said Daisy, glowing with pride; "not a hitch from beginnin' to end. You'd ought to have heard your little Daisy spiel like a lady. Gee! Supposin' I'd been doin' it on my own! Wouldn't we have made a haul!"

She opened the case and took out the jewels with fingers that loved them. A greedy look sprang to Jim's sunken eyes.

"Aw, Daisy," he whispered, "you'd never give them back, would you? Think what they'd buy us, girl! Slim would give six thou' for 'em any minute, and we could skip out o' this d—n hole of a town—go where a man could breathe! God! Daisy, with the price o' them bits o' cracked ice I believe I could cheat the devil yet, and I want to live! I'm only twenty-nine; it's too young to blink, girl; we could have good times yet——"

"Jim! Jim!" she besought him. "Dont, hon'; I—I *cant*, Jim! I would if I could, but somehow I—I *got* to be respectable! We'll get the two thousand and go somewheres, boy. I got to take the shiners back to Stone. Thorpe'll be breakin' loose any minute now."

She took up the beautiful stones, lingeringly, regretfully, and then, in sudden whim, held the necklace up to her throat.

"Looker me, Jim," she cried. "Are they beconin'? Do I make a good millionaire, old man?"

The words died in her throat as the door was flung suddenly open and Duggan stood before them, laughing noisily.

"Caught with the goods on, darling!" he wheezed. "When I saw you comin' out o' Thorpe's this mornin', I says to myself, 'Here's where I hang around Daisy's happy home a spell an' see what's doin',' and here I am. Hand over the pretty twinklers, my angel, and come along of me."

Daisy drew a quick breath and glanced about the room under veiled lashes. The window open, and the next roof only three feet away—she could make it easily; she *must* make it and carry the jewels to Stone, or he'd think she'd played him an ugly trick.

All the time her slim fingers were laying the jewels back into their velvet nest. Then, before either of the men realized what she was about to do, she had sprung to the window-sill, catching up her hat and cloak from the bed, wavered there an instant, then leaped across the chasm and was gone.

"I'll get you, anyhow!" snarled Duggan, inarticulate with fury, leaping upon the gaunt figure on the bed and snapping a pair of handcuffs on Jim's wrists.

"You're an accomplice. Get up now, and quit yer shamming. You'll tell Stone what you know about them jewels, or I'll kick you into the middle of next month!"

Over the roofs fled Daisy, down a fire-escape at last, dodging into alleyways, a hunted thing. Often and often she had been pursued thus when she was a fugitive from the law, but today, the maroon velvet case clutched to her breast, she was a fugitive *toward* the law, and she knew well her only chance of safety lay in reaching Stone's office unarrested. It was fully two hours later when, lips sagging apart with her gaspy breaths, she burst at last into the Police Commissioner's office and leaned heavily against the door, staring at the scene which met her eyes.

In an armchair sat Jim, sagging in every joint of his big frame—Jim, cowed, dazed, with a look of awful fear on his poor, white, wasted face. There were men all about—Thorpe, garrulous with the shrill anger of a dull man; Duggan, leering triumphantly at her; Stone, red and fussy and bullying. But she saw none of them, only Jim, her man, whom they had been torturing. She sprang to him with the hovering

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HANDED HIM TWO SLIPS——

gestures of a mother animal, and flung her arms about his neck.

"Jim!" she cried sharply. "What they been doin' to you, hon'?"

Then, suddenly, she grew quiet; she and Jim were creatures caught in the envenomed mesh of the law's web. What use to struggle? She drew the jewel-box from beneath her cloak and tossed it to Stone, who passed it to Thorpe. The jeweler opened it and held the bits of icy fire up to them all.

"Count 'em," said Daisy, grimly. "Dont take *my* word."

"All here," said the jeweler, with a sigh of relief. He turned to another man, with a grimace of chagrin.

"GIVE THESE TO THE YOUNG LADY, BILL," HE DIRECTED

"You win, Chandler," he admitted. "The five is yours. It's worth it to get out of that insane asylum and to get these jewels back, and I wont lose the money, either. I'll just change the price-mark on these"—he tapped the case tenderly—"from ten thousand to fifteen."

"And now, suppose you two come along with me," said Duggan, briskly taking a step toward the two flies in the web of the great spider. "Your story about this being a put-up job'll sound pretty phoney to the judge—eh, darling?"

He laughed aloud in sheer delight of his triumph. It would give him the promotion he coveted, and, after all, ex-crooks were fair game. If he didn't get them, some one else would.

"I've got his word I wasn't to be touched for it," said Daisy, slowly. Her face had gone very white. She reached into the neck of her gown and took out the paper Stone had given her. "He hired me to do the trick; ask *him.*"

"How will that sound at the next election, Cap'n?" purred Duggan. "Better get the paper back and tear it up—eh?"

Stone's glance shifted. He had passed a wretched afternoon of uncertainty as to whether Daisy meant to return the jewels or not; he had been reproved and scolded and threatened. The sinister possibilities of what had appealed to him as a friendly joke appalled him. But he did not meet Daisy's scornful eyes as he held out his hand.

"Give me that paper, my girl," he said doggedly.

Daisy rose to her feet, one hand on Jim's thin shoulder. She could feel it trembling beneath her touch, and her blood took fire.

"So you're goin' to throw me down, are you?" she inquired clearly. "Why, even a sneak thief 'ud be ashamed to treat a pal like that! You're goin' to get us sent up—me who's gone straight as a die for two years—Jim as'll die in a month in the pen! We was goin' to live clean; we was goin' to get *married* like reg'lar folks, an' now you're figurin' on takin' our chanct away." She drew a slow breath. "Gawd! but aint you a skunk, P'lice Commissioner Stone! Me an' Jim here, we're crooks; we've took what didn't belong to us; one o' us has done time, but we're more respectable than you are, anyhow! We never stole a woman's chanct to live decent; we never robbed a sick man o' his chanct to get well. Aw, what's the use talkin'——"

Her voice broke. She turned to Duggan, with a hopeless gesture, and held out her hands.

"Snap 'em on an' get it over," she said lifelessly—"I'm *done!*"

"No!"

Stone stood between the girl and the handcuffs in the detective's outstretched hands. His thick face was congested with shamed blood. "Take your bracelets away, Duggan," he roared, "or put 'em on me! The girl's done nothing. It's my fault, and, by Heaven! I'll stand the consequences. I was a d—d fool to meddle with a rotten wager like that, but if anybody here wants to use my d—d folly against me, they're welcome to. I aint goin' to hide behind a girl like this one—square all the way thru!"

Silence fell over the little office. Daisy crept closer to Jim. Chandler and Thorpe consulted in the background, then beckoned to Stone.

"If there aint any arrestin' to be done, I suppose I can go?" growled Duggan, swinging angrily on his heel; but Stone's voice swung him about again. The Police Commissioner handed him two slips of paper.

"Give these to the young lady, Bill," he directed. "Our friends here have handed over the stakes they put up for the wager for her to take her man away to the country, where he can get strong and well."

"What—give 'em the whole thing?" gasped Duggan, slack-jawed. "Ten thou'! Ten thou' to a couple of con-workers!"

The disappointed detective hesitated and looked from one to the other.

"Do you mean that these guys are to get the whole thing, Commissioner?"

"I mean just that, Duggan," replied Stone, tartly. "Remove those handcuffs and hand over these checks."

Duggan sullenly walked over to the pair, who were now happy in each other's embrace. His crestfallen face was comical in his defeat, but he removed the steel bracelets, stuffed them janglingly into his pocket, planted the two slips in Daisy's outstretched hand and turned on his heel.

Daisy looked down at the bits of blue paper in her fingers. They meant life, and love, and a chance to be happy and respectable; they meant a little flat in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant and a canary. She looked up, and it seemed to her that Jim's face, seen dimly thru her tears, was working with a new softness and tenderness he was trying hard not to show.

"Come along, Daisy," said Jim, putting one great, gaunt arm about her—beneath her cheek she felt the muscles tighten, as he straightened his shoulders, man-fashion—"come along and we'll find a parson. I want to begin bein' like folks. I want to begin *now!*"

Wallace Reid, Cook, Student, and Housekeeper

Photo by Stagg

WALLACE REID

Wallace Reid, the popular leading man of the Lasky Company, is not only a student, but his wife, Dorothy Davenport, finds him a very handy assistant about the house. But Wallace believes in killing two birds with one stone, whenever possible, and here we find him stirring the soup and reading a copy of Bryce's "American Commonwealth"

Keeping in Training for the Strenuous Movie Life

Many of the Players Are Real Athletes Because They Love to Be, and Many Are Athletes Because They Have to Be, in Order to Be Fit for the Arduous Tasks That Are Often Assigned Them

By PAULINE ALLEN

"ANYBODY do anything outdoors—sports—tennis, golf, riding, swimming — that sort of thing?" I asked of one of those shorter and uglier persons known in filmland as the P. A.

"Everybody does everything," he answered, true to type.

"Be reasonable," I urged; "be specific. Who does what?"

Now, any press agent who would be reasonable would lose his job, and after I had listened, while he named all the stars of his company and declared each one expert in every known outdoor sport, I decided to take a little trip around the studio and check up on him. The quest of outdoor lovers thus begun lasted many days, for these film-folks are as hard to find with a minute to spare as J. P. Morgan or H. E. Huntington, and you wonder when they ever get time to play at all, at all.

They get it—some of them—before you and I are out of bed in the morning and at all sorts of odd hours. Take the Gish girls, for example—Lillian and Dorothy—and I am beginning at a studio far from the one where I asked the question of the P. A., to avoid a suit for defamation of his character. They are up when the birds are breakfasting on the blossom-buds of the fruit-trees and the first bit of green that shows in everybody's garden, for they love to walk. They love it well enough to get up in time to walk the four miles to their studio and be there by eight-thirty in the morning.

They are real sisters, these two—chummy and inseparable. And for all they look as delicate as the flowers that bloom at the edge of the snows in the high Sierras, they are keen outdoor girls. When they have overslept a bit, and haven't time to walk to their work, they hop into their motor-car and drive there. And on Sundays, and the stray holidays that happen unexpectedly in filmland, they are off together to a near-by tennis court, and, not satisfied with these things, they joined a gymnasium class at the Young Women's Christian Association, and two evenings a week they are there from six to seven in the evening, doing all sorts of setting-up exercises, folk-dancing, club-swinging, and playing lively at basket-ball and baseball.

Another one who likes to be up with the birds, and while the dew is still on the grass, is a young star that has just begun to twinkle. And let me whisper in your ear that *they* say she is destined to make people forget Mary Pickford. Her name is Mary MacLaren. To her the greatest outdoor sport is to go tiptoeing barefoot across the wet grass in the garden of her Hollywood home, with only a few wisps of gauze between her and the weather, and with no one to see but the sun, peeping thru the branches of a tall eucalyptus at the edge of the garden.

It's real fun to dance that way, sans camera, sans director, sans audience; that is, of course—well, she wouldn't like it best then and there and that way all the time; but it's fun while she's doing it, and it puts her in fine trim for the day's work.

"That's the answer," said Herbert Rawlinson, when I came upon him in his dressing-room, playing with one of the Universal kiddies, and he kicked a bit of muslin that spread out V-wise and declared itself that little bit of nothing that is a track-suit. Beyond it lay a pair of soft-sole running-shoes.

"Every morning I get out and take a run over the hills—that is, every morning that my wife and I dont roll out of bed into our bathing-suits and then on into our car and drive down to the sea (ten miles away) for a plunge in the surf before breakfast.

"When I first went into the movies I had to do all sorts of outdoor things to keep in practice for any sort of stunt I might be called on to do. But now that Moving Pictures are something besides falling over precipices and off horses and railroad bridges, now that it is drama and not a mere series of stunts, I've cut down my outdoor sports to the ones I like best—running, rowing, swimming, golf, tennis, and sometimes I do a bit of boxing just to keep from getting lazy and slow. If you want to put 'pep' in your work, you must keep physically fit."

Even as he spoke, he was sitting in a pair of riding-breeches and boots, still damp from some mad ride or other thru some rushing river or other, with some armful of maiden or other, and he was keeping his legs very straight that boots and breeches would dry in good shape, so I really felt no alarm lest the movies grow suddenly too tame.

I came upon Ruth Stonehouse rehearsing a scene where a gentleman-villain in carrot-colored hair and goatee was seizing her rudely in his arms, but just before he did, whatever he meant to do, Ruth's hand fell luckily on a paper-knife or dagger—whichever it was that chanced to be on the parlor-table—and, with bulging, blue eyes, the gentleman-villain desisted.

While the director was telling the villain how to be more villainesque, I learnt from Miss Stonehouse that her favorite outdoor sport is riding, with a gun across her saddle-bow. She spent a number of years on a ranch in Arizona, and there she learnt to handle a rifle like a man. She can nip

the tail-feathers off a bluejay as far as she can see one. Not long ago she was with a party of friends at one of the beach resorts near Los Angeles, and she gave them all the surprise of their lives when she shot the yellow glass-eye out of every nigger that went bobbing across the screen of one of the shooting galleries on the pleasure-pier, and sent every duck under the water. She put the shooting-gallery out of business in an hour.

It would be a sorry day for any real villain that might try to molest Miss Stonehouse when she is strolling or riding about the Hollywood hills with her gun.

Jane Bernoudy is another real wild westerner who loves her horse better than any old make of automobile. Before she went into screen work she had made a name for herself as a Wild West rider and rope-thrower, and she does not allow her hand to lose its cunning. She can still put the noose of her lariat on hoof or horn of any animal in full career, and can ride the buckingest broncho that ever bucked. Marin Sais, too, is a lover of horses and a splendid horsewoman. She has won the unique reputation of salting down some of the five- and six-figured checks that are the smallest legal tender known in filmland. She owns a California ranch, and among her crops is a string of polo ponies. There are some keen polo-players in southern California, and one of them undertook, not long ago, to teach Miss Sais the game, and the gossips are saying that little Dan Cupid was sticking around while the lessons were going on, and got in some of his deadly work.

However that may be, Miss Sais thinks polo the greatest game ever and is trying to make up a polo-team among the horsewomen of the studios. In my quest I came upon Dustin Farnum, just back from a fishing-trip.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

MARY MAC LAREN

LITTLE ZOE BECH

and there was no question at all about his favorite outdoor sport.

"There's just one big city on this globe," he said sagely—"that's New York. There's just one perfect spot on this same globe, and that's Avalon, Catalina Island."

MARIN SAIS

And on the lapel of his coat was the silver button of the Light Tackle Class of the Tuna Club—if not the most ancient, surely the most honorable and enviable order of anglers in Christendom. Either of two of this catch entitled him to this button.

"No sport like it anywhere," he said. "Ever tried fishing on a sled? No? Well, then, you cant quite understand."

But I did understand, for it must be

MARIE DORO

HOUSE PETERS

WALLACE REID

Now "Dusty," as they call him lovingly out here in California, has given the once-over to most of the places on the globe, having belted it once and having slipped into all the nooks and crannies of Europe many times, so he ought to be an authority, and you are sure he is when you look into his honest-Injun eyes.

But to prove the second half of his dictum, he pulled out a picture he had brought with him from Catalina, showing himself and a string of five yellowtail he had caught the day before, one of which was then in the oven for a fish-dinner for all hands at the studio.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

some sport that would make any actor willing to go down to posterity on the pages of a magazine as a common garden variety of ugly, unshaven man, to say nothing of his having posed with his fish on the wharf at Catalina after the manner of every amateur angler that ever made a catch in that famous bay.

"I'm just as big a rube as anybody when I go fishing at Catalina," laughed "Dusty," the darling of the girls.

Mr. Farnum is a lot of things besides being an actor. Up in Maine he's a farmer—not of the gentleman sort that doesn't

know alfalfa from artichokes—and for the three years he has been working in the movies in California he has cut across the country in midsummer to see how his crops are coming on. This year he cut diagonally across from San Diego to Maine in his motor-car. He was born somewhere along the Maine coast, and has the salt of the sea in his blood, and that's why he is never so happy as when he is within sniff of the ocean and why it is ecstasy supreme to be towed across its ruffled bosom at the rate of a mile a minute by a scared, snared yellowtail. Dustin Farnum's string of yellowtail makes J. Warren Kerrigan's string of trout look like a bunch of bait, unless you happen to know just how sporty a sport trout-fishing is, just how many miles one must walk or crawl along the rocky bank or thru the tangle of willows, tickling, teasing, taunting, terrifying those wary, nervous little streaks of lightning.

Whenever the company is "on location" Kerrigan is up at daybreak whipping the nearest stream, and everybody has fresh trout for breakfast.

JANE BERNOUDY

MABEL NORMAND

HERBERT RAWLINSON

DUSTIN FARNUM

TOM FORMAN

One morning, when they were in the mountains, Kerrigan made his usual promise of a trout breakfast, and some bets were made as to whether he would make good. He came back in a very short time with a very long string, and he collected nearly as many dollars as he had fish. And it was a day or two before the fellows who had paid over the money learnt that Kerrigan had reached the stream just a little while after some road-workers had fired a blast of dynamite and found it full of dead fish floating on the top. He waded in, scooped up the fish, strung them on a string, and carried them triumphantly back to camp. And the bets couldn't be declared off, because

nobody had stipulated the form of murder he was to commit on the fish.

They had told me Wallace Reid was some tennis player, but the day I happened in at a rehearsal of "The House of the Golden Windows," he was much more inclined to talk about the black bass he had been catching up somewhere near Santa Maria in somebody's private lake. But afterwards he did admit that he liked tennis, and plays it whenever he gets a chance, and that he is also keen on motoring and horses and dogs. All the dogs he has just now are some Saint Bernards, a mixed wolf and black shepherd, and a Spitz—the latter owned to with the apology that it's a pretty bit of a thing for his wife to wear, said wife being Dorothy Davenport, a player that the Smalleys are proud of finding and who, by the way, likes all sorts of outdoor things, and especially golf.

That very day Mr. Reid was in mourning over the loss of a young Saint Bernard and the near-loss of his half-breed wolf. Just at going-to-work-time the Hollywood populace was regaled by the sight of an Apollo in lavender pajamas sprinting down the main thorofare at record speed, urged by the yelps of a dog that had got mixed up with a motorcycle. The owner of the motorcycle thought the animal a real wolf and was afraid to go near it, and nobody else dared. But he of the lavender pajamas went right down in the dirt and disentangled his mad, hurt pet, registering more real emotion in five minutes than he registers of reel emotion in five miles of film.

The bystanders looked about for the man with the little, black box on the long, black legs, for every time anything unusual happens the people of Hollywood think it is part of a Moving Picture.

Besides dogs and horses and motoring and tennis and fishing, Mr. Reid confessed to a liking for and a bit of expertness at swimming.

"I used to do a good deal of swimming along the Jersey coast," he said. "Came pretty near the record on high dives and hundred-yard dash. When I first came out here, those feats were magnified into all sorts of Pacific Coast championships. I hadn't had very close relations with the *genus homo, species Press-agenticus,* and I began practicing jiu-jitsu for fear the real record-holders would attack me on sight for trying to steal their glory."

And swimming, somehow, led to a confession that he was a bit of a sprinter and weight-thrower—in fact, one of the all-around track men at Lafayette (not Lafayette, Indiana, he begged with all the hauteur that Easton, Pennsylvania, feels toward Lafayette, Indiana).

I began to understand that first press agent, and, by way of simplifying matters, I asked:

"Is there anything in the way of outdoor sports that you dont do, Mr. Reid?" And he said, quite simply:

"I've never tried landscape painting."

Tom Forman is a famous Nimrod. He goes out into the tall timber after game in his automobile and forgets there is such a word as good roads in the vocabulary, and, if I can diagnose the picture he gave me to prove his prowess, he cant get in between his own gate-posts when he gets home with the tonneau loaded with deer and bear and jack-rabbits and other trophies of the chase.

And so one might go on indefinitely. Marie Walcamp likes riding and doesn't care whether her horse goes on four feet or two, and if there isn't a horse handy she can jump into the cab of a locomotive and drive it just as well. Mabel Normand swims like a mermaid. Anita King is motor-mad and drove her car all the way across the continent. Cleo Ridgely rode horseback from New York to California. Marie Doro has become a devotee of the most popular of all outdoor sports in southern California, Moving Picture taking. Charlie Chaplin made her a present of a camera, and all her pin-money goes into film, for she shoots everything she sees in motion, from the back yard cat to a floral parade.

Last and littlest, but by no means least of these few doers of outdoor things in filmdom, is little Zoe Bech, alias Zoe Du Rae.

The other week there was a big motor-car parade at Ascot Park for some benefit or other, with all the movie queens sitting tight at the wheels of all the makes of motor-cars there are. Big as life, and braver than most and best driver of them all, was this five-year-old, with her snow-white Spitz, "Cinders," helping to fill the seat.

Somewhere out of sight sat a man who now and then eked out the baby-arms and legs when there was manipulating of the brakes or other things that no human baby could do. But Zoe managed the wheel and had a lot of applause.

It was only the second day after the car was bought that Zoe climbed into her father's lap and said:

"Daddy, I know how to run that car—jump in and I'll give you a ride."

"What do you do?" queried daddy.

"To start the car, I turn on the ignition; then I retard my spark-lever; then I step on the foot-lever; then de-clutch; then I shift my gear into first; then I step on the accelerator; then I watch the trees run backward."

After all, that P. A. wasn't so short and ugly as I thought.

"La Nuit Blanche"

(A modern improvement (!) on Kipling's nightmare)

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

I had seen as dawn was steering
East—I staggered to my rest—
All the stars in Filmdom leering,
As at some infernal pest.
I had seen the eyes of Theda
Burn and quiver, swell and sink;
Was it earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning,
Billie Ritchie, Chaplin, all
Laws of gravitation scorning,
Paraded gently up my wall;
Then I watched a camera walking,
And I heard Bob Leonard sing;
And the Selig zoo all talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Half the night I watched the building
Of a million zigzag sets,
Helped the wizards do the gilding
Of their ordinary pets;
Shook Dave Griffith for his tameness,
Wept for Ince's dying zest;
Beat my breast for Pickford's sameness,
Kicked Arbuckle off my chest.

Next, a chain of leaders, weeping,
Dragging "Later" by the tail,
Waltzed into my hot brain, keeping
Step along the crimson trail.
Kalem's grinning, flashing pinwheel
One-stepped with Triangle's "T",
Beauty's blood-red rose spit cornmeal
In the phiz of Frank X. B.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year-long race,
But that whizzing, square, white curtain
Kept me always in one place.
All the limbs and forms of Undine
Begged me for a place to skip,
So I—with a smile of sunshine—
Gave them all my—upper lip!

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
So I turned and tried to pray.
Nevermore, while time I'm stealing,
On the movies' Gay White Way,
Will I set my poor brain reeling,
Chewing twenty reels per day!

Psychology and the

If you get out Volume P-Q of that new Encyclopedia Brittanica, that you're buying at a dollar down and a dollar ever afterwards, you'll find that the subject of this article isn't so hard as it looks. Reduced to brass tacks, it simply means the way the brain works—my brain, your brain, and the brain of your next-door neighbor (provided he has one). And so the psychology of the screen means the way the Motion Picture actors and actresses express the emotions that are supposed to be going on in their minds—love, maybe; and how some of those be-yootiful heroes and heroines do express that—whee!—or hate, or jealousy, or despair because the cook is leaving—and the way they make these emotions reach out across the orchestra and set the fat drummer in the third row blubbering, or the high-school girl and her beau to holding hands.

In the spoken drama, the audience is continually being coached and directed how to feel. The characters of the play explain and argue and scatter words right and left in the most spendthrift fashion. When the playwright is afraid his audience wont understand the heroine's state of mind, he simply sets the butler and the maid to tidying up the drawing-room to the accompaniment of a conversation something like this:

The Butler (shaking head mournfully)—It fair breaks me heart to see how unhappy the mistress is these days!

The Maid (dusting a papier-mâché bust of Lincoln)—Yes, it's because she's too stout to wear this season's styles. She's afraid she'll have to give up ice-cream sundaes to keep master's love. What brutes you men are!—

VALESKA SURATT

SCENE FROM "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)

EDITH STOREY

Screen

By Dorothy Donnell

SARAH BERNHARDT

THEDA BARA

and so on, until every one knows the whole situation. Now, on the screen it is difficult for an actress to behave like a woman who has had to give up ice-cream sundaes, or yet—as somebody or other has suggested—to enter the room with the air of just having had a cup of tea.

Subtleties like these are too fine for the screen. If the movie audiences are to understand what is going on, only the most elementary and recognizable emotions can be chosen for photoplay use. We've all of us presumably experienced love, remorse, jealousy and sorrow at some time in our lives, and it's dollars to doughnuts we'll know them when we see them. When the handsome hero with the square jaw kisses the lovely heroine with the expensive hair, Friend Wife leans against our shoulder and murmurs, tenderly, "He doesn't do it half so well as you did, Jim; and I dont see—do you?—why they call *her* so good-looking!" And when the villain repents, and dies to slow music, we remember the time we gave a lead nickel to the conductor, and feel for our handkerchiefs in real sympathy.

A few years ago, photoplays were mostly pictures of action, cowboys and Indians on horseback, guns going off, trains being wrecked, autos speeding after fugitives, and "something doing" generally. But people got sick and tired of Chief Rain-in-the-Face and his band of Irish-American Indians, and gun-fights—with the pianist bearing hard on the bass—ceased to thrill. So the word went forth to the scenario writers to work a little plot and heart-interest into their scripts. The "picture-play" became the "silent

OLIVER TWIST SCENE IN "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)

drama," and the movie actors found that it was distinctly up to them to register a large number of emotions, so that they would "get over" to their audiences.

Lacking words, the picture people adopted a sort of shorthand code of gesture to represent different emotions, and the faithful fans have learnt this code by heart. When the persecuted heroine clutches her chest and rolls her eyes, they know she is not having an attack of acute indigestion, but a pang of unrequited affection. When the hero beats his brow and clenches his fist, they know it is not the bill for his wife's new hat that troubles him, but the fact that he has just dropped a couple of millions in Wall Street. Jealousy has its bitten lip; revenge, its flashing eye and set jaw.

When Theda Bara lets down her back hair and runs her hands thru it, in a sort of vampirish shampoo, it is a sign that she is being very naughty. I dont quite know why back hair is as naughty as it is, but when a movie actress lets hers down, it's one of the surest things you know that trouble is brewing. Likewise when she smooths it straight back, à la Valeska Suratt, or parts it and rolls it very low, so that it hides her ears.

When Edith Storey's sensitive nostrils quiver and her eyes dilate, the fan recognizes her portrayal as that of dread. And when Charlie Chaplin stumbles onto the screen, with his million-dollar mustache, he gets a laugh before he earns it, because, in the code of moviedom, a stumble and tumble and ten-cent-store scrap of whisker is mighty humorous.

To be sure, some people do not recognize this code at once. When you take dear old Aunt Matilda from back home to the Motion Pictures, and she sees Charlie Chaplin playfully kick a lady in the stomach, it is just possible that she may nudge you and inquire, anxiously:

"What are all the folks laughing at, anyhow, Lizzie? Why, ef that young feller should cut-up round Green Corners scand'lous as that, the seelect men would put him in the jail."

Come to think of it, I'm blest if I know *why* a short man in baggy trousers, kicking out with a shoe two sizes too large, is so uproariously funny; but it must be, for Charlie gets seven times as much money as the President of the United States every year for doing it. You point out this fact to Aunt Matilda, and when a little later Charlie upsets a perambulator with the crook of his cane, the good old soul is quite convulsed with merriment.

Memory is perhaps the most important function the brain of man performs. Our emotions are nearly all of them dependent on the process of remembering—of tying the present to the past. We cannot hate very cordially without memory; we cannot love successfully, nor hope, nor grieve. A baby's worn shoe is not a pathetic or tender object unless it makes us remember some child we have loved or lost; a rose is significant to a lover because of its connection with past love-episodes; the knife is terrible to a criminal because of the association it has with his crime.

In the representation of this most universal process of psychology, the photoplay has the advantage of the

CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUMBLES ONTO THE SCREEN WITH HIS MILLION-DOLLAR MUSTACHE

spoken drama. It can picture to the spectator the actual scene that is being recalled to the hero or heroine's mind. In Vitagraph's "The Man Who Couldn't Beat God," the man's conscience-tortured brain is bared to the gaze of the audience. He has thought about his old crime so much that sick memory twists ordinary, everyday happenings into visions of his victim. Finally, sitting in a box at a performance of "Oliver Twist," he sees Bill Sykes murdering his light-o'-love, Nancy, and rises up with an irresistible cry of warning and confession. No mere pantomime could portray this man's emotions without the aid of camera trickery. But the "double-exposure," with its possibilities of representing dreams, hallucinations and memories, has done much to change mere *Motion* Pictures into *emotion* pictures with dramatic possibilities of spiritual and mental conflict.

Partly on account of this trick work, the camera is more successful in portraying abnormal phases of the mind than normal ones, the heightened emotions than the simpler and commoner feelings. Thus love makes a better picture-theme than affection or friendship, sorrow than grief, and jealousy than doubt. Of course leaders are often used to explain emotions that cannot very well be visualized, but leaders at their best are boresome affairs, and at their worst they are impertinent interruptions. Two long-separated lovers at last reach each other's arms, but before their lips can meet, the inconsiderate director cuts them off with a remark something on this order:

The Misunderstanding Between Grace and Tom Is Finally Removed.

A bank clerk, worried by the odd millions he had abstracted from the petty-cash drawer, is about to end his troubles with a pistol, and again that busybody of a director interrupts at the crucial point with a leader anent the wages of sin. No, no; as few leaders as possible, if you please, Mr. Photoplaywright, and, if they are necessary, make them at least truer to life than they are now.

A little care taken to make not only the leaders but the letters or newspaper notices shown in the plays more convincing would help a great deal toward improving the psychology of the screen. As it is now, the characters commit the most dangerous secrets to paper, and conveniently lose the paper for some other character to find. Crooks communicate freely by letter, prattling artlessly of murder and robbery; young ladies leave their love-notes about, to be found by irate parents or husbands, and a man informs his wife of his plans as follows (in backhand grammar-school script):

Dear Wife: Am leaving on business for China at two o'clock. Will be back a year from next January.

Your affectionate husband,

Bob.

The psychology of the screen is at present a rather elementary psychology, but one in a wonderful process of development. Its success depends upon the collaboration of the spectator with the playwright in supplying, imagining and interpreting what he cannot say. For this reason it is a valuable aid to concentration and alertness of understanding. In a way, when you and I go to a photoplay, we are author and actor and audience, too, like that famous individual of the Bab Ballads, who was "cap'n and cook and bo'sun, too and crew of the *Nancy's* brig!"

How to Get In the Pictures

MARGUERITE SNOW

RUPERT JULIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This series of articles began in the July issues of the CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Nearly all of the great photoplayers are contributing to make this the most comprehensive and authoritative series of articles ever published. Those who are particularly interested should read *all* of these valuable essays, because opinions differ, and conditions vary in different localities and studios.

MARGUERITE SNOW

the Brilliant Planet of Stardom, Believes Sincerity Is the Final Word

THERE is nothing that has the scope for learning and broadening that the picture field has. It is a very difficult thing to get in nowadays—even as an extra; but if you get an opportunity to start as an extra, take it! It is a very good training, and ofttimes will cure one of camera-fright, which is the silent sister to stage-fright. I think it bad to visit studios every day, as one can usually tell when the casting of a picture is going on. Wait a week, if necessary, but be sure to try again.

Were I out of an engagement, I would try to meet some good producer or director personally, and try to convince him that I was worthy of a trial. I think a few letters are answered; but then it must be remembered that the majority are not; and then again, who knows but what yours may be the lucky one. Of course the applicant should enclose photographs, as it usually can be determined from photographs whether a person will photograph well for the camera. There are some people, however, who photograph much better in Motion Pictures than in stills, and I, therefore, think it a splendid idea to have a few feet of film taken of the applicant, and to have this sent along with the application.

The average salary for beginners, I believe, is about three to five dollars a day, and for those playing small parts, ten dollars. Some extras are fortunate enough to get a guarantee of four or five days a week. I know of quite a number of extras who have finally gotten in. I can cheerfully confess that I, also, was an extra once, and I feel that I am a beginner yet.

A great number of people have succeeded in pictures without stage experience; but I think it must be a great advantage to know repose and expression, which is bound to come with situations and lines in the spoken drama. Originality is almost everything, and it's too bad more of us are not blest with that wonderful trait. It always stands out brilliantly in any gathering, no matter how large, and demands recognition. I have seen an audience held thru a whole evening by a pair of steady, earnest eyes. They do the most acting, the kind that will be remembered the longest.

EDNA GOODRICH

RUPERT JULIAN

Whose "Heavy Leads" Have Made Him Famous, Says One Must Fight Upward from the Ranks

PICTURES, like all other arts and professions, demand those persons who, by nature, are most fitted and adapted to their needs. To the average beginner, the business holds out abundant promises of glory and easy money; but, in reality, it is a hard uphill fight, beset with failures and heart-breaking reverses. It takes a great deal of luck, courage and perseverance to succeed. I certainly believe in every kind of preparation, dancing especially, which adds greatly to the player's deportment.

Personally, I am a believer in actors rather than types. However, talented young people of any type get their chances, and those with brains, temperament, steadfastness, personality and originality will get there in the end. An applicant should use discretion in applying to the director at the opportune moment. Many have lost a chance by pressing a director when his mind was seriously occupied. In sending photographs, it is questionable whether it can be determined from them whether a person will "register" well, because the fact of an applicant "registering" well depends upon his or her ability.

To my mind, starting as an extra is the only way to break in, these days. An introduction or influence is of no value whatsoever, if you haven't it in you. The salary for beginners is from one dollar to ten dollars per day, and for extras about five dollars. To be frank, I have never heard of any one who was really successful who did not begin as an extra. All extras, and even old actors, are coached by directors. The stage and screen alike require every description of face, feature, complexion and form. Variety of action and feature,

MABEL NORMAND

plot and character, is not only the spice of life, it is life; and the stage, as well as the screen, is only life at its crucial periods.

MABEL NORMAND

The Star Who Jumped from Extra to the Head of a Feature Film Company, Thinks "You Have Got to Have Something to Sell"

As it is a very hard proposition to get in these days, I think that an introduction to some head of a studio, or the influence of an official, would mean a big help. The only way for the inexperienced person to start is to apply as an extra. The average salary for extras is from three to five dollars a day, and twenty-five dollars a week and up for people in stock. Most girls that are making a success now—not the stars, but those who are just "coming up"—started as extra girls, and were picked out by directors and given parts. There are so many girls on the lists of the different studios now, however, that it is difficult for a stranger to get a position even as an extra.

I would not advise sending letters of application, as these are usually not answered, unless the person is known professionally. Only a personal talk to back them up will aid and abet all the letters and photos that an amateur might write or send to the studios.

You must learn the ins and outs of each studio; who the casting director, or business manager, is; what his hours are for interviewing applicants; the kind of players he needs. Going to a studio nowadays is "carrying coals to Newcastle," unless your looks and talents—latent or apparent—are the "real goods to sell."

EDNA GOODRICH

Who Has Shared Equal Honors in Musical Comedy, Stage and Screen, Emphasizes Personal Charm

Altho stage experience is not essential, it helps immensely to break into the studio fold. If I were a beginner and wanted to get in, I would seek an introduction to some player in the movies, who has been successful, and take his or her advice. If the applicant can afford it, I would advise having a few feet of film taken of himself or herself, and send this along with the application; but this is not always necessary, as it can usually be determined from a photo whether or not a person will photograph well. There have been many extras who have succeeded by hard work, much patience and willingness. I should say that the principal requirements are naturalness, power of facial expression, personality, originality, grace, and, above all, persons who photograph well. Outside of photographic requirements, I would group all other essentials under the head of personal charm. What is it that instantly attracts us to some people and repels us from others?—personal charm. It's part and parcel of yourself, or else it does not exist. And its expression—its voice—will show in your ease of manner, personality, deportment and facial expression. It can be developed and must be guided by stage training; but it must first be born in you.

DELL HENDERSON

Keystone Director, Who for Eight Years Has Handled Thousands of Types, Says There Is No Middle Ground for Looks

If you are good-looking, or if you are homely, there is an excellent chance to get in today; but if you are just ordinary, passable, the every-day face, there is very little chance, unless you happen to be the possessor of good common-sense and lots of talent. Personally, I think the market is oversupplied with bad photo-players; but there's plenty of room for the good ones. An applicant should apply to the studio manager, and show him that he or she is capable of hard work and study. I advise starting as an extra only when there is absolutely no chance of getting a small part with a company. The only way that I know of for extras to advance themselves is to display their talent. And dont forget that originality counts for everything, too. I know of many extras who have finally gotten in, and, as a matter of fact, mostly all of the Moving Picture stars started as extras.

THOMAS SANTSCHI

Selig's Sterling "Character Lead," Declares This the Day of Strong Personality and Decided Types

This is the day of types, and the beginner hasn't the chance he had a few years ago. Yet, talent is of great value to those who are starting at the foot of the ladder, and I advise starting as an extra, as a great deal of experience can be gained by so doing. The chances, of course, are much more in an applicant's favor if he should call personally at the studio, altho I think quite a few application letters are usually answered, provided bust and full-figure photographs are enclosed. Of course, it cannot always be determined from a photograph whether a person will "register" well on the screen; but still, in many cases I think it hardly practical for the applicant to have a few feet of film taken of himself or herself.

Yes, indeed, I know of a good many extras, some of them of my personal acquaintance, who are very clever actor-directors today. If you should ask them how they got there, I am quite sure that they would tell you that it was only by close attention to the work that they were directed in, personal magnetism, and by trying to improve on what they had done.

Stage experience is not always essential, but is a big asset. However, some of our most popular screen stars of today were inexperienced in pictures; but, personally, I think that a person with no experience has very little or no chance of getting placed with a company, unless he or she happens to be a "type." The day of just pretty girls and handsome men who simply walk, or pose, thru a picture has come and gone.

CLAY M. GREENE

Lubin's Distinguished Author-Director, Gives Some Succinct "Donts"

Dont forget that extras can advance by: attention to calls; profit that they know what ladies and gentlemen look like; by minding their own business; by not being "catty," and by constant proof of earnestness.

Dont go into Moving Pictures for the fun of the thing.

Dont dream of it, unless you have some reputation in the drama, or are willing to suffer many disappointments and humiliations before you get your chance.

Dont consider it, unless you are thick-skinned and willing to suffer many stings from evil tongues. This will surely come to you, especially if you are promising enough to be advanced rapidly. There are more "knockers" in the Moving Picture business than in any other walk of public life.

Dont let any one convince you that it is easy work and plain sailing, for it is full of head-winds.

Dont, unless you are sure of yourself, make the effort—it wont count.

Dont be blind; if you haven't qualifications and have neither experience nor "pull," let it alone.

Dont mince matters. Is it worth while at all? That is open to serious question.

The Enemy

by Gladys Hall

Vitagraph

This story was written from the Photoplay of CANFIELD THOMPSON, Based Upon the Novel by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

It would take O. Henry to describe Mike Doud's "Sink." It would take his pen—dipped in the ink of sympathy, wise with understanding, at one with man, erring and godlike—to give to you the atmosphere of the flotsam and jetsam collected in that place. Creatures distorted beyond all semblance to men—human *things* with the evil in them, the animal greed in them, hideously pre-eminent; derelicts with pasts behind them, stranger than any Arabian Nights, crueler than the grave to which each was traveling along the whisky route. Driftwood tossed ashore from God alone could tell what turgid, troubled seas.

"Slumming" one night, it was my unforgettable privilege to hear one of these pasts direct from the unfortunate who had lived it, to be projected, too, for a brief instant, into his future.

I shall never forget the evilly smelling place—the rank stench of strong, cheap whisky; the stink of soggy cigar-butts; the loathly odors of creatures to whom bathrooms are a joke and water an excrescence upon the face of the earth; to whom existence means but whisky and sodden sleep, sodden sleep and whisky; who wake but to lurid intervals in which their past lives take on unendurably haunting forms: black hells of a despair, under which they sink again, defeated. It was in such an interval that Hamilton Stuart told his tale. Sitting there in the bad light, his conflicting face seen now dimly, now vividly, thru the shifting smoke, his clothes recently well tailored, his face presentably shaven, his eyes wide and stricken, his mouth spongy and craven—dear Heaven!—I shall never forget him——

"Whisky!" he screamed suddenly. "Whisky is what does it: takes from us our splendid nudity; gives us, instead, filthy carcasses, lower than the beasts; filches away our souls—our souls Christ Jesus died for—ha!—for such as we—for you, Red Whitey, and Piggy Marshall, and all of you! He died for such as you. And women—women, too"—his voice sank, and he crouched back on his bench—"they have been a million times crucified," he said, "for such as we; they have given their honor and their youth, their first-borns and their strength to such as we. And in the end, what do we do, Red Whitey? In the end, what do we do? We throw it in their faces—the whole, indescribable miracle of it—the pain and the shame—the giving without end—for *whisky!* We carve for ourselves careers—out of the sinews of our youth; we plan and toil and dream and achieve; we reach pinnacles and look down upon the fawning backs of men. We hold forth our hands, and behold! they are filled with the fruits of our labors; and we toss it all away—for *whisky!*

"I had done all of that," he mumbled. "I had won the woman I loved—that I should live to voice it in such a place! I had a little baby; she could have made a heaven out of such a hell as this, with her corn-flower eyes and her unearthly

purity, but she could not save her father. And yet, thru the many years, her voice comes to me still like a clear bell; I remember her awakenings as one remembers an unfolding rose; I feel her little, chubby hand in mine till my palms ache with the memory; I hear her call me Daddy, and it is the only prayer I know.

"And I had won my laurels; they hadn't been easily won. To be a structural architect is to have studied, and thought, and worked unceasingly. It held not only a necessarily vast knowledge, but a vaster responsibility. Why, I knew the very foundations of this city of New York by heart! I could have told, in those triumphant days, the lay of each clod of earth, the formation of the very substratum, the courses of the underlying waters.

"I had won friends—friends who would have pal-ed with me along the twilight years: friends who had worked with me, shoulder to shoul-, der, and counted the work good; friends who played with me after that work was done. Good old boys, I haven't forgotten them yet. I wonder were you ever such an one, Red Whitey? Sometimes there is that in your fleshly eye that makes me think of other things than Doud's 'Sink.' All right, old chap, dont answer; you cant—God help you!—you've had the one too many.

"Ever hear of the resurrection of the dead? Ever believe that it could be so? It can, even in life, in a measure. But the dead go back to their graves again, old tops; the whisky dead always—go back to their graves. We may rise for a brief instant and startle the world with our living presentments, but the old grave is yawning for us all the time, and in the end —we go——

"I had been in the grave a long time—— Whisky, Mike, for the sake of—— Thanks, old man; I've got to tell this tale tonight—tonight or—never. Maybe—I guess not—but *maybe* it will reach some poor wreck and pull him safe ashore; maybe it will do nothing other than send—but that's neither here nor there, old man—that's neither here nor there. Perhaps I ramble; but you're all asleep, you bums—not one of you is listening—and if you were, then would you understand? It was like this: I was about thirty-five when it got me for keeps —the booze—previous to that I had been a 'gentleman-drinker.' Dont let them fool you, boys, a souse is a souse, and there's no hair-line between the two. Whisky is whisky, and the love of it is the love of it—and there's no two names to call it, even tho there are two ways. They tried—oh, of course, they tried—my Jean, my wife—and my baby. They roped me round about with their soft, tender arms; they tried to satiate my lips with their eager kisses; they perfumed my whole existence with the fervor — the striving of their love. Stronger than it all, assailing first my nostrils, then my will-power, then the very roots of my manhood, came whisky. I reached over all of them and grasped it. I shamed them, humiliated them, repented, fell again, laughed at them, cursed them, abused them, then capitulated. Yes, I capitulated thoroly. Harrison Stuart died. And there followed a hell of years. There was no reckoned time. There was no abiding place. There was no scheme of things. There was no ordered plan. The body ceased to exist. The soul atrophied. The mind dived into its own cesspool, and wallowed there. There must have been short trips—with whisky along the road, and whisky at the end. There must have been run-ins with the police, tho for the most part I believe I was as inoffensive as a whisky-soak can be. I drank, and crawled into some hole to sleep it off. Then, like some filthy, bellied thing, I crawled forth again, and drank again. And so they went—those years.

"HE WAS TALL AND BUILT LIKE A GREEK GOD"

BILLY'S VALET BECOMES NURSE AND MOTHER TO THE UNREGENERATE TOPER

"One day, a very short time ago, I heard two men talking; as they talked they came into the 'Sink.' One was short, keen-eyed, alert; he didn't interest me much. The other was tall and built like a Greek god. He had kindly, intelligent eyes and a cynically humorous mouth. I

had the fool fancy that women would like him—uncomfortably. But it was their talk that 'got me.' I hadn't heard that talk thru all the years. They were talking 'shop,' my 'shop'—the one thing on earth I thoroly understand—the one thing on which no man ever dared to touch me. I crept to the bar, and leaned over it, and listened. They were talking about a survey they had made, and something being solid as the universe. I didn't get it all. I didn't need to. I knew my job, and by the same token I knew my New York. I faced them. 'Survey's wrong!' I snarled aloud; 'shale upcropping; substratum runs down there like a trough; you're on the point——'

"The tall one, Billy Lane, knew I was talking straight. He is the success he is only because he is astute. He was able to see, under the horror of my exterior, the knowledge that lodged there. He took me home with him.

"There followed a nightmare week, a week in which Billy's valet guarded me night and day, jabbed me unmercifully with the hypo, doled out only enough whisky to keep me from going off my nut, and finally achieved my resurrection.

"Then he made me over. You chaps had called me 'Bow-wow'; you would call me 'Bow-wow' again if you got the chance, but that's neither here nor there. The day I appeared in his study, freshly clad, shaven, manicured, pallid as death, sober as a judge, Billy recognized me! He was the 'younger generation knocking at my door,' as Ibsen would say. He was the man who *could* have been my son, but my fame had not died out. My name was still revered by my fellow professionals. When he recognized me I broke down. I blubbered all over the place, and I begged him to find my family, the wife I had left, and the little, fairy daughter who seemed still to be the baby to me. I told him my whole history, and as he listened I saw him change color and shift in his chair. When I finished, 'It gets me, too, Stuart,' he said; 'I have to fight it like the very devil let loose.

I did it at first just for good fellowship. I do it now, often, because I have to.'

"I felt sick all over while he was speaking. He was so stalwart, so full of promise. He had before him all the tomorrows I had cast aside. I dont know how I talked to him, but I tried to make those rum-soaked years real years to him. I recalled myself to his mind as I had been when he found me—loathsomely bearded, unbathed, unkempt, noisome. I held myself up to him as I *had* been long before he had ever known me—beloved, famed, successful, powerful. I tried to ask him if it were worth the while, and all the while I shuddered, for these same things had been said to me, and a woman had pleaded with me with her whole life, and a little baby had begged with her whole innocence—bah! Whisky, Mike, a long one; ah, but it hits the vitals——

"We worked together, he and I. He was rapidly rising to the place none other had held since my day, and this Pannard Building was going to be a big thing for him. But I knew New York, and I gave him points he never could have grasped. Ah, but it felt good to grasp the T-square —to bend my mind to the old figuring, the old calculating—to thrill again to the joy of having conquered.

"And while we were working, he found my wife and my little one. And when he told me about it, I knew that he had found more than *my* little one—he had found the woman who was to mean the secret of life to him. 'She is beautiful,' he said simply when I asked about her, breathlessly, avidly. 'More beautiful than the most beautiful woman you have ever dreamt of.'

"'And Jean?' I asked him; 'my—wife?'

"'She is beautiful, too,' he told me, 'but it is the beauty of great pain—the inner glory shining thru flesh that has borne too much.'

"That night I fought a terrific battle. After all, old chaps, I think I'm glad I shall not fight that way again—the sweat, and the nausea—the dizzy ache—the craving that grabs your innards and twists them about to a jellied pulp. God, yes, I am glad! I'll not fight again! I fought till I fought it down, and fell on my bed limp. But I knew that I must

"ONE DAY TAVY CAME TO OUR OFFICES"

"NOT TILL YOU'VE BEATEN IT, BY GOD!"

work—that I dared not think of them again—that I must shut out the thought of her beautiful face, glorified by pain, before I let whisky shut it out for me. After all, old chaps, it shuts out many things—the whisky: memories too sweet to bear—pain too sad to stand thru—regret too bitter to mock; fears are bullied into crazy joys; it shuts—out—many—things——

"He tried to make me take my name again, but I refused. 'Harrison Stuart is dead,' I affirmed, 'and until he wins the right to live again he must remain dead. It is better so.' However, I took an office in his suite, and I worked for and with him. We did some big things, and always he begged me to own up—to take my name and the new laurels I was winning. 'No, no, boy,' I told him, 'Laurels didn't harness me that time, and they wont this. Work for the sake of working is the only boon I want, and perhaps, some day, when I can look whisky in the face and laugh at it, when the strong odor of it leaves me unmoved and pulseless, when it and I can inhabit the same earth together, and be as separate as the poles, then Harrison Stuart will live again. More of the stuff, Mike; there's no call for the poles now. I can forget—I am—forgetting——

"There would be nights when Billy would sit and tell me about my little Tavy—my baby. And I knew that he had come to love her with a great and tremendous love. But I knew that the love of whisky is more stringent than the love of any woman, and I doubted that—Billy and whisky were the necessary poles apart.

"One day Tavy came to our offices. Billy came to me excitedly. 'Now you can see her!' he beamed; 'aren't you glad?' But the years that I had been called 'Bow-wow' rose and faced me—the disgraced, the darkly hidden years—and I knew that the right was foregone. 'I should like to see her,' I managed to answer, tonelessly, 'but not as her father, if you please.' And so I stood before her as 'Mr. John Doe'—took her soft, little hand in mine—the same little hand that had come to me among my dung-hills with its moist, clinging pressure—heard her voice, gravely sweet—the same voice that had sounded in my befogged ears like the clear tinkling of a bell—and made polite answers to polite queries. Flesh of my very flesh—bone of my bone—the child of my loins—the being I had helped to make manifest—and I stood before her a stranger, fearful to touch the hem of her dainty gown—fearful to soil her with the breathing of my name. Inside of me my soul cowered and shuddered and was sick. I was glad when I could go and crouch over my desk—and suffer—— Another, Mike; ah-h, it is good—not to suffer again—— "That night Billy told me he was going to marry her—that she loved him—and that her mother had consented. I went suddenly mad. I think I sprang for him, for as he told me he helped himself from the decanter that always stood in his den. 'No!' I shouted as we wrestled back and forth; 'no! *no!* NO!'

"SHE HELD OUT HER MOTHER ARMS—AND THEN BILLY LOOKED AT ME—HE HAD WON"

"Before me loomed my girl's sweet face, serene, unmarred, content. Before me loomed her mother's face as it must be, dimmed and worn and patient with weary years. I saw Tavy keeping the old, sickening watches—I saw her saying the old, futile prayers—I saw her beauty dimming in the old, inevitable way—and I fought.

"'Not till you've beaten it, by God!' I gasped as we sank apart into opposite chairs; 'not till you've beaten it to the *finish*. When you have, and when I have, we'll go to her, together. What do you say, Billy-boy?'

"I leaned forward and laid my hand on his knee. I loved him. He gave me my resurrection. But I loved Tavy better, for I had given *her* life, and if I could I wanted it to be a better life than I had made her mother's. Perhaps—over there—there will be wives and mothers, and they will always smile—there will be no whisky—no whisky craving. Pour me a dose, Mike; it'll clear the fog from my brain. Thanks, old man; you're as good as they come, Mike, if you have sent more men to hell from here than could be counted by the score.

"He fought a good fight; there was a woman—I'd suspected this from the first—who loved him. She tried to get him from Tavy by putting a 'stick' in some supposedly harmless punch, and getting him lit to the eyes, but Tavy stuck to him. She rode with him till the morning, forgetting her mother, forgetting everything but the man who was too weak to be alone. She would do that—Tavy. It is in her blood—from her mother—to stick and cling—to forget all else but the man beloved—and then to forgive when the unforgivable has been done. And they say the day of miracles has passed. Every day a woman loves and gives—and every day a man takes, and takes again—a miracle has been wrought. A miracle so often brought to pass that men pass it by as an unworthy thing, and never feel its glory till—till down here at the bottom rung we look up at it, and close our eyes—and—*drink!*

"That night I went to her mother. I heard that Billy was drunk, and that Tavy had stayed out in the machine with him, and I couldn't bear it—for Jean. In my sane moments, when the whisky let go my throat, I know that I was kind to her, that I loved her. I believe that she would tell you, even now, that she had all that a woman craves of tenderness and understanding and love. I knew that she was bleeding inwardly for her baby—the only thing I had left her—the precious thing she had tended with such beautiful results. I felt that I must tell her that Billy would not harm her; that, tho drunk, she would be safe with him; that

this was his first lapse in weeks in the face of temptations which I could never have endured. I had come to know that the booze had not really 'got' him. I had been almost satisfied that he was planted solidly on his feet.

"So I—went to her—after fifteen years. I guess I wont tell about it. I'd like to. It'd do you all good. But I cant. Only—if God should lean the unspeakable glory of His face into *this* room it couldn't be more brilliant than the glory in my twisted soul when I came face to face with her again—face to her poor, saddened face—when, in answer to my silent standing, she held out her mother-arms and took me to her heart. Oh, it was good to be there, so good——"

The strong voice halted, and droned off; the erect head sagged, and I crept nearer into the room, fearful to lose a word of the tale to which I believe I was the only listener, save only Mike Doud, who woke with a start from a snoring slumber every now and then. It was growing very late, and the lights seemed guttering inside the smeared brackets.

"Deep inside me I shall carry that moment," he resumed quietly, "and take it to the feet of God, and say, 'If a woman of flesh and blood can pardon so divinely, then what of Thee?" And if He turns me out I shall laugh till my laughter cracks the walls of Heaven and warps the floors of hell. I shall laugh till the secrets of eternity split asunder and the screaming farce is revealed; and if He forgives, then I shall say, 'God made, not *man,* but *woman* in His own image.'

"We waited together till they came in, and while we waited she begged me to come back. I told her that the fight was not yet wholly fought—that I must be *sure* first.

"When they came in, a friend of Billy's came, too, and they explained the whole put-up job. And when Billy looked at me I knew that he had won. And we gave her to him.

"After that came the triumph of the Pitzman prize with its award of $10,000. I had won it, but Billy had helped, and I begged him to keep silence. He refused, and disclosed my identity. They flocked in around me—some of the old crowd who had been my confrères in the days before the grave—some of the newer school who stood in awe of the great Harrison Stuart. Nothing would do but they must give me a banquet. They took me to the old clubs, and drank to me, and I responded in water, and began to believe the grave had yielded up her prey and did not want it back. I began to hug to my breast the thought of twilight years with Jean—years in which I would soothe away the sad tears of the past. The fire of the dawning had gone, but the evening time might hold for us a wealth of temperate joys—and there would be Billy and Tavy to give us our youth again. I dreamed——

"At the banquet Tavy and Jean sat in a box in the balcony. They were beautiful that night—Tavy in her glorious youth, standing with her tremulous, eager little feet on the brink of the Great Adventure—Jean smiling thru her mist of tears foregone. I looked up at them from my place of honor, and my heart swelled till it filled my breast like a mighty organ. That night, I said, I would go home with them. That night I would know myself a victor.

"They fêted me, and did me honor. They toasted me, and cheered me, and I stood in the place I had stood in those many years ago, and responded, smilingly, in water. I was 'The Man Who Came Back'—and I *had* come back, I triumphed—come back as I had not believed it possible to do. And then——

"They placed the after-dinner brandy about, and in my excitement I heedlessly took a sip of mine—yes, old stuff, you make the heart forget—and—like a monster it woke in me, and my brain reeled in its orbit—and—went out. I reached for the glass next me, and drained that. I stole the glass on the other side, and drained that. I looked up at Jean and Tavy with a fatuous smile. Their faces seemed to recede as from a great distance. All at once I knew that I did not care. All at once I knew that I never would care again. I gave a hideous yell. 'Whisky!' I screamed, rising and extending my arms; 'whisky!—that's what does it—lower than the beasts—filches away our souls—the souls Christ Jesus died for—and women—women, too——' I looked up again at Tavy and Jean—a stricken, swaying, pallid Tavy and Jean. 'Women, too!' I shrieked again, 'women, too——'

"Then Billy had me by the arms, and forced me out—Billy, breathing hard and as tho he were sobbing.

"The rest doesn't matter. They tried, but I dodged them. At every turn I dodged them. And here I am. The whisky grave might yawn and give me up again—it's better not. Keep off me, Jerry—what was it some one said? 'It's a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done—it's a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known!' He spoke the truth, that man. Lights out, boys—lights—out——"

A pistol-shot rang out. There were screams like carrion birds when they flock, yawking, over some offal prey. The place swarmed like an infected hole. The human rats ran hither and thither. Some one sobbed insanely. Some one cursed. Some one prayed.

THERE WERE SCREAMS LIKE CARRION BIRDS—SOME ONE CURSED—SOME ONE PRAYED

A Pictorial Trip to Universal City

LOUISE LOVELY

ELLA HALL, THE DAINTY LITTLE STAR WHO BECAME FAMOUS WITH ROBERT LEONARD

YVETTE MITCHELL, WHEN SHE PRAYS, YOU SEE, HAS TAUGHT HER COLLIE TO PRAY WITH HER

MOLLY MALONEY MAKES A GOOD COUNTRY BOY AND ENJOYS PLAYING SUCH PARTS

HERBERT RAWLINSON, LAID UP IN A HOSPITAL FOR REPAIRS, BUT AS SMILING AS EVER

RUPERT JULIAN, IN COSTUME, WAITING FOR A SET TO BE COMPLETED BEFORE GOING IN TO DIRECT IT

PRISCILLA DEAN

RAYMOND WELLS AND RUTH STONEHOUSE

JACK KERRIGAN AND LOUISE LOVELY

IRENE HUNT AND LE ROY SCOTT

CLAIRE MC DOWELL

Big Moments from Popular Serials

MARIE WALCAMP, AS LIBERTY, EDDIE POLO, AS PEDRO, AND JACK HOLT, AS BOB RUTLEDGE, HIDING FROM THE INSURRECTOS IN THE MEXICAN MOUNTAINS ("LIBERTY," EPISODE 1)

"Liberty, oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" was uttered before "Liberty of the Border" came into existence, but what she is going thru—tortures, hair-breadth escapes, intrigues—makes the immortal quotation to order for her.

MAURICE COSTELLO, ETHEL GRANDIN AND THOMAS MCGRANE ("CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY," EPISODE 8)

Maurice Costello as Harold Stanley, and Ethel Grandin as Florence Montrose, are deeply enmeshed in the power of the "Crimson Stain," a blackmailing gang. They have lived thru eight episodes—charmed lives indeed!

JUANITA HANSEN, AS CLEO, IS RESCUED FROM THE SEA BY AN OLD FISHERMAN ("THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE," EPISODE 15)

Thomas Chatterton as Jarvis Hope, U. S. N., is in charge of a wonderful new submarine. Information of it leaks out, and he is beset by foreign spies. There follow his thrilling adventures in defense of Uncle Sam's new sea weapon, and of his sweetheart, Cleo Burke.

VICTOR N
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Putting the Laugh in the Films

HERE ARE ABOUT ALL OF THE GREAT LAUGH-MAKERS OF THE SCREEN. DO YOU RECOGNIZE THEM?

scene of itself to inspire laughter, yet the entire atmosphere of the pictured action on the screen was conducive to hilarious and unrestrained expression of humor. Such is the psychology of human nature that we laugh without knowing why we laugh, at things that, when analyzed coldly and calmly, develop nothing that is humorous.

In the illustration cited above, what was there funny about a girl's being carried away to unknown dangers in a runaway balloon? Or in the frantic efforts of a fat man in a bathing-suit exerting all his strength in an heroic effort to prevent such a disaster?

To all intents and purposes, the situation, as viewed on the screen, was extremely serious and was treated as such by the two principals. Yet there was an indefinable, subtle touch of comedy, an atmosphere of humor about the scenes and the action of the story that evoked continuous and responsive laughter.

And the picture did seem to be funny when viewed with the audience. The writer has a very vivid recollection of standing in the rear of the crowded theater and laughing with the audience as "Fatty" (yes, the fat man was Roscoe Arbuckle) valiantly strained at the rope and then unaccountably fell sprawling backward, while the balloon—with

Mabel Normand as its passenger—again soared upward. And here enters an indisputable element of the psychology of Moving Picture comedy—screen humor is never so contagious as when viewed in a crowded theater. It has been demonstrated again and again that film farce, when viewed by a comparative few, will fall flat, yet be a perfect riot of fun when projected before a large audience.

Reverting for the moment to the comedy mentioned in the foregoing, it is of some interest to mention that, to the best of the writer's belief and knowledge, this was Roscoe Arbuckle's first appearance as a Keystone star. It is typical, however, of Fatty's style—to treat comedy seriously. Both Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand achieve their best results by treating comedy seriously.

Analysis of Moving Picture comedy points irrefutably to the fact that it is only a short step from the dramatic to the farcical, from tragedy to comedy. Settings, environment, atmosphere — all contribute to the ultimate result, and the production of dramatic interest or laugh-making situations oft-times swings on a very slight pivot. The same fundamental action that makes an essentially dramatic scene thrill an audience with suspense, may, with only a subtle change of atmosphere, rouse that same audience to spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

It is the writer's firm belief that the greatest living tragedian of the legitimate stage of today, appearing before the camera and in the hands of a competent director, giving the same degree of seriousness to his comedy that he is accustomed to give to his tragedy, would prove a perfect riot of fun and laughter without a single effort on his part.

Apropos of this truth, a well-known film manufacturer said recently, in discussing with the writer the general subject of comedy films:

"I had a funny experience a few years ago that bears somewhat on this question. We had been working on a picture that was plotted as a straight melodrama. Somehow it didn't come out quite as we had expected it would, and as an experiment I put some comedy titles in, burlesqued one or two scenes, and sent it out as a farce with the title, 'The Mystery of the Salt Mackerel Mine.' It proved the biggest comedy success that I think we have ever turned out. Yet it was staged originally as a serious dramatic production and filmed as such."

Many rules might be given for

making successful comedies, and to every one, one hundred and one objections might be voiced.

Personality counts. Yet some of the funniest of stage comedians have failed utterly in screen comedy.

Charlie Chaplin's success as a screen comedian is undoubtedly due to a happy combination of screen personality—and there is a vast difference between screen personality and stage personality—and original mannerisms and stunts. Imitators have tried to do on the screen the same things that Chaplin has done with unparalleled success, and failed dismally—their imitations only inviting comparison with the comedy idol of the nation.

On the other hand, impersonations of Chaplin on the vaudeville stage or the speaking stage almost invariably result in storms of laughter. The line between impersonation and imitation is finely drawn, but it is drawn nevertheless, and the one succeeds and the other fails for pretty much the same reason.

To a very large extent Chaplin's success may be said to lie in the fact that Chaplin is always Chaplin. No matter what character he may impersonate, or what his surroundings, he never completely merges his identity with that of the character he portrays.

His make-up may be perfect. His impersonations may be wonderfully realistic. But never is there any doubt that it is Chaplin. He is always himself—that droll, irresistible, comical chap who has been making people laugh on both sides of the Atlantic ever since his first appearance on the stage of a London music hall a score of years ago.

This trait is not peculiar to Chaplin, however, but is possessed by practically all of the screen comedians who have achieved lasting popularity.

By being essentially themselves and treating their comedy seriously, they have made millions laugh where mere burlesquers have failed. Facial distortion and grimaces are not necessary to their comedy, and it has been the failure to recognize this fact that has caused many would-be screen comedians to fail.

Character make-up, on the other hand, has proven frequently the success of film comedians. Ford Sterling with goatee, glasses and high hat became a popular favorite, yet is hardly recognizable when disguised as himself. Yet even then he gets the laughs.

Chaplin is funny without his dinky little mustache and his big shoes—remember him as the souse in that old Keystone?—but not nearly so funny as in the character that his vast following knows. The mere flashing of Chaplin's name on the screen today is provocative of laughter.

Billie Ritchie, in style, mannerisms and make-up, approaches Chaplin closely and has almost as many imitators. There are many, indeed, who argue that Ritchie is himself an imitator of Chaplin. Both, however, claim originality for what is undoubtedly the most popular style of film comedy make-up today.

With just enough individuality to make him seem different, yet withal following closely the general style of both Chaplin and Ritchie, Hank Mann is rapidly forging his way to the front in the field of screen comedy and is destined to achieve equal and perhaps greater popularity.

Mack Sennet, the dean of comedy directors, is quoting as saying:

"It is doing the unexpected at the unexpected moment that constitutes one of the essentials of real laugh-provoking screen comedy. The player must know instinctively and intuitively just what to do and when to do it. A second too soon or a second too late, and the whole effect is lost."

This is a rule that applies particularly to that style of comedy commonly termed in film parlance "slapstick," and it is for this very reason that few if any pictures of this style possess any well-defined plot or story. The action, to a very large extent, is, and must be, extemporaneous.

"Slapstick" comedies are undoubtedly the vogue of the day, and the more carelessly they are thrown together, yet following at the same time the more or less well-defined rules that apply to this style of farce, the funnier they are. It is perhaps strange, but none the less true, that to see one comedian beat another over the head with a mallet until he reels and falls in seeming unconsciousness, invariably results in a whirlwind of laughter. Brick and pie throwing tactics always get the laughs and water stuff never fails.

The law of contrasts is particularly applicable to screen comedy. To go literally from the sublime to the ridiculous, one moment doing what may be reasonably expected, and the next something totally different, is one of the most universally successful and most prevalent rules of comedy direction. Many of the funniest comedies ever screened have relied on this rule for their big moments, working up to tremendous dramatic climaxes and then at one stroke smashing the dramatic interest with a comedy touch, as a house of blocks may be tumbled to the floor with one sweep of the hand.

In following this line of development the modern comedy is becoming as sensational in treatment as the melodrama of old. Nor are "fake" thrills longer effective. The blasé picture-goer of today, gulled with sensationalism, demands the real thing. Studio scenes dont go any more and are easily detected.

In this field of comedy the Triangle-Keystones seem to lead, but are by no means alone. For example, in a recent release, real villains tie a real girl to a real railroad track. A real locomotive rushes down upon her as she lies bound, gagged and helpless across the rails. It approaches within a few feet of her. The audience is thrilled with suspense and revels in the excitement of the moment until—just when it seems that the onrushing locomotive must crush her beneath its wheels, it strikes a switch, hitherto unseen, and crashes thru the side of a "brick" building, the papier-mâché bricks flying in every direction.

Sensationalism to the 'nth degree abounded in this production. All the old-time melodramatic thrills were resorted to, but always with a comedy twist and an unexpected ending that gave them an entirely new angle and resulted in storms of laughter.

Consequently the making of comedy films today requires the same degree of serious attention as is given dramatic productions. The players take just as many chances in creating comedy thrills as the dramatic players do in furnishing the audiences with real hair-raising excitement. Similarly, the same attention to detail and setting that characterizes the making of a dramatic picture applies, and often much more money is actually spent in the staging of a farce than in the filming of a straight dramatic subject.

But the world must laugh. The theater managers are crying constantly "Gives us more comedies!" and the producers are seeking hourly to find some new way of putting the laugh in the films. There are many who claim that the demand for the "slapstick" comedy is waning. But if so, its successor has not yet been found, and today Charlie Chaplin, Hank Mann, Billie Ritchie and the followers of the rough-and-tumble brand of comedy are in their zenith. What the morrow brings no man can know.

Behind the Screen

Relating the Latest Adventures of Charlie Chaplin

By JOHN OLDEN

It was day and night work in the Sunset studio. When it rained or fogged for five or six days at a stretch, the dramatic ribbons were ground out at night; and when the sun condescended to peep forth, there was feverish activity to make up the lost daylight.

The directors were temperamental and appeared to thrive on the fickle weather; but the curse of Endor seemed to have fastened upon Alec, the fat property-man, who was neither industriously, spiritually, nor temperamentally inclined. He needed sleep, did Alec, with an hour or two over his beer at the lunch-hour. This ceaseless struggle with the weather and with directors' temperaments had worn him down to baggy cheeks and a perpetual, nervous growl.

But Alec was forced to complain under his breath. His lords and masters, the directors, had built up a high reputation for him. He was thought to be a man with a double, if somewhat vulgar, brain, and gifted with at least six sets of arms. The studio revolved around him, so he thought, and the stars and ingénues and leading men were but puppets that danced foolishly in and out of his sets.

There came a sun-bathed morning, following upon two days of drizzle and two nights of strenuous hustling under the "overheads," when Alec made up his mind to chuck his job. He meant to do it dramatically, as befitting his station of property-man. The studio must appear to be a disorganized wreck without his guiding hand.

The sun was still cozily resting on the saddle of the mountain range back of the town, and the night watchman was still taking his forty winks, when Alec started to tug the heavy "flats" out of their frames and to lug them onto the studio floor. At last, perspiring greatly, he had made a heterogeneous mountain of the painted canvas walls of everything from a Louis Quatorze salon to a Barbary Coast gin-mill.

In his satisfaction at leaving the disaster complete behind him, Alec proceeded to disembowel the property-room and to scatter his thousand-and-one props —parlor furniture, rusty typewriters, suits of armor, wooden cannon—in disordered heaps across the stage.

As he stood puffing and perspiring amidst the confusion, tears of self-righteousness sprang into his eyes. "Holy smoke!" he commiserated. "How those bum directors will miss your Uncle Alec!"

In the golden sunrise he slipped on his coat and started to go. Something of the exultation of Nero was within him, as he watched the burning of Rome, and then, as the property-man lumbered proudly across the huge, deserted stage, the Great Fear smote him. Each tumbled "flat," each heap of backing, each outraged property seemed to rise up like ghosts and haunt him with their helplessness.

Alec stood, alone and trembling, in the

"IT'S EASY, KID—I'VE BEEN THRU IT MYSELF"

midst of his ruin. The swelling and scowling visage of the supervising director appeared to tower over him. The chorus of outraged directors' and actors' voices babbled in his ears. Panic seized him, and he lifted his heavy feet in furious flight.

As the winded property-man rounded the last monument of "flats," he was brought up standing by the sight of a little creature in baggy trousers and ridiculous, overgrown shoes, who stood on the edge of the stage and twirled his walking-stick merrily.

"Huh! Watcha lookin' for, kid?" bellowed Alec.

"I want to be a picture actor," replied the little creature, with a voice the size of a canary's. "Can you direct me to the proper party?"

"Surest thing yuh know," said Alec; "I'm the guy what bosses the whole establishment."

At this the little man took off his hat respectfully, and made a nimble bow, so that his tight curls jostled in the morning breeze.

"The only way, son," confided Alec, leading his victim to the privacy behind a huge paint-frame, "is to begin at the beginning and work up. Just three years ago I started in here pastin' the labels on booze bottles and hammerin' the studs into them military dress-suits. By workin' meself to the skin an' bone and goin' without grub an' sleep, I've riz to be head 'props' and boss of the whole film foundry."

The little applicant surveyed Alec's waist-heavy bulk appreciatively. "If you are skin and bone," he said, "and the work agrees with you like that, I am willing to be a martyr."

"Aw right," cried Alec, spinning his new assistant around on one heel, "you're engaged as assistant property-man. Gimme a hand at puttin' them 'flats' and 'props' to rights. It's turrible the way them bum directors muss up things."

Under the property-man's direction, the diminutive helper performed prodigies of labor. One by one he up-ended the heavy "flats" and staggered across the never-ending stage with them. He was as playful as a kitten and as tireless. The endless assortment of bestrewn properties were a ceaseless wonder to him, and he extracted all sorts of amusement out of the task of toting them back to their shelves. When, in the course of an hour, he had done more work than Alec performed in a full twenty-four, the stage was swept quite bare of its confusion, and nothing remained but a sprawling, straw dummy, dressed in dingy evening-clothes.

"Yank that stiff in," ordered Alec, "and kick him in the slats good an' hard fer muh."

The assistant did as he was bid, and even improvised an emotional scene, wherein the dummy was an intoxicated gentleman, and himself and a sofa were the "hurry-up wagon" and its officer. With violent expostulation on the part of the dummy, he was finally wrestled onto the sofa and carried to the property-room, where he was deposited head first in a portable bathtub.

One by one, or in little, shabby, genteel groups, actors began to arrive at the gates and to gather in the yard. Alec made feints at bustling about and kept a wary eye peeled for the supervising director.

"Say, bo," he confided sleepily to his assistant, "you're the goods, aw right, and I'm goin' to let you take my job a day while I catch up a year's sleep. There's sun today and lots of doin's, so be on the job."

Presently a tall, bow-chested man whirled up in a car and stepped out on the bare stage. His hands were full of diagrams, and he

HE WRAPT HER SNUGLY IN THE BRIGHT BROCADE

proceeded to get busy by making rapid chalk-marks on the floor.

"Hey, Alec!" he cried, "shoot in that bar-room set for stage two and knock 'er up in a hurry."

The little assistant was right on the job, and in a few words he explained that he had been engaged as assistant property-man, and, before the supervising director could utter a protest, had started in setting up the "flats."

"I'd like to know," muttered the director, "what right that slob Alec has got to engage an assistant, but any old daffy is better than he is."

With marvelous speed for a beginner, the assistant erected the bar-room set and rustled in necessary properties. Then, nimbly, he hopped behind the bar and proceeded to mix himself an imaginary bracer. During this time the actors had begun to arrive and stood around waiting for their director. A fog crept up from the sea and gradually closed down over the studio, drizzling in a most disheartening way.

At last the director arrived, glanced up where the sun should have been, and pulled out his watch. "If this confounded fog don't stop leaking," he said to the assembled company, "we'll have to shoot this scene at seven P. M. sharp. Company is dismissed for the day."

"Hoity-toity!" muttered the supervising director again. "Here's more work for the undertaker. Props, strike this set—Alec's paint aint any too waterproof." Thereupon the little assistant proceeded to demolish and stow away his long, hard morning's work. Presently the twelve-o'clock bell struck, and there was a rush of scene-painters and helpers to the property-room. Alec was already there, wading into a neat pile of pies. When all were seated, with dinner-pails opened and jaws working overtime, the little assistant sidled in and took his place on the edge of a bench.

His eyes traveled toward the stack of pies, and he licked his empty chops reminiscently, but the relentless stare of his boss gave him no hope. One by one the pastries disappeared into his huge paunch. At last the hungry helper began to search his pockets, and finally drew forth an aged sandwich, the relic of better days. This he ate neatly and with dispatch, doubling his arms across his flat stomach and turning his back upon the row of full dinner-pails. At the close of the noon-hour Alec disappeared, to loll at ease on a property-couch, while his newly discovered treasure hopped around, putting up an elaborate ballroom set.

SHE SAWED A NEAT STACK OF BACKING INTO LENGTHS

In the course of his afternoon's work he fell off a step-ladder in three elaborate and distinct ways, crashed his head thru an arc lamp, and stepped thru a trap-door into a tank below. But at last his work was complete, to the final stick of furniture, and, with nobody watching him, he sat down, dispiritedly, in the property-room, and took out his trusty corn-cob pipe. This learning to be an actor was not so easy as it seemed.

From beneath the huddled drapery on a gilded sofa a gentle snore escaped, and the assistant turned his head sharply, watching the slow rise and fall of the wrinkled gold brocade. Inch by inch he lifted it until an old straw hat, with its one frayed feather plume, was uncovered to him. Beneath it he saw a very white forehead puckered into a frown, and screening eye-lashes that quivered across blue hollows. And flung round her neck, like a rope, was a thick braid of ruddy-gold hair.

The assistant dropped the drapery in alarm, and a pair of wide, blue eyes stared bewilderedly up at him. The girl sat up, yawned, and dug her knuckles into sleepy eyes.

"I'd like to know——" began the assistant sternly.

"Please, Mister Manager," blubbered the girl, "my name's Effie, and I ran away from home, and I want to be a picture actress. They wouldn't have me, sayin' I hadn't no style, and I crept in here, and I guess I must have fallen asleep. Please, mister, dont put me out on the road."

The assistant coughed quite brusquely. After all, the little stowaway was very much like himself, he thought, only she was a helpless kitten and he was a wary terrier.

"You gotta begin at the beginning," he advised, remembering Alec's instruction to him. "How would you like to be my assistant?"

"I'd do anything to get in," she cried. "Wont you please help me?"

"All right," said the little assistant, briskly; "you're a boy. I'll get you a pair of overalls, and tomorrow I'll teach you how to begin to be an actress. It's easy, kid," he comforted, at the look of astonishment in her eyes. "I've been thru it myself, today."

Thereupon, as the girl shivered and her eyes fogged with sleep again, he commanded her to lie down, and wrapt her snugly in the bright brocade again.

With the dawn of a new day, the friendless girl stepped out on the stage, togged in the overalls and cap which the assistant had brought her. He could not help but notice that even in her disguise she was far too good-looking. "It hurts, but I guess I'll have to rough her up a bit," he soliloquized, and, rubbing his hands smartly in the dirt on the studio floor, he plastered it generously over her cheeks and throat.

"That will do for a starter," he said. "Now look around and get familiar with the place, while I hit the hay for a spell."

It was not to be. The little assistant had barely snuggled himself on the luxurious couch, when Alec, refreshed and assertive from his long siesta, came blustering in and ordered him to get busy. "What do you think this is," he bellowed—"a sailors' lodging-house? Come; hump yourself and saw up some lengths of backing."

"Say, boss," the assistant confided, as they walked over to the bar-room set, "I caught a boy hangin' around the studio this morning and set him to work. I dont suppose you mind as long as it dont interfere with your beauty sleep."

Alec turned on him like a bulldog. "Beauty sleep! you little rat!" he thundered. "If you'd been worn down to skin and bones for three years, there wouldn't be enough of you left to make mince-meat for a pet cat. I'll show you what honest work is!" And thereupon he stood over the cowering assistant, and *his* still more trembling assistant, while

"COME, COME; IT'S ALL AN ADVENTURE—TOMORROW WE'RE PRINCE AND PRINCESS"

they sawed a neat stack of backing into lengths.

"How are you with the hammer?" stage-whispered the assistant to the girl.

"Never used one in my life," she whispered back.

Presently these two were off in the property-room alone, gathering their tools together. She looked up at her little boss defiantly, tears gathering in her deep eyes, and hands puffed and blistered from the work. "I'm afraid I cant learn to be an actress," she blubbered; "it's so different——"

Her boss seized the points of her shirt-collar and neatly dried her eyes. "Come, come," he laughed; "it's all an adventure. Today we're property-man—and woman; tomorrow we're prince and princess, or maybe gypsies—who knows?"

The girl listened to his philosophy wonderingly, while she attempted to grasp a hammer with a mannish stroke. "That will do," chuckled the assistant, as she made a fell swipe that came almost within three inches of a nail-head; "you just make the noise and I'll drive the nails for you."

Under his reassuring guidance, the two worked like beavers until, at the noon-hour, Alec came around to make an inspection. The little assistant was not without his sense of humor. He remembered his sudden precipitation thru the trap-door on the previous day, and slipped its bolt so that it would open downward at the slightest pressure. As Alec ponderously approached, his assistant stopped working and grasped the girl by the arm.

"Stop working," he whispered, "and strike a pose of luxury with me on the bar-rail."

The conspirators squatted and, apparently, were lost to the approach of the enraged property-man. "Here, you!" he bawled, but the rest of his words were lost in the sudden downward whirl of a heavy body and its splash in the water below. The folding-doors of the trap-door had sprung upward and caught his round cheeks between them, and there he hung suspended, thrashing and kicking, while his merry slaves grinned down upon him.

"Caught in his own trap!" cried the assistant. "Lights! Camera! Action! The 'heavy' will register painful distress."

When the fat property-man finally pried himself loose, he proceeded to make the studio a veritable hell for his workers. The assistant and the girl were set to labors that made their backs creak like rusty hinges and almost tore the flesh from their hands.

As for the stage-hands, they held an indignation meeting and decided to walk out. "And as for that big stiff," cried the husky ringleader, "we'll plant a stick of dynamite—no fake property, either—under him and blow him to kingdom come."

That night the girl stowed herself on the couch again, and the assistant sat in the shadowy bar-room set, smoking his corn-cob pipe and pondering on the flinty road that leads to Actorland. In the midst of his star-roving, stealthy steps and whispering voices sounded on the stage, and he saw a ghostly group of stage-hands unlock the door to the property-room.

The little assistant was outnumbered ten to one, but, with his thoughts on the girl, he reasoned there was just a chance of protecting her in the coming struggle in the dark. Noiselessly, he followed the striking stage-hands in and watched them cross the property-room, their flash-lamps cutting jagged streaks of light in the dark.

Presently they came to the luxurious bed where Alec slept, and slipped a long, ugly-looking cylinder under it, and just as noiselessly they retreated on tiptoe, leaving the assistant alone in the tragic place.

Instantly he was upon his hands and knees, fumbling under Alec's bed, and his hands came in contact with the bomb. Its fuse was sparkling like a glow-worm as he drew it forth, and he squeezed the fatal thing tightly, until it glowed feebly and went out. Then to the little man came a happy, adventurous idea. There was a chance of giving the dynamiters a taste of their own medicine. Once outside, he saw them groping toward the gate, and, with a loud "Hello!" he lit the fuse again and gave chase.

The deadly thing sputtered in his hand like a glorious Roman-candle, but if he could once gain the gates with it and then the road, his chance might come. On little pipe-stems of legs that fairly twinkled across the stage, he dashed out into the yard and ran toward the gate. The last of the conspirators, alarmed at his shout, had just run thru.

Then commenced a weird chase down the road, with the frightened strikers running for their lives and the sinister bomb ever gleaming behind them. Just as the fuse sputtered out its last gasp, the assistant property-man gave the bomb a hearty toss ahead of him, and it burst in the sky with a roar that fairly shook the heavens.

The pursuer turned around, grinned widely into the moonlight, flipped his coat-tails, and pirouetted back toward the studio gates. He knew that the night watchman and Alec would tumble awake at sound of the explosion, and would be doddering around, hungry for his tale. And then, too, there was the girl. Per-

"LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! THE 'HEAVY' WILL REGISTER PAINFUL DISTRESS"

haps he had kept her young star-roving career from being cut short, too.

"We've got it in us," he chuckled—"deep down in us. Tomorrow I'm going to ask the director to let me stage a real thriller. And as for that game little package in overalls, I'll make a star of her yet."

Hello, Central! Give Me Mr. Bluebeard!

Photo of Earle Williams, copyright Underwood & Underwood

Earle Williams has taken to star-gazing, and his observations have been so keen that ten "Novae" now revolve about his planetary self. Novae, astronomically speaking, you know, are newly discovered stars. It all happened in "The Scarlet Runner," and Christopher Race, who is down on his luck and takes to public chauffeuring, meets a host of adventures, each one heralded by a fresh leading-lady. It takes ten stars to make an orbit around "The Scarlet Runner," and if you follow his star-gazing eyes, starting from their level and "taking observations" heavenward around the circle, you will also discover Louisita Valentine, Betty Howe, Adele Kelley, Gypsy O'Brien, Lillian Tucker, Edith Storey, Gene Stuart, Peggy Blake, Billie Billings and Zena Keefe. Billie Billings, Zena Keefe and Edith Storey have been, of course, long since discovered

A Message from Stars You Know

Every winter I use **Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops.** They always make my throat feel better.

Cordially Yours
Ernest Torrence.

In my business a sudden fit of coughing can ruin an entire scene. "Retakes" are costly and when I find a mean little cough getting the best of me and endangering the success of my work before the camera, I simply slip a **Dean's Mentholated Cough Drop** under my tongue and forget the cough.

Vitagraphically Yours
Lillian Walker

As a means of heading off a fresh cold, relieving the throat and stopping a "hacking" cough, I have found **Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops** worth many times their small cost. During my studio work, when a cough means ruin to a picture, I wouldn't dare be without the soothing relief they afford.

Mary Fuller.

I guess I've tried every different make of cough drop since I was old enough to eat them, but **Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops,** it seems to me, hit the sore spot quicker than any I've ever tried and their taste is pleasing, too.

Earle Williams

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Movie Chess Puzzle

It's Your Move---Try It and Win a Prize. You Can Play This Game Even If You Cant Play Chess

HERE is a little game to while away a winter's evening—or, perhaps, several evenings. Imagine that the diagram given below is a chess-board, and that you have only one piece, a king. Now, a king, as you know, can move only one square at a time, in any direction. Every square you light on must be counted, and when your move is completed the letters will spell the last name of some photoplayer. For example, suppose for your first move you begin with A in the first square. You then might move to square 2 just under it, thence to square 2-2 to the right, thence to square 1-2 above, thence to square 2-3, thence to 3-3, thence to 3-2, ending at square 4-3, which spells Anderson. write to us for any further instructions or information. To be fair to all, we can say no more, for we have given all the rules necessary. Be sure your name and address is on your answer, and dont forget that neatness and artistic get-up will be considered in case there should be several who succeed in discovering all of the hidden names.

In sending in your answers you may suit yourself as to the form, only you must be sure to let us know *where you found the names.* A mere list of names will not be considered. For your convenience we have numbered each square, and you could write your answers thus: "Anderson, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 1-2, 2-3, 3-3, 3-2, 4-3." Note that

1.....	A	E	H	S	T	A	U	R	U	S	O	R
2.....	N	D	R	I	D	N	E	D	O	B	S	T
3.....	N	O	S	G	N	A	W	I	L	E	H	U
4.....	R	A	N	E	T	T	E	S	L	A	N	T
5.....	S	M	I	L	Y	O	N	T	I	M	E	T
6.....	H	U	F	U	L	A	J	L	T	S	N	O
7.....	A	R	F	E	P	C	O	E	E	W	O	H
8.....	L	O	R	D	O	O	K	Y	C	L	A	K
9.....	L	D	N	A	H	U	W	A	M	T	R	R
10.....	K	E	O	T	G	R	P	R	B	E	S	I
11.....	B	U	R	I	X	E	T	O	K	Y	C	H
12.....	S	N	R	M	O	C	N	T	E	L	A	V
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

For the next move, you may start anywhere you like, and if desired you can move on some of the same squares as before. But please note that you can never use the same square twice in the same move, nor can you skip over a square—every square you light on must be counted. If you require a double, such as an "o" and "o", as in Wood, you must nse two different ones, for you cannot light on the same square twice in the same move.

Now, you will readily find a dozen players concealed in these 144 squares; but there are a great many more than that, and perhaps the clever player of this game will discover five dozen or more—just how many, we refuse to say. Do not the first figure of each group is from the column of figures at the left, and the second is from the column at the bottom.

Or you may cut the diagram out and attach it to your answer sheet, or print a diagram yourself, and make marks on it from square to square, showing the course of each move. Or, you can adopt any other method, but be sure to make it clear.

For the best answer containing the largest number of names of players, we will award a prize of $10. For the next best, $5; for the next five best, a yearly subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. All answers must be received on or before Jan. 31, 1917. Address, Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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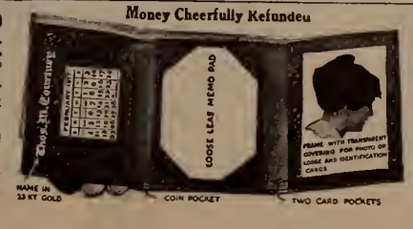

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

JEAN M.—Glad to hear from you. What do you mean? Henry Walthall will be in "The Truant Soul." Mary Charleson will play opposite him. Vitagraph have "Within the Law," which will be released soon. Yes, it is true that Charles Ogle joined Lasky.

KATHERINE. — You ask: "If a girl has ability plus being able to cry at will, but no experience of any kind, has she a good chance to obtain a position at a minimum wage in pictures?" No. The business is overcrowded with experienced people, and the ability to cry at will is not rare.

BETTY G.—No to your first. Beauty is a priceless possession, but personality is even more so. Mary Pickford is at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. Alice Joyce in care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

YAMA YAMA GIRL.—Irving Cummings is taller than William Russell. Charlotte Burton is no child. She is of the vampire type for American. Ah, you flatter me. Please dont lay it on too thick, Macduff, for, like wine, it soon goes to the head.

MRS. J. E. L., VIENNA.—Surely I got the apples. Thanks. The date of Romaine Fielding's birth was May 22, 1879. Yes, I remember saying "The face of a man is like the face of a watch—it reveals without what it conceals within." And you say that reminds you of Romaine Fielding's face.

CHUB.—You have reference to Mahlon Hamilton in "Molly Make Believe." Norma Talmadge with her own company now, and Constance has a three-year contract with Griffith. Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley in "The Revolt." I dont know whether Annette Kellermann has any regular nickname, but over at the Fox studio they call her "U-53"—she is such a clever submarine.

GAY LEE.—Charlie Chaplin directs all his own plays, and he writes most of them also. Earle Williams has no permanent leading lady, but Katherine Lewis is playing opposite him now. Gordon Griffith had the part of Ben Blair in the play by that name. You refer to Ted Dean in "Then I'll Come Back to You." I should say you were in the mood for letter-writing. And why dont you leave a little white space between the words? Let me hear from you again, but let me see more white paper.

FRANCES M.—Your letter dated September 28th arrived after the November Classic had gone to press. Hence the delay. The Ridgelys left Brooklyn on August 26, 1912, to cross the continent. They secured subscriptions for our Magazine. Mr. Ridgely is not playing at present.

MRS. L. A.—You say that some of the photography in "Purity" was poor. I dont think the film stock suffered from overexposure—but Audrey Munson did. Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Smile of a Child." It is too old, and has not been reissued.

MAL., DALLAS.—Indeed! We have never published a picture of the late Sydney Ayres. Hobert Henley in January, 1916. No picture of Roland Bottomley. Louise Lovely is with Universal, ditto Rupert Julian.

ELIZABETH D.—I now get $8.00 a week, and am known as "The Eight-a-Week Century Plant." David Powell as Dick Freeman in "Gloria's Romance." No, to your last.

MARY F., LOS BANOS.—He was divorced. It is easier to get married than to stay so. Yes, some of those scenes were taken in Alaska. You just bet that was a real fight in "The Spoilers." If you could have seen the way Farnum and Santschi mussed each other up you would think so.

LUCILLE C.—Please hire a hall! Or, better still, get a publisher! You are as prolific of words as a dictionary. Yes, Valentine Grant did the Scotch hornpipe finely in "Daughter of MacGregor."

WAGGIE N. C.—Yes, your writing has improved. Your jokes are pretty good. Give us some more and I'll publish them. She is not an old maid, only a bachelor girl.

LILOLA.—You refer to Adele Lane in "The Second Childhood" (Selig). Yes, the marimba has taken the place of the ukelele as a popular instrument in New York cabarets. The marimba comes from darkest Africa, and has hollow wooden keys that are struck with wooden hammers. I am not a tango artist; but I have heard the marimba, and it makes me feel awfully itchy-pitchy and hunchy-bunchy.

S. F. M.—No, I didn't play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." I'm from Brooklyn. No new contract for Mary Fuller as yet. At the present time she is taking a much needed rest in the mountains.

ELOISE C., MIAMI.—So all you ask is for a picture of Harry Hilliard—the fair Romeo. Well it's easy enough to learn how to economize; the main thing is to learn how to live without economizing.

ELIZABETH.—But dont you know it is against the rules to ask questions without giving the full name and address, Betty?

MELVA.—Welcome. You refer to Louise Bates in "Falstaff." I, too, detest those chalky-white faces of some of our players. Why, our screen stars use enough powder in one year to lick the Germans and Allies combined.

MILLIE, MEDINA.—You ask if Rose Tapley buys her clothes at Altman's. No, Altman buy their clothes of Rose Tapley. Silly questioners have their uses—if there weren't any I could not make a living.

POLLU S. V. OLSON.—Norma Talmadge, Seena Owen and Tully Marshall in "Martha's Vindication." Fire away; I'm always on guard!

ETHEL ANITA.—Alice Rinaldo was the woman and Mae Gaston was the girl in "The Conscience of John David" (Horsley). So you want Vitagraph to reproduce "A Million Bid." The Capitol at Washington covers an area of 153,112 square feet, and the dome is 287 feet high.

OLGA, 17. So here you are. Crane Wilbur was born in Naples, Nov. 17, 1887; educated all over the world; parents are English and Italian; spends evenings writing and attending theaters; favorite hobby is motorboating; very fond of reading; 5 feet 11½ inches in height; weight about 175 pounds; sings; is a baseball fan; does very much walking and swimming, and is particularly fond of all outdoor sports. Is that sufficient? I suppose you will want Walthall next.

BRAINS, S. C.—I do not know why Charlie Chaplin spreads his feet to either side nor why he always wears a small derby hat and a cane; but I imagine he does it to make little girls ask silly questions. Joseph Henabery was Abraham Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation."

G. E. H.—William Hart was Draw Egan and Margery Wilson was Myrtle in "The Return of Draw Egan." Mary MacLaren was Estelle and Phillips Smalley was Robert in "Saving the Family Name." Wrong title on your other.

HELEN F.—Claire Whitney and James Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady." Marguerite Nichols was Phyllis, R. Henry Grey was Bert, and Lulu Bowers was Bertie in "A Matrimonial Martyr." Of course, I wish you were better—wish I could help you.

MADELINE J. M. F.—I have attended to both of your requests. There are several correspondence clubs now. The Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 217, Corning, N. Y.; The Reel Club, John H. Chase, 116 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and the Scroll Club, Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vanderventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Take your choice! They are all good.

MARY D.—Yes, they are twins; Marion and Madeline Fairbanks in "Their One Love." Always put your name first. I observed a very strong resemblance between Lillian Gish and Sarah Bernhardt.

ELEANOR.—William S. Hart has no regular leading woman. He ought to have Blanche Sweet—then they could call it the Sweetheart Company.

GEORGE C.—Dont believe all you read about players' salaries. The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. The nurse wasn't on the cast in "Where Are My Children?" See back issues for that contest.

GRANDDAD'S GIRL.—No, I am no granddad, and never expect to be. I agree about that cold-blooded lead. But some of our prettiest flowers are without scent and some of our prettiest players are without heart. The soul is pretty sure to show thru, however.

D. L. C., IOWA CITY.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. New list out. Forrest Stanley was James in "He Fell In Love with His Wife." So you dont like the brown ink in the Gallery.

CLIO.—Haven't seen the "Clarion" this month. A photoplayer is an artist and a musician; he paints pictures by means of the art of facial expression and gesture, and he plays all kinds of tunes on the human heart-strings.

M. L. D., MONTREAL.—The next Pearl White serial will be "Pearl of the Army." Fay Tincher is still with Triangle. That is very *mauvais gout.*

MADELINE J. M. F.—I agree with you. So you think "Under Two Flags" is the best picture you have ever seen. How many pictures have you seen?

BESSIE J.—Of course I always welcome a newcomer. The more the merrier. You must put your questions at the beginning of your letter, please.

CHUB.—Again? Mary Pickford and Edward Martindell in "The Foundling." John Barrymore and Katherine Harris in "Nearly a King." Irene Fenwick has gone back to pictures. She was the star of the stage play "The Guilty Man," which played in New York. She started her stage career as a chorus girl in "Peggy from Paris," and remained in the chorus for only three weeks. Her opportunity came thru understudying a star, whose rôle she assumed when the latter became ill.

MARIETTA, PORTLAND. — Yes, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was splendid in "The Old Folks at Home" (Triangle). Esquire is a title used for magistrates and public officers.

JOHNSON T. D. — Mary MacLaren and Phillips Smalley in "Wanted—A Home." Will some one kindly oblige them? J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Social Buccaneer." Quite so; love does much, but money does more. Alas, I have neither.

JOHNNY SUNSHINE. — We discontinued "When the Stars Appear" thru lack of space and because it was crowded out, but it is to be resumed, I think. Any time you want to know what play a star is to appear in next, or the kind of part he or she will take, just heckle me and I will let you know.

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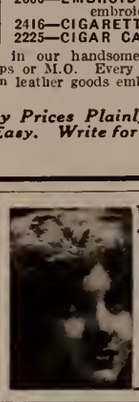

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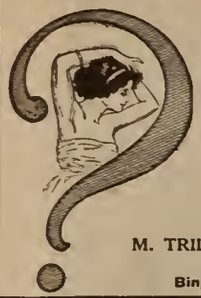

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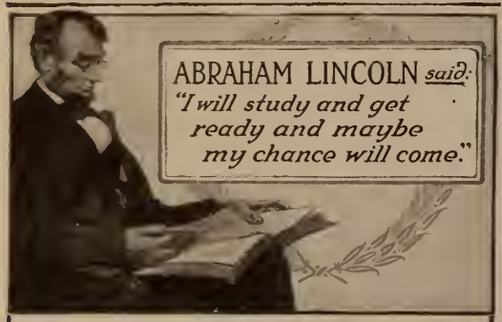

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UNDERWOOD T., CANADA.—Fannie Ward in "Witchcraft." Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore in "The Kiss." Wallace Pyke, the well-known character man, has been engaged by Pallas to play in "The Son of Erin." See story in next Magazine.

TONY.—Ah, ha! I have heard that too—that Ben Turpin's real name is Benjamin Turpentine; but he cut it down when he became an actor, because they dont allow explosives around where films are. Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist."

RAMONA.—Myrtle Gonzalez and Val Paul and Fred Church in "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill." Dorothy Davenport played in "Barriers of Society." Frank Borzage directs and plays leads in his pictures.

LITTLE JOHN.—William Russell was Tom and Charlotte Burton was Marie in "The Love Hermit." No, you couldn't quite call me a love hermit, because I am not a hermit and am not in love. Newfoundland's output of copper ore increased from 2,000 tons in 1914 to approximately 15,000 tons during the past year. Most of the ore was purchased by dealers in the United States.

ESTY.—Francelia Billington and Jack Holt in "The Black Sheep of the Family." It was Juanita Hansen herself, and not a "double," who descended the cliff in "The Secret of the Submarine" by lowering herself on the stems of vines. By no means do all stars "double" risky parts or "fake" the perils.

MICHAEL T. B. J.—Bessie Love in "A Sister of Six." Yes, the scenes were in 1860, and a very pretty thing. The six were Violet Radcliffe, Carmen De Rue, George Stone, Francis Carpenter, Beulah Burns and Lloyd Pearl.

ADOLPH H.—There's no time like the pleasant. So you like Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin in "The Crimson Stain." Franklyn Ritchie and Helene Rosson in "The Undertow." George Gebhart is with the American.

HELEN L. R.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty! Always glad to see you whenever you call, or at any other time and place.

STELLA A. D., MEMPHIS.—Gypsy Abbott is with Mutual. There are sixty-eight Mutual exchanges thruout America. Mary Miles Minter has played in "Youth's Endearing Charm," "Dulcie's Adventure," "Faith," "Dream or Two Ago" and "The Innocence of Lizette," while she has been with American. She is what they call "a comer."

LOUISE T. H.—Cleo Madison is still with Universal. She is playing in "The Chalice of Sorrow." Andrew Arbuckle is with Universal. William Garwood with Western Universal. He played in "A Soul at Stake." Many of the screen players are dandy cooks, and our articles written and signed by them were not made to order. A good deal of the time they are out on a location anywhere from the backwoods to the desert, and they pick up all sorts of native recipes. One player told me ten different ways to cook eels, which she learnt at Martha's Vineyard, and she invited me to taste them, too.

MAZIE T. D.—Mary Fuller played in "Cheaters" (Universal). At this writing she is taking a rest.

SOCRATES.—Picture stars' names and fancy names in casts have given the Southern cullud folks a much needed christening field. Black babies used to run to Mary Andersons and Lily Langtrys, but now I understand they are all Mary Pickfords and Marguerite Clarks. One fond ebony mother has written me that she has named one of twins "Bella Donna," and asks me to suggest a name for the other. How would "Nux Vomica" do?

FLORENCE C. T.—Yes, she is a widow, I believe; but I dont know what kind—maybe grass, maybe sod. Yes, Louise Fazenda is a fine character player. H. B. Warner is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Vagabond Prince."

JOSEPH T. D.—Read the article on Douglas Fairbanks in the December Magazine. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, Cal., on August 26, 1892. Parents, German and Irish. She is about five feet seven and weighs about 128 pounds. Auburn hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion. She is a crack shot.

CLEOPATRA.—Indeed! Thomas Chatterton is playing in the Kolb and Dill comedies. They do say that Winnifred Greenwood is an expert fortune-teller. I believe Edwin August is located for a while. He is playing in "The Law of Nature," opposite Iva Shepard.

LILLIAN G. C.—Carter De Haven is Timothy in the "Breaking Into Society" plays. Vola Smith was Vola in "The Eternal Way."

MINTA D., WALLA WALLA.—You ask me to name the fifty classics of literature. You have sent me a Herculean task, but here is the Editor's list in alphabetical order: Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverly"; Æsop's "Fables"; Boswell's "Johnson"; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Butler's "Hudibras"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Byron's "Childe Harold"; Bronte's "Jane Eyre"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Cervantes' "Don Quixote"; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"; Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe"; Defoe's "Crusoe"; Dickens' "David Copperfield"; Dante's "Divine Comedy"; Darwin's "Descent of Man"; Emerson's Essays; Goethe's "Faust"; Gibbon's "Rome"; Gray's "Elegy"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Holmes' "Autocrat"; Homer's "Iliad"; Hugo's "Les Miserables"; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Kingsley's "Hypatia"; Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; Longfellow's "Hiawatha"; Meredith's "Lucille"; Milton's "Paradise Lost"; Macaulay's Essays; Pope's "Essay on Man"; Poe's "Raven"; Plato's "Dialogs"; Plutarch's Lives; Pepy's Diary; C. Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"; W. Reade's "Martyrdom of Man"; Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; Swift's "Gulliver"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde"; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; Spencer's "First Principles"; Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Virgil's "Æneid." I think I can agree with the Editor in the main.

ELLA HALL PLAYING WITH HER DONKEY COLT WHILE ENJOYING AN OUTING IN THE COUNTRY NEAR LOS ANGELES

JUST to prove that she is not so black as she is screened, and is as white as she is painted, Theda Bara is posing for an heroic-sized portrait of herself by the distinguished artist, José Ruchti. The "reformation" of Theda is complete; in her portrait she is posing as an angel carrying the flaming sword of virtue.

"Los" and its studio colony has seen the last of Lou-Tellegen. Having just completed his farewell picture, "The Black Wolf," he is hastening to Baltimore to open the theatrical season in his last winter's success, "The King of Nowhere."

Last winter the fans were all "het up" over the rival Carmens in the persons of Theda Bara and Geraldine Farrar. Now come the rival Juliets, Theda Bara and Beverly Bayne, making their screen appearances as the famous loved ones at the same time. No doubt, the stars who have not been deemed worthy of Juliet's rôle are saying, "A pest on both their houses."

Hobart Bosworth and Tully Marshall have both decided to make the Lasky studio their permanent abode. The distinguished character stars took part in a special engagement for "Joan of Arc," supporting Geraldine Farrar.

Edith Storey's trip to Los Angeles is being turned into a triumph such as is accorded only to stars of the first magnitude. In Chicago, Vitagraph's Bernhardt was entertained at a supper party by the leading exhibitors and editors, and finally wound up in a cell, where she had to be handcuffed. But this was at the State Penitentiary, and was only a "thrilling experience" staged by the warden.

Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle are starting to emotionalize Thomas Dixon's novel, "The Foolish Virgin." We dont know what happened to the virgin in the novel, but we feel quite sure that Clara will put her thru all her paces.

On page 44 we have Charles Kent, Julia Swayne Gordon, Peggy Hyland, Evart Overton and James Morrison playing in "The Enemy," in the order named.

While still in the thick of her triumph in the stage-play, "The Guilty Man," Irene Fenwick has decided to appear also in pictures. Her first photoplay will be "The Princess Zim Zim," and Owen Moore will be her leading man.

Norma Talmadge announces that her first screen presentation of her own will be "Panthea," from the international stage-play success of Madame Olga Petrova.

Ruth Roland's postal cards to her friends and admirers are newsy and to the point. "I am sure," she writes, "you will be interested in knowing that I am now working on the first Pathé serial for 1917, entitled 'The Neglected Wife,' in which I will be featured. I hope you are voting for me in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE contest."

No sooner has Edith Storey started for the West than we hear of Antonio Moreno "hot-footing" it after her. It is not a romance—"No" (quite coldly), but on the West Coast Antonio will co-star with Edith in "Money Madness," a story by Hamlin Garland.

And now for a few dressing-rooms "To Let" and newly furnished. Vera Sisson has transferred her wardrobe from Universal to Metro; Edwin August still rings the changes by going from World to Mutual; Flora Finch is now roosting in the Thanhouser hennery; Harry Edwards and Julia Faye have cavorted from Keystone to Fox; Warda Howard has left Essanay, and Patsy DeForest has been welcomed into the Vitagraph nest.

Not to be outdone by his elders, little Billy Jacobs has started a film family of his own, and it is said that it is financed from the money that he saved during his career as a baby picture actor. Let's hope that Billy is as good an investor as he is when "just hisself" on the screen.

Handsome Jack Kerrigan's latest picture is a comedy, entitled "Parted from His Bride." As he has been wedded to his art and to the Universal Company for the past two years, and the rumor is persistent that he is leaving, his comedy title seems pretty pat.

Enter Dorothy McGowan, the adopted daughter of Helen Holmes. Lucky little Dorothy was one of a very large and very needy family, but when she proved her dramatic worth in some scenes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands," Helen Holmes obtained permission to permanently adopt her.

"Rensageki," or a combination of screen- and stage-drama, is now all the rage in Japan. The fans wont go to see anything else. As we understand it, all the sentimental parts—lovers' farewells, love avowals, and the oh-so-pitiful passages are done in dialog. When it comes to the thrills the stage is darkened and the camera holds sway.

H. B. Warner, the impressive character lead with Triangle, has decided to portray one of the "Seven Deadly Sins" for McClure pictures. Mr. Warner will be the star of "Wrath."

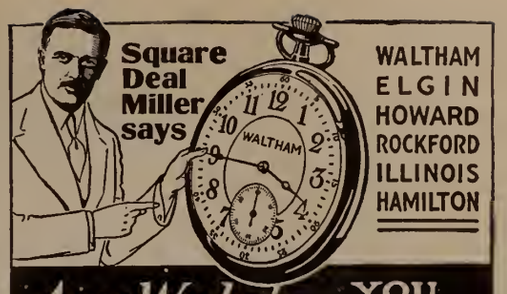
Here is another efficacious little box of news pills: Naomi Childers has ricochetted from Vitagraph and has not yet announced new plans; Sally Crute has been gathered in under the Metro umbrella, and Vivian Rich has just become a young Fox. The Horsley studios have reopened, and Crane Wilbur is still the spotlight man. All on one ticket, Neal Burns, Betty Compson, Stella Adams, Harry Ratten and Billie Rhodes, the Nestor comedians, have shunted over to the Cub Comedy lair. And then, too, Sidney Dean is leaving Lasky; Earle Fox has joined Metro; George Beban will resume his Italian rôles with Morosco, and, last but not least, Art Acord has stampeded from the American corral to Fox.

Edna May, the heroine of "Salvation Joan," has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis and the ensuing operation. The former famous stage star may never appear on the screen again, but all of her earnings, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, have been contributed to a fund for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Allies.

Juanita Hansen, the dazzling blonde who rode to fame in "The Secret of the Submarine," has just joined the Keystone fun-makers. Miss Hansen, by the way, made her film comedy début under Mack Sennet two years ago.

The photoplay brides of Santa Barbara—Helene Rosson, Anna Little, Rene Rogers, Gertrude Robinson and others—are going to produce playlets in their home town for the benefit of European war sufferers. Their first production will be "Cricket on the Hearth," under the personal direction of James Kirkwood.

Speaking of brides, Mary Miles Minter turned a neat little trick when she gave a "Welcome Home" to Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood (née Gertrude Robinson). On their arrival at their honeymoon bungalow they found each room festooned with bowers of roses, smilax and ferns, all gleefully arranged by little M. M. M.



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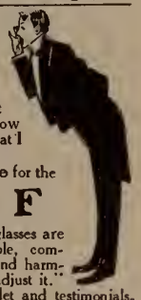

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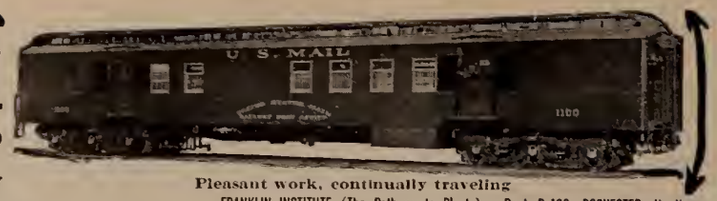

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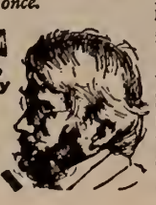

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Anna Nilsson is about to make her début on the stage, co-starring with Guy Coombs in a playlet, "The Naked Lie."

Here's a toothsome dish for Bushman-Bayne cohorts: The news has just leaked out that these famous players are soon to be co-starred in a long serial. Its title and nature are not yet divulged, but we promise to be on hand with a "still" camera as soon as the affair takes the studio boards. In the meantime, they will be seen in "The Diplomatic Service," their forthcoming picture.

Now that Earle Williams has "shot" the last scene in "The Scarlet Runner," we will see him at least once a month in an evening's entertainment. His next best bet is "The Soul Master," from the James Oliver Curwood story.

Versatile Grace Cunard shows that she is there in a pinch. Recently Francis Ford was taken ill, and underwent an operation on his nose. Miss Grace immediately stepped into the breach and directed, as well as starred in, the third episode of "My Lady Raffles."

"Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, has at last been run to earth. We have discovered that he has doffed the buskin and donned the directorial megaphone. Dame Gossip sayeth that he will direct future Olla Nazimova pictures.

With the Vitagraph studio heads and players bidding them good-by and good luck, Ralph Ince, Lucille Lee Stewart and Huntley Gordon are retiring to form a new company of their own. Mr. Ince may take the Vitagraph's former studio at Bay Shore, L. I., nearby his home in Brightwaters.

Milton Sills, who is at present leading man for Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria," is a good example of studio pluck. While taking part in a recent scene a heavy flagstone fell upon Mr. Sill's foot, crushing it into the ground. Without a murmur, he continued playing to the end of the scene, and after that, medical attendance and an improvised ambulance were hastily summoned.

Little Mary Pickford wears two distinct kinds of pajamas in "Less Than the Dust," and avers that the real Oriental ones are cosier than the "East Indian" night-clothes made in New Bedford, Mass. By the way, we have advance information from our Cape Cod look-out that "Little Mary & Company," clad in Scotch plaid, have just descended on New England's "barren shores" to capture some Scottish locations for her next picture.

Methinks Norma Talmadge is grooming herself to play in "Maid, Wife or Widow?" The recent announcement of her marriage has brought a denial from her mother; her husband cannot be found to either deny or affirm, and Norma herself hints at an engagement. But we have heard something about a license and wedding presents; so there you are!

Carlotta De Felice and Vinton Breese were secretly married in Newark, New Jersey, on September 11th. It is a little late to gladden us with the news; but as the players' lips were sealed, we had to dig it up ourselves.

Glue your eye to another kaleidoscope of shifting players: Anna Mae Walthall waltzes from Selig to Essanay; Tom Powers has just joined Mutual; Universal denies that Ella Hall is about to leave; Harry Benham will play leads for June Caprice; Raymond McKee is again with Metro; Elsie MacLeod will beam for Sunbeam, and House Peters has been paged by Morosco.

A slam-bang Kentucky feud is on between William Fox and Herbert Brenon, the author-director of Annette Kellermann's "A Daughter of the Gods." Everything but bullets are flying. It started with words, thickened up with law-suits, and ended by Fox barring Brenon from the Lyric Theater, N. Y. Despite the presence of sentinels who could recognize him, Brenon, who is a master of make-up, got thru their lines and saw his picture. Somebody ought to screen it: "Fox, the Foiled Film Fiend!"

A permanent "playhouse" has at last been found for Clara Kimball Young, Norma Talmadge and Kitty Gordon. The magnificent Biograph studio in New York has been taken over for their future studio home.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

44th St.—"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy-long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man," intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Harris.—"Under Sentence." A strong gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

48th St.—"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

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SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Intruder." Altho the doings of a faithless wife and her paramour form the basis of this drama, it is one of the best and strongest that Broadway has seen for years, and it ought to become a classic. Exquisitely acted by an exceptionally appropriate cast, of which H. Cooper Cliffe easily carries off the honors in a minor part.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Mr. Lazarus." A comedy of the better sort, featuring Henry E. Dixey, who creates an interesting character in the title rôle, but most of the fun is caused by the delightful antics of Florine Arnold. Tom Powers, well known to picture fans a few years ago, is also excellent, as also are all the others in the cast.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations, and a laugh in every line; but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce.

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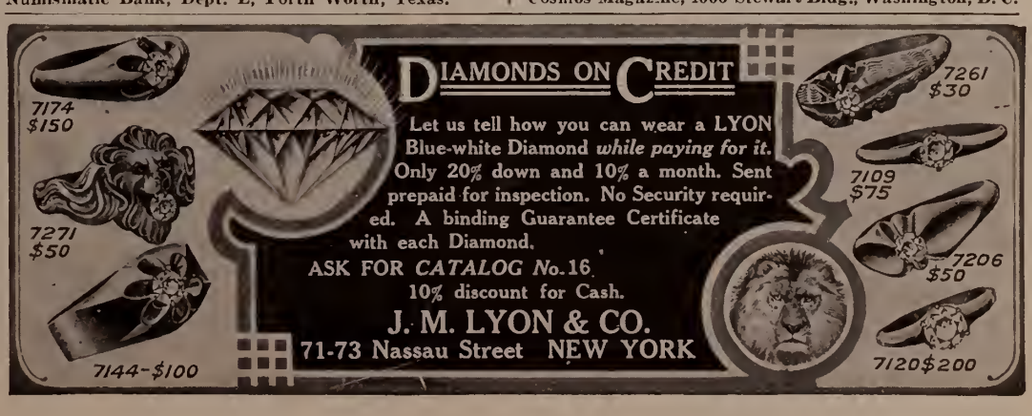
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The Photodrama

A Department for the Earnest and Popular Consideration of the Photoplay in All of Its Phases—Hints and Instruction; Plotting and Construction; Selling and Production

NOTE: All readers of the Magazine are invited to follow this department. For, altho it may appeal particularly to those who are already writing photoplays, yet it will be written in a popular and interesting manner that will reveal new beauties in the plays you see and read about thru knowing what they come from and how they are made. It may be that you have an undeveloped talent that this department can turn into dollars and cents!

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

For some time past we have sensed the need and felt the desirability of a department that would cater to the wants of that large and growing class of Motion Picture readers, audiences and students who are interested in the construction, writing and selling of the photoplay.

We have hesitated, for two reasons, until the present time before launching such a department. The first is, that the field of photoplay writing itself has been in a state of primal uncertainty. Few there were indeed who have come anywhere near mastering its technical requirements.

In the second place, where were we to find the man?

Now, we are happy to state, the Motion Picture has truly found itself. There are lapses, to be sure, but you who attend the Motion Picture theaters regularly are rewarded by some of the finest spectacles and deep dramas that can stand without fear of reproach shoulder to shoulder with the best that our stage can offer.

What we need, then, are masters of the art of photoplay making, and in Henry Albert Phillips we are going to place the excellence of our judgment at your service.

We are not the first to select Henry Albert Phillips as a great inspirational force in the writing of photoplays. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one of America's greatest and most conservative educational institutions, has chosen Mr. Phillips to inaugurate a course in photoplay writing in their venerable halls. The Y. M. C. A. of New York is retaining Mr. Phillips in a similar capacity for the second year.

We feel, then, in introducing a Department of Photoplay Writing that we have fully rounded out the functions of our Magazine so that they now meet the requirements, desires and interests of the entire Motion Picture universe, whom we have been serving to the best of our ability for the past five years.

Welcoming either assenting or dissenting voices in the matter, we remain,

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THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND CLASSIC,
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, *Editor.*

INTRODUCING MY DEPARTMENT

JUST as I began my efforts as a pioneer student in the field of the photodrama I mean to continue them — always viewing the photodrama as a fine art capable of infinite power, influence, scope and expansion. Three years ago my viewpoint was ridiculed by critics thruout the country with more or less good nature. These wise owls averred that I was taking myself and the so-called photodrama too seriously.

In the meantime, most of those who paused to scoff have remained to wonder.

Today, any critic who should dare to rise and call the photodrama a passing show that will strut and fret its weary hour on the screen tonight and be crowded out of the theaters tomorrow, would be adjudged something of a fool, and at best, an ignoramus.

On the contrary, you and I are living in a wonderful age. We have lived to see the birth of a new art. We are privileged to be contemporaneous with the coming of a new medium for expressing the infinite. We may see with our eyes an emotional vision, just as it was created in the soul of man-with-a-message.

The soul-visions of man-o'-dreams have become familiar spirits, to be sure, stalking the stages of our theaters and the pages of our books, and climbing skyward in the pinnacles of our cathedrals, or coloring canvas and carving stone. But those art-messages are older than the hills. Few sages had dared to prophesy the coming of another to occupy a niche among the Muses.

Let him who doubts the birth of a new art stand outside the theaters of the world at noon, at dusk, at night, and try to count, if he can, the millions that enter in the span of a single day!

If he still doubts, let him enter one of the lowliest of these theaters of the new art. In that single temple he will find sufficient emotion released to shatter the soul of the strongest man God has created.

And if he still doubts, let him witness "Civilization," "The Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance"—any one of them. Let him count the tears that fall, if he can. Let him stand up and declare: "This is folderol!" if he dares.

And if he still doubts, he is a fool.

That which can move a million daily to laugh and cry is, verily, nothing short of a fine art. HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

IN this issue appears the final ballot for the Popular Player Contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Here is some advance information showing how the leaders stood up to October 24th:

Mary Pickford	337,040
Marguerite Clark	287,915
Francis Bushman	249,070
Warren Kerrigan	242,015
Pearl White	208,855
Theda Bara	197,015
Anita Stewart	195,750
Edward Earle	181,505
Henry Walthall	180,520
Wallace Reid	179,635
Harold Lockwood	176,770
William S. Hart	172,945
William Sherwood	172,190
Grace Cunard	170,285
Earle Williams	169,720
Ruth Roland	167,740
William Farnum	166,750
Pauline Frederick	104,500
Blanche Sweet	100,845
Mary Fuller	100,490
Dustin Farnum	100,285
Beverly Bayne	99,540
Mary Miles Minter	98,570
Crane Wilbur	96,730
Robert Warwick	96,620
Carlyle Blackwell	95,985
Marguerite Snow	93,515
Florence LaBadie	90,240
Creighton Hale	88,425
Nell Craig	88,045
Olga Petrova	87,405
Alexander Gaden	85,955
Norma Talmadge	80,430
Lillian Gish	74,645
Clara K. Young	71,455
Francis Ford	71,225
Cleo Madison	69,905
Ella Hall	69,880
Edna Mayo	69,845
Charles Chaplin	69,735
Bryant Washburn	69,720
Edith Storey	69,630
Antonio Moreno	69,575
Marguerite Courtot	67,540
Douglas Fairbanks	65,820
Alice Joyce	59,235
Harris Gordon	58,835
Cleo Ridgely	57,350
Tom Forman	56,955
Romaine Fielding	56,680
House Peters	56,465
Geraldine Farrar	54,600
Kathlyn Williams	54,195
Mae Marsh	52,520
Edward Coxen	50,930
Herbert Rawlinson	50,825
Henry King	50,585
Al Ray	50,215
May Allison	44,745
Dorothy Gish	43,075
Anna Little	42,645
Lillian Walker	42,540
Thomas Meighan	42,370
Naomi Childers	42,160
Owen Moore	41,160
Fannie Ward	40,840
Ruth Stonehouse	40,830
Irving Cummings	40,830
Bessie Barriscale	40,520
Nellie Anderson	40,505
Jane Novak	40,455
Hazel Dawn	40,185
Mary Anderson	39,900
Billie Burke	39,010
Violet Mersereau	38,970
Jean Sothern	38,010
Viola Dana	36,410
Ethel Clayton	34,610
Robert Mantell	34,410

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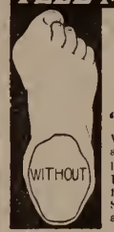

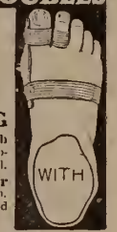

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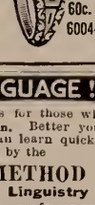

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1, 1916. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS.—Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR, MANAGING EDITOR, BUSINESS MANAGER, SEC.-TREAS., of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23d St., New York City; ALICE M. LONG, 235 W. 23d St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear on the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, thru the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ——. (This information is required from daily publications only.)—EUGENE V. BREWSTER. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, nineteen hundred and sixteen.—GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP. My commission expires March 30, 1918.

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

David W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennet are in our midst once more. Each announces his delight at being back; each promises big things—Ince and Sennet in the immediate future, and Griffith later on.

Alan Forrest, good-looking hubby to Anna Little, has signed another contract with the American Company, with whom he will be featured.

Lamar Johnstone, Edith Sterling and Louis Fitzroy are among the artists who traveled to Guatemala to support Tyrone Power in "The Planter."

Cecil De Mille has completed his big "Joan of Arc" special feature. We know, because he has again been seen about in ordinary street garb. When working he lives in puttees and things.

The Pollard Picture Plays Company, with Harry Pollard at the helm and Margarita Fischer as the featured star, have the quaintest studio possible. They occupy the Panama Village in the San Diego fair grounds. They like it, too.

A number of people have written Charles Ray that they have entered a scenario in the Thomas H. Ince contest, written specially for him. These are the letters a star likes to get.

Monroe Salisbury has been acting for the Fox Company under Oscar Apfel. Salisbury was with Apfel in the first picture the former acted in and latter directed. Before that they were in the same speaking stage productions more than once.

Here is the story of William S. Hart's famous daisy-patterned vest. It was made by a one-armed cowboy, who had learnt to use his legs; it went to a gambler, who took it in payment of a debt; Hart's father bought it from the gambler and gave it to his son.

Henry King, the Balboa actor and director, who is putting on the series with little Mary Sunshine, has suffered severely from bad sores on his face, originally caused by a cold and made serious by blood-poisoning. He has only recently been able to put greasepaint on his face. He is much loved by little Mary.

Herbert Rawlinson, the leading man with the Universal, has been on crutches for a month. All this while he has gone around with a smile, and has joked and jollied himself into every one's good wishes. "Rawley" will soon be acting again.

Mae Marsh is being generously congratulated by the profession on her performance in "Intolerance." Constance Talmadge is also receiving her full share of praise; sister Norma had better look to her laurels.

Among other actors who are members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club are Douglas Gerrard, Bobby Harron, Thomas Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Lee Moran, Eddie Lyons, Charles Ray and Donald Crisp.

By the time this is in print, Harold Lockwood will have received his new Marmon automobile. Harold gets a new car every birthday or so.

Writing of automobiles, it is a moot point as to which actress has the prettiest car as far as interior decoration is concerned, Blanche Sweet, Fannie Ward or Mabel Normand.

Helen Holmes and J. P. McGowan, of the Signal Company, have returned to Los Angeles from the North. Helen swears that in the two months they were absent they did not get one day without fog. She will pin her faith to Southern California in the future.

Gypsy Abbott, the leading actress with the Vogue Company, bargained with the manager to have her dress torn for ten dollars, the company to take the dress. Asked if she had fulfilled her part of the contract, she acknowledged she had not; she had merely handed over what was left—some rags.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster have arrived on this coast. They are visiting, but admit they may stay; it depends on what offers they receive.

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In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

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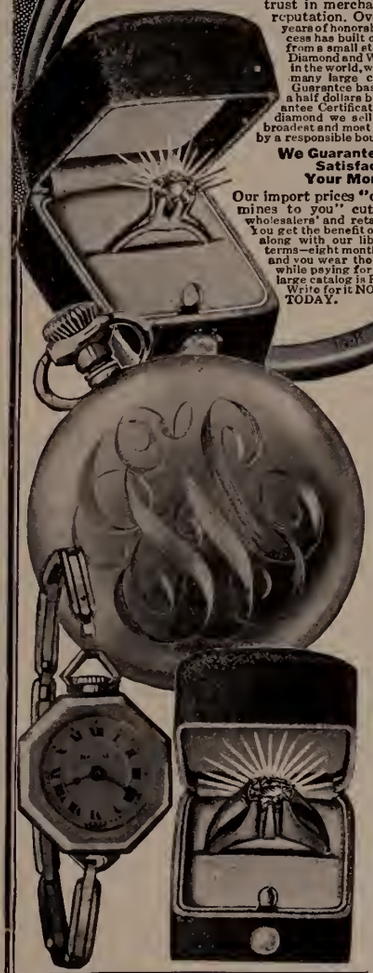

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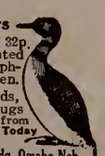

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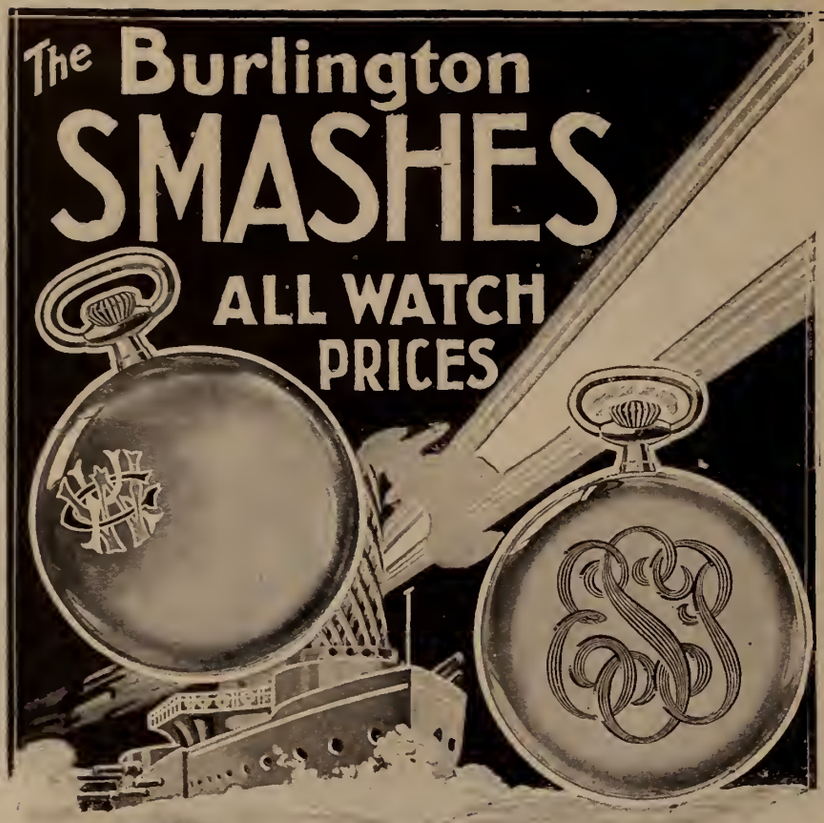

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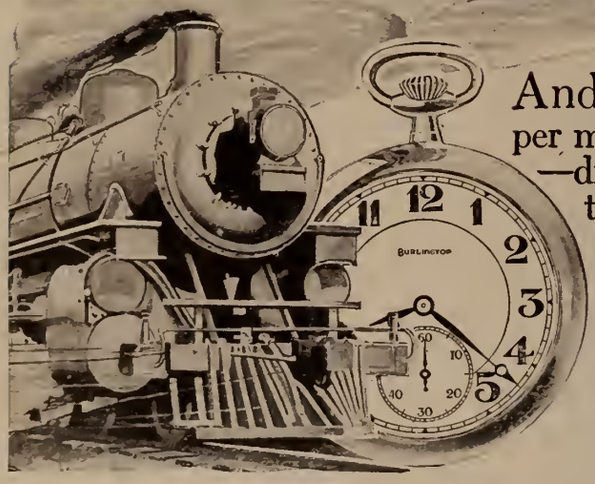

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Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, absolutely free and prepaid, your new book *"Health and Beauty"* and full particulars about the White Cross Electric Vibrator. I assume no obligations of any kind.

Name.....

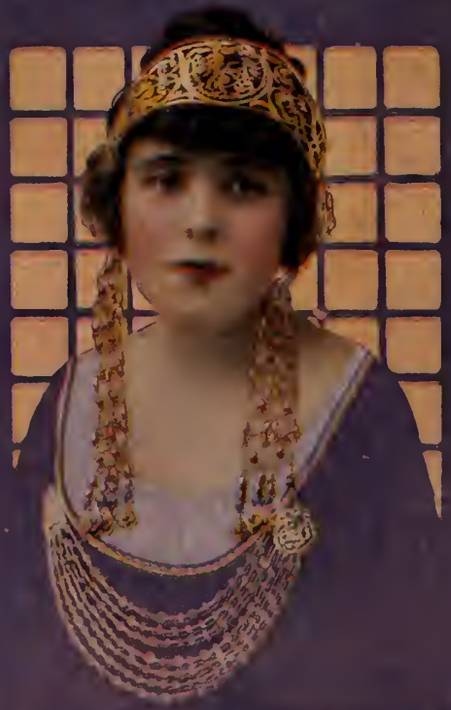
Address.....

My Electrical Dealer's Name is

.....

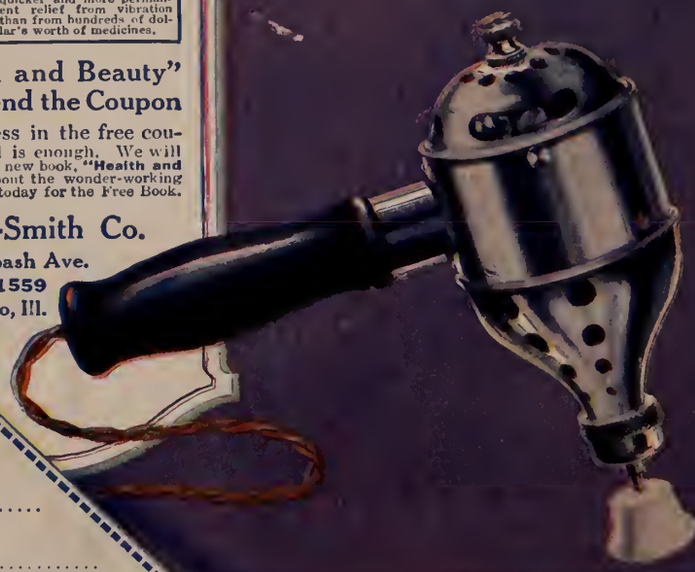
We also manufacture White Cross Electric Stoves, Irons, Hair Dryers, Electric Lanterns, Electric Fans, Electric Automobile Horns, Electric Curling Irons, Heating Pads, Small Motors, etc., etc. Dealers write.

Lindstrom-Smith Co.
1100 S. Wabash Ave.
Dept. 1559
Chicago, Ill.



Nell Craig, one of the Essanay Stars says:
"My White Cross Electric Vibrator is one of my most highly prized possessions. For keeping my complexion in the 'pink of condition' I believe that there is nothing like it, and for driving out 'that tired feelig' it has won its way to my heart." Sincerely,

Nell Craig



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